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TOWNS AND PEOPLE
OF MODERN GERMANY

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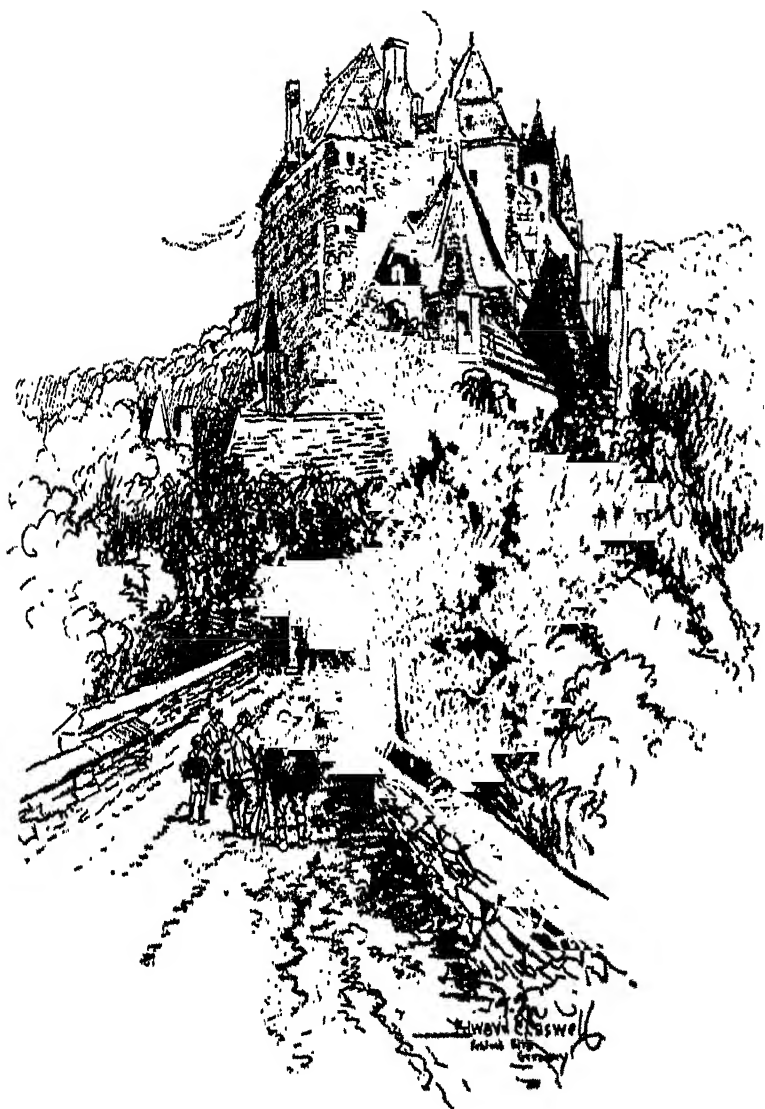
FINLAND AND ITS PEOPLE

A LITTLE BOOK OF BRITTANY

SWEDEN AND ITS PEOPLE

SPANISH TOWNS AND PEOPLE

TOWNS AND PEOPLE OF MODERN GERMANY



*Schloss Eltz, dating from the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries
is one of the most enchanting castles in western Europe*

OWNS AND PEOPLE OF MODERN GERMANY

By
ROBERT MEDILL McBRIDE

ILLUSTRATED
WITH DRAWINGS BY
EDWARD C. CASWELL

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FOREWORD



BECAUSE of the Great War and the ensuing years of unsettled conditions, Germany has had in recent times relatively few visitors from abroad. To the younger generation, in fact, Germany is almost *terra incognita*. This, combined with the fact that the country's attractions have gone unrecorded for well over a decade, has led the author to undertake the ambitious task of making a new evaluation of the things to be found there.

It has been the author's good fortune to visit Germany on many occasions and under sharply contrasting conditions — immediately after the armistice when the atmosphere of war still lingered, at a time of great inflation when marks in daily use were counted by the million rather than by the dozen, and in the humdrum days of normal activity. Again quite recently, for the purpose of preparing this book, the cities and countryside were revisited in order that a fresh and sequential impression might be gained and a new appraisal made of the places and the people in their geographic and historic grouping. This book is the chronicle of that journey taken by the author and his artist companion.

It might be well to state here that in this pilgrimage there was no intention of departing far from the well-traveled routes. Life is not primitive in Germany; there is little remoteness, geographical or social, in any part of the country. It is the ancient cities, medieval towns and historic castles which are by far the most engaging features of the land:

Foreword

many of them are as picturesque as those to be found anywhere in Europe, unspoiled survivals, indeed, of the Middle Ages. The glory of these cities, it may be noted, is no discovery of modern days. Æneas Sylvius, Italian, man of letters, chancellor and pope (Pius II), writing of the German cities in the fifteenth century, concludes his summary of their splendors in this way:

“On the whole, it may be asserted that no nation in Europe possesses cleaner and more agreeable cities than Germany; and their appearance is as fresh as if they were built but yesterday. They accumulate wealth by trade; at every feast silver vessels are used for drink; and every citizen’s wife wears ornaments of gold. The citizens, too, are soldiers, and each of them has a sort of armory in his house. The boys learn to ride before they can talk, and sit unmoved in the saddle when their horses run at full speed; while the men wear their armor as lightly as their limbs. One who has seen the armories of the Germans will smile at the stores of armor in other nations. Surely you Germans might still be the lords of the world, as you once were, but for your many masters—the fault all wise men have found with you.” The final statement in this eulogy refers, no doubt, to the various divisions into which the Teutonic people were divided and to their allegiance to the reigning lords. To some extent this cleavage in the solidarity of the German people is still evident; for even today a citizen of Bavaria is much more a Bavarian than he is a German, and a Saxon is more loyal to Saxony than to the Republic.

In my German travels, as on my Spanish journey, Edward C. Caswell was my comrade of the way, and to him I owe a debt of gratitude not only for his delightful companionship but for the illustrations which enhance so greatly any value and interest which the text of this volume may possess. If, in these pages, I have not always succeeded in capturing the spirit and the atmosphere of the country, his sketches, with their admirable interpretation of these ofttime elusive qualities, will, I am sure, bring to the reader the precision that I have missed.

R. M. McB.

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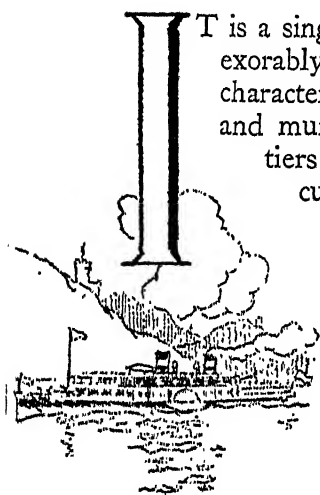
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I. FORTY MILES OF ROMANCE ON THE RHINE



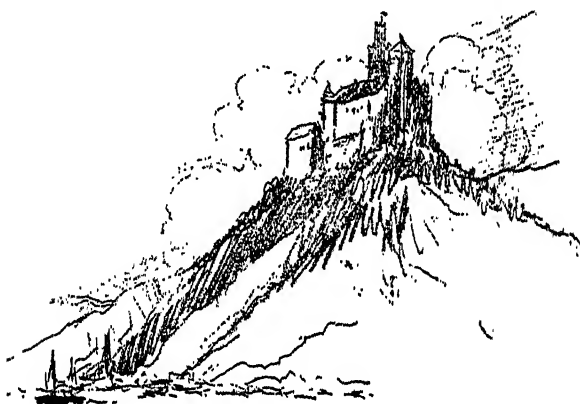
IT is a singular thing that architecture so inexorably follows national lines. Distinct characteristics in homes, public buildings and municipalities proclaim national frontiers as emphatically as languages and customs. Stepping over the boundaries separating France and Spain or Switzerland and Italy you encounter as marked a difference in architectural expression as if these adjoining lands were hundreds of miles apart. The verdure is the same, but there is entire dissimilarity in homestead and city even though, in different countries, they are in such proximity that a pebble might be tossed from one to another.

Of all the transitions one encounters in crossing European borders, none are more pronounced than those observed on entering Germany from any of the neighboring states. Whether you come from the Scandinavian countries in the north, from the Netherlands in the west or from the French provinces in the south, the moment the boundaries are crossed you are conscious of being on German soil. A sharp change occurs in the appearance of both town and country, an altered note that seems to interpret the national spirit of the people. Even the rivers appear to assert a new allegiance. The very manner in which the villages nestle on their banks and the castles crown their rugged heights is representative of a new order. And you will notice that the

Towns and People of Modern Germany

castles themselves are different in character. Could there be, for example, a greater contrast than that between the chateaux of the Loire and the castles on the Rhine?

Crossing the border into Germany the artist and I were aware, as on many occasions before, of the distinctiveness of German life. And when we came to the shores of the lordly Rhine we knew that its waters and the banks through which it flowed symbolized the very essence of Germany. It is little wonder that the national anthem of Germany sings of the watch on this romantic stream. There, on the Rhine, is surely



—ECC
The Rhine
in the Rhine

the place in which to begin a journey through the Fatherland, and it was there that we departed on our tour which took us through the length and breadth of the realm.

The Rhine! What historic and romantic memories these words conjure up. Over this swiftly flowing river, from earliest Roman times until the present day has moved the pageant of nations. Few rivers of the world have witnessed more momentous events. Its eight hundred and fifty miles, flowing through three nations, have viewed the forces of contending armies, have excited the envy of emperors, have constituted the barrier behind which men have guarded their homes and their lives. Its sources are deep in the history of civilization.

Forty Miles of Romance on the Rhine

Centuries before the Christian era Celtic tribes dwelt in its valleys. Then came the Teutonic hordes conquering the flowing highway which has so long stood as a symbol of their patriotism. And it was the Rhine to which the Romans advanced and which they fortified against the Teutonic menace. Two centuries later, when the empire crumbled, the Teutonic tide swept over this liquid fortification and engulfed the civilization which had flourished there, later adopting much of it as its own. After Charlemagne, it became for a short time the boundary between Germany and the middle kingdom of Lotharingia; then for eight centuries it flowed exclusively through German soil. Later events somewhat altered its status but, save for its purely Dutch and Swiss portions, never has there been a time when it has not washed German territory.

While the Rhine is renowned for its historical associations, certainly in the variety of its scenery and in the colorful towns and thriving cities, the castles and ruins, which line its banks, it can claim even greater distinction. It rises high among the glaciers of the Swiss Alps, nine thousand feet or more above the sea, and tumbles madly down its mountain course for nearly two hundred and fifty miles, dropping in that descent nearly a mile and a half. When, finally, it emerges into German territory it becomes a stream of dignity, putting away its childish romping and prattling. Thereafter it comports itself with decorum as it flows majestically past cathedral towns, through valleys hedged by Vosges and Schwarzwald — through banks which cradle ancient cities and towns that are industrial expressions of latter days, between highlands whose rocky crags and stony pinnacles are crowned by hoary castles and modern fortresses, through vineyards which climb upon shelving terraces up the mountain slopes, past walled villages whose narrow streets and gabled houses sleep in contentment as they have done for generations of generations.

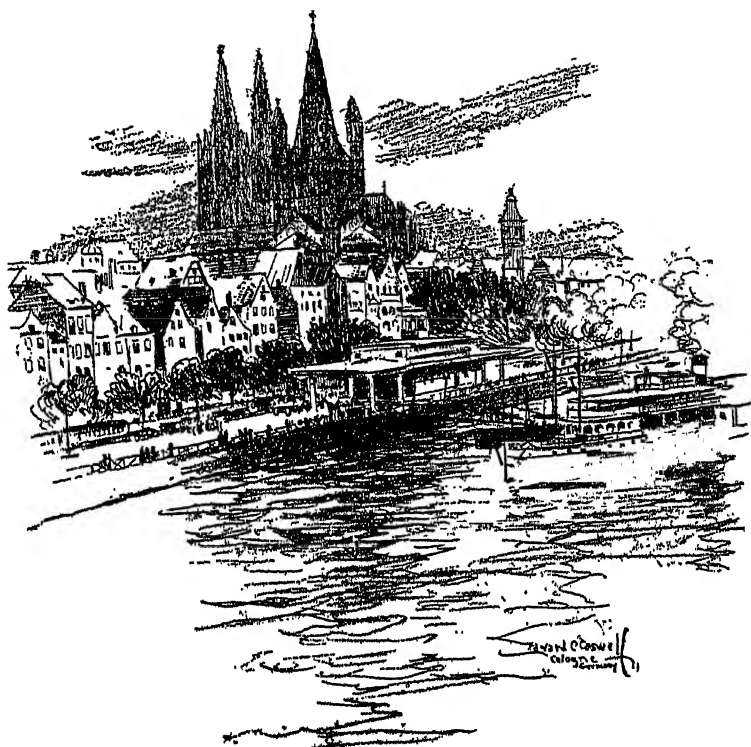
From the standpoint of the average traveler Cologne is the natural gateway to the Rhine. We entered it at Düsseldorf, however, chiefly because the exposition then being held

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there would show us the trend of modern German thought and activity in social welfare, industry and the fine arts. Düsseldorf is a really important German art center, in spite of the fact that it lies in the heart of the Ruhr and owes its existence to the industries of this tumultuous valley. As this book has nothing to do with Germany's economic or political life, Düsseldorf must serve its purpose merely as a starting-point for a journey along the Rhine in our quest of those things which show what modern Germany and its people are like.

Düsseldorf is the trimmest and tidiest of cities, a commercial and residential town with few industries of its own. It is the headquarters of such nearby manufacturing places as Essen and Duisburg. Moreover, as things go in Europe, it is a comparatively modern city as may be surmised by its wide streets, parked avenues and up-to-date buildings. Although it had received town privileges long before, the city disdained growth and importance until the Princes Palatine of the Rhine took up residence there, following the destruction of Heidelberg Castle by the French in 1689. Düsseldorf then became the seat of Elector John William. This ruling prince had acquired a taste for art and luxury in Florence, where he had courted and afterward married the daughter of the Grand Duke. Thus when the court was set up at Düsseldorf it became noted for its operas, concerts and balls and as an art center as well. The oldest buildings are a survival from this period. Directly on the bank of the Rhine lies the nucleus of the older town. Its square contains a Rathaus of the sixteenth century, but this and the city's two venerable churches are in no way remarkable. The greatest distinction of the old city is in having been the birth-place, in 1799, of Heinrich Heine.

We dined at the Malkasten, a famous artists' club founded in 1848. This historic house was the residence of the philosopher Friedrich Jacobi in the earliest years of the last century and became a rendezvous for artists, writers and philosophers; Goethe and Wieland were among its visitors. It is a fine old residence set amid spacious grounds, and an



The gabled houses along the waterfront at Cologne and the spires of church and cathedral give this view of the city a distinctly medieval appearance

Forty Miles of Romance on the Rhine

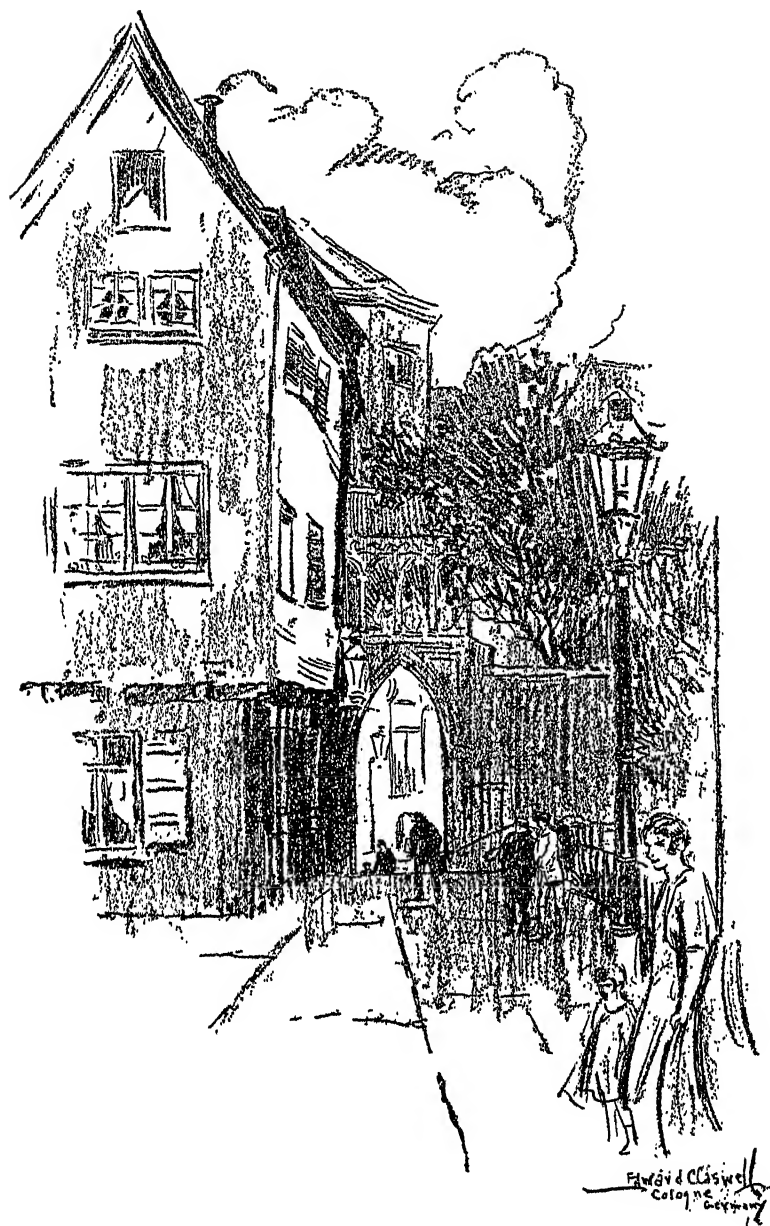
interesting display of portraits adorn its walls. Our curiosity was intrigued by a portrait of Emmanuel Leutze whose painting, "Washington Crossing the Delaware," is familiar to every American. Leutze was really an American painter for, while born in Württemberg in 1816, he was brought as a child to Philadelphia. By the time he was twenty-five he had earned enough money to make it possible for him to visit his native land, and he journeyed to Düsseldorf, where at times he afterward resided. Leutze's first historical work was "Columbus Before the Council at Salamanca," which was purchased by the Düsseldorf Art Union. Later he was commissioned by Congress to embellish a stairway in the Capitol at Washington for which he painted an immense composition, "Westward the Star of Empire Takes its Way." His "Washington Crossing the Delaware" was, as a matter of fact, executed in Germany and it is therefore not strange that the faces of Washington's companions are distinctly Germanic in type, since the artist used German models. Nor is that all — the water that flows through the scene is not that of the Delaware but of the Rhine!

Twenty-five miles above Düsseldorf lies Cologne, the most illustrious city of the Rhine, which has given us one of the world's greatest cathedrals and — eau de Cologne! This city is among the oldest in North Europe. Thirty-eight years before the Christian era, it was founded by a Germanic tribe, which was compelled to retire from the right to the left bank when the Romans under Agrippa pushed their outpost of empire to the Rhine. Here, in 51 A.D., the Emperor Claudius, whose wife Agrippina was born there, founded a colony of Roman veterans. At first this settlement was called Colonia Claudia Augusta Agrippinensis, later becoming Colonia Agrippinensis and finally shortened into Colonia, whence comes the present name Cologne. During the Middle Ages, as a channel for the trade from the East, the city rose to immense wealth and power. Carried by the argosies of Venice, of Florence and of Genoa, the silks and spices and other products of the Indies made their way from Italy over the Alpine passes to the Rhine and thence, water-borne, to the great dis-

Towns and People of Modern Germany

tributing center of Cologne. Wine and herring formed an important part of her commerce, and her cloth weavers and metal workers were famous throughout Europe. Her merchants established themselves in London where they possessed warehouses at the Guildhall. Because of the far-reaching extent of her commerce, Cologne became one of the earliest members of the great Hanseatic League, joining the Confederation in 1201. In the splendidly sculptured Rathaus you may still see the long, narrow hall in which the first general meeting of the League took place on November 19, 1367. Lining the walls are stone figures, vigorous in their conception, representing Biblical and secular heroes, on the walls and on the windows are armorial bearings of the imperial families of Germany and of the forty-five patrician families of Cologne, with the arms of the twenty-two guilds. After the glory of these illustrious times the city was destined to sink to the level of an insignificant town, only to recover once more in these latter days its position as one of Europe's great commercial cities.

Few cities have had such a checkered career. The first blow at the commercial prestige of Cologne was struck in 1425 with the expulsion of the Jews who took much of the trade with them. An even greater calamity befell the city in 1618, when the Catholic hierarchy, in a foolish endeavor to stem the growing tide of the Reformation, placed the Protestants under the ban. Fourteen hundred of the most opulent families left the city to settle in adjoining towns, taking with them many others whose commercial success depended upon the refugees. The discovery of America, the opening of new trade routes and the abandoning of old ones, the wars of the times, all contributed to the decay of the city. The population had sunk to forty thousand when, in 1794, the French took the city and incorporated it into their territory. An eighteenth century description of Cologne states that the city "is in every respect the ugliest town in all Germany. There is not a single building worth seeing within its walls, which are nine miles in circumference. Most of the houses are falling to the ground; a great part of them stand empty. In the streets



Cologne is essentially a modern city, but there are still a few nooks that are reminiscent of earlier centuries

Forty Miles of Romance on the Rhine

dung lies piled before the houses on every side. You may walk there for an hour without seeing a single human creature. A third part of the inhabitants consists of privileged beggars who form a regular corporation. Another third is ecclesiastic. There are thirty-nine nunneries in this place, about twenty convents for men and over twelve hospitals. The last third of the inhabitants consists of some patrician families, and of merchants and mechanics, on whom the two other parts live."

Today, Cologne is once more a proud and noble city enthroned on the banks of the Rhine. Its narrow streets denote its ancient lineage, and its shops, though modern and full of fine merchandise, are not pretentious. In spite of an air of general prosperity, there is a curious absence of imposing public and private buildings such as characterize most other cities of Germany. During the shopping hours the narrow thoroughfares are thronged, for a half million people make up the modern metropolis. These diminutive streets and shops give a curious feeling of intimacy that is surprising in so considerable a city. In spite of a few streets of gabled houses bordering the river, an air of modernity overspreads the city, although the view from the bridges spanning the Rhine, showing the huddled outlines dominated by spires and turrets, is medieval enough.

There are many churches, and some very fine buildings dating from an earlier epoch, such as the finely sculptured Rathaus and Gürzenich. But the lion of the city is the mighty cathedral, which ranks as one of the very great ecclesiastical structures of the world.] I know I am committing heresy in saying it but I, for one, have never sensed the glory and majesty which others have found imprisoned in this commanding pile of masonry. Its modern façade and towers lack the sculptured richness of the great cathedrals elsewhere and, indeed, some of the older portions of the building are far more satisfying. Owing to this absence of image and chiseled lace, the edifice possesses a relative severity, while it is not endowed with the majestic strength of the undorned Romanesque. Unquestionably the finest feature of

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the cathedral is the interior which soars in its graceful slenderness to an immense height and is lighted by stained glass of the Middle Ages. This goes far to mitigate whatever disappointment the exterior holds for the spectator.

Perhaps the situation of the cathedral is in part responsible for the absence of solemn majesty which I find so evident. Standing by the railroad station on an artificial island in a sea of commerce, it is jostled by passing crowds and its serenity is disturbed by the rattle of traffic. People in great numbers shuffle in and out of this most conveniently situated house of worship and destroy the privacy and repose which are necessary concomitants of such a place.

Few other cathedrals in the world have been so long a time in building and very few, after centuries of construction, have been completed in modern times. From the time of its founding to its completion more than six centuries elapsed. In the early years construction proceeded slowly and as time went on there were many pauses due to the continual conflicts between the archbishops, who usurped the temporal power and constantly tried to curb the liberties of the people, and the citizens, who sought valiantly to defend their freedom. Again, the Reformation terminated what little progress had been made, and all hope for the completion of the edifice was for the time abandoned. The delapidated building was yet to undergo its greatest humiliation. In 1796, the French pilfered the lead from its roof and transformed Germany's greatest shrine of prayer into a hay magazine. Finally, the kings of Prussia sponsored a plan for its completion in conformity with the original plans of the thirteenth century. Funds contributed by the government, augmented by public and private subscriptions and a state lottery happily insured this end and in 1824 work was begun. On October 15, 1880, Emperor William I, amid a brilliant assemblage, celebrated the consummation of the plans of the founder made six centuries before.

During the time of its early glory the cathedral's greatest possessions, for which it was revered throughout Christendom, were the skulls of the Three Wise Men of the East.



*The most distinguished feature of Coblenz is its magnificent,
tree-bowered promenade along the bank of the Rhine*

FOURTY MILES OF ROMANCE ON THE RHINE

who came with gold, frankincense and myrrh to do homage to the infant Jesus. These sacred relics, tradition asserts, found their way from Constantinople to Milan. In 1164, they were presented by the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa to the Archbishop of Cologne who interred them in the cathedral there. As proof, perhaps, of this, the golden reliquary, which contained these sanctified bones, and which was executed before the year 1200, is shown today in the treasury of the church. Reposing for centuries in the Chapel of the Magi these skulls were the object of much veneration, and great hosts of pilgrims came from afar to benefit by their miraculous power. Since the three kings of the East, mentioned only in Holy Writ, have never been finally identified and their journeyings after the Nativity have been swallowed up in profound mystery, the pilgrims of the Middle Ages assuredly possessed faith which, properly applied, would have moved mountains.

At the confluence of the Rhine and the Moselle and, farther upstream, at the junction of the Rhine and the Main, lie the cities of Coblenz and Mayence. Neither of these cities has much to intrigue the traveler if he is looking for the old and the picturesque. They are important, however, as the termini of the highlands of the Rhine and it is between these two points that the famous castle district lies.

Coblenz is, of course, well known to Americans as the area occupied by the United States troops after the Armistice. That army was fortunate because Coblenz, with its pleasant squares, trim promenades, spacious boulevards and modern buildings, is one of the most attractive of the Rhenish cities. There are a few venerable streets in the old part of the city which borders the Moselle but, for the most part, modernity prevails. The distinguishing feature of the city is its magnificent Rhine promenade, one of the finest natural civic features in Germany. Bordering the length of the town along the riverside stretches this broad thoroughfare, canopied, for most of its length, by the arching branches of noble trees. Here are villas set in gardens, restaurants, outdoor cafés and resting places under the vaulted green of the foliage, and

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here by the swiftly flowing current of the Rhine stroll the Coblenzers and the numerous visitors who abound in sunny weather. On the nearby flowing road the traffic is incessant. Long, lean, powerful passenger steamers and sturdy vessels of commerce fight the rushing current going up and, skim-



ming downstream, flash by without effort. On the opposite shore rises the bulky modern fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, from which fluttered the Stars and Stripes during the American occupation.

The Rhine steamers, local and express, make Coblenz a port of call. At one end of the promenade, within sight of the colossal statue of William I which rises on the point of land at the confluence of the Moselle, is the quay alongside which

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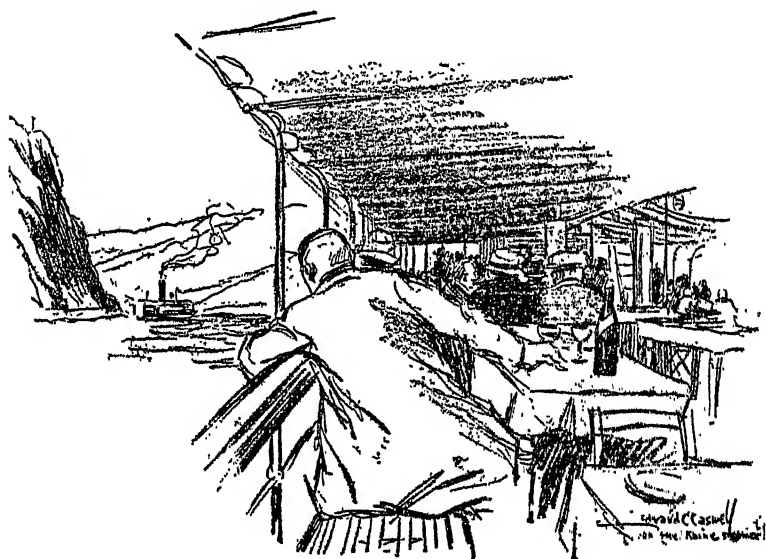
the pilots swing their steamers with great dexterity, against or with the strong current of the Rhine. Here are always groups of people intermingled with photographers, itinerant fruit and sweetmeat venders, and purveyors of other commodities which need a leisurely and willing ear for the extolling of their virtues.

If castles perched on incredible heights spell romance, then the fifty-nine miles between Coblenz and Mayence, or, better, the forty miles between Coblenz and Bingen, where the highlands of the Rhine really terminate and with them the strongholds of the barons, are the most romantic on earth. On vineyard spur and on mountain crag, in rapid succession, these towered and turreted ruins crown the precipitous slopes on both sides of the river. In one stretch of a dozen miles there is a castle to every mile. As your steamer proceeds your attention is held by the drama of these ancient strongholds, so varied in style and situation, as quickly they come into view and then rapidly pass out of the picture.

Our journey was a pleasant one. We sat at ease on the deck and viewed the pageant of river and hill and of our fellow passengers who were, for the most part, citizens of the Fatherland. There were people from the Rhenish cities enjoying a day's excursion, and trippers from the provinces viewing the glories of their storied river. We went below to the many windowed dining saloon where we lunched as we sailed through centuries of history. But we returned before long to the deck with its less restricted horizon, preëmpting a table among the many occupied by our fellow voyagers who sat before steins of foaming beer or slender bottles of wine from neighboring vineyards. The German is not the man to take his pleasures austere. His enjoyment of any situation is woven about the flowing bowl, accompanied preferably by strains of music. The hours that pass on these steamers are, therefore, suitably beguiled by liquid refreshment, and waiters are given little time to observe the scenery. There were families and groups of families; there was a society, or what appeared to be one, which enlivened the happy hours with beverage and song; and there was a club,

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the members of which stretched themselves comfortably on either side of a long table in the center of the deck and ate their food to incredible draughts of wine. In a hasty calculation, as we passed the table, I counted fifty bottles of wine, empty or in the process of being emptied, greater in number by far than the men in the party. That these quantities of wine quaffed on a midsummer's day are cheering there is no doubt, but intoxication is an exceedingly rare sight in Ger-



many. The Germans, like their Continental neighbors, understand the art of drinking.

The highlands of the Rhine are limited in extent and, steaming slowly upstream against the swiftly flowing current, can be passed in six hours. The river, in this segment, is relatively narrow, and is walled in by precipitous banks of rock, of forested slope and of terraced vineyards. It flows through what is in reality a wide mountain gorge hewn out of an unbelievably slender range. An ascent to the summit reveals wide plateaux on either side, the mountains flatten-

Forty Miles of Romance on the Rhine

ing out upon leaving the river just as, longitudinally, they abruptly end upon reaching Bingen.

These slender highlands are admirably suited to the purpose to which they were put by the shrewd overlords of the kingdom. For here was at one time the commercial heart of Germany. The Rhine, during the Middle Ages, was the great artery of commerce upon which moved the trade of Central Europe. Through this cleft in the rugged hills flowed the riches from Italy and the East, and vast cargoes of wine from the vineyards of the Rhine itself, of the Moselle, the Ahr and other tributary valleys. To possess a castle situated on an impregnable height commanding so strategic a place as this was of great consequence, not only because of the security it offered, but for the profit accruing from it. The nobility which occupied these fortress-homes are generally known as robber-barons and are commonly believed to have preyed continually upon their less protected neighbors, upon defenseless travelers and upon the helpless shipping on



the Rhine. In the lawless days of medieval times there was, no doubt, much plundering of this sort, but the chief source of revenue came from the Rhine tolls, which were more or less legitimate when regarded from the standpoint of the commercial ethics of the times, and were indeed recognized by the State. These tolls, levied on all passing shipping, were not taken without some return, for the controller of the toll kept in repair the river highway through his property, which served as a tow-path also, maintained horses and mules for towing boats against the rushing current, and furnished, if need be, an escort to protect passing merchandise from roving bandits. Where these tolls were legitimately administered, a certain proportion was claimed by the Emperor,

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another went to the reigning prince of the district and the remainder to the local baron who controlled the toll. When unauthorized tolls were established or when tolls became burdensome in times of turmoil and anarchy, confederations of Rhenish towns and cities took up arms against the offenders. Indeed, the history of Germany is the history of the citizens in conflict with their overlords, whose selfish ambitions and inordinate greed led them to levy excessive taxes and restrict the liberties of their subjects without regard to justice and right. In



any event commerce was never allowed to escape lightly, for there were more than thirty tolls on the Rhine. At times these multiplied taxes placed serious exactions on the merchandise transported and must have been regarded by the merchants as a sort of sublimated piracy.

Each castle on the Rhine has its history and each has its legends. Most of these strongholds were built in the thirteenth and fourteenth

centuries and were destroyed by the French in the latter part of the seventeenth. Germany's condition at the time made it difficult for her to protect her western frontier. The Turkish hosts had invaded Hungary and threatened to engulf Europe, and the army of the German Emperor had its hands full. Besides this, internal jealousies between some of the German states weakened the power of the empire. Seizing as a pretext an obscure and ambiguous clause in the Peace of Westphalia, which closed the Thirty Years' War some decades earlier, Louis XIV marched his army into Alsace and Lorraine and seized the country. He then determined to make his borders safe from

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any menace in the north and sent his army sweeping through the Rhine Valley in an orgy of destruction. Few castles survived this campaign of devastation. The few that did escape, were blown up by the French Revolutionary army somewhat more than a century later and now possess but a few gaunt walls or lonely turrets standing amid fallen masonry. Some of these castles were the strongholds of the Electors, those powerful princes who were the sovereigns of their provinces and who elected the emperor, while others were occupied by the lesser nobility.

Most of these ruined castles stand alone, overlooking great stretches of river, others rise in pairs, like Sterrenberg and Liebenstein, known as The Brothers, which, standing on their lofty eminence were separated merely by a moat and massive wall; while still others, like the Schönbürg, were large enough to house, with their retainers, several knights of the same family. Such a castle, common in Germany and known as an *anerbenhaus*, was an immense structure sheltering a small community, the families of which made their living from the profits on the vineyards, meadows and woodlands, and in some cases from the river toll. The German nobility has not always been well-to-do. German custom took no cognizance of the law of primogeniture which obtained in England and France. Instead of this, each son of a noble inherited his father's title and rank. The estate, as in England, went to the eldest son, but the younger sons also bore titles and were obliged to maintain the family dignity and standing. Custom prevented these scions of the peerage from engaging in industry and trade. It was therefore necessary for them to contract financially advantageous marriages or carve out their fortunes by war and its spoils. It was this lack of opulence among a part of the nobility which led to the building of the community

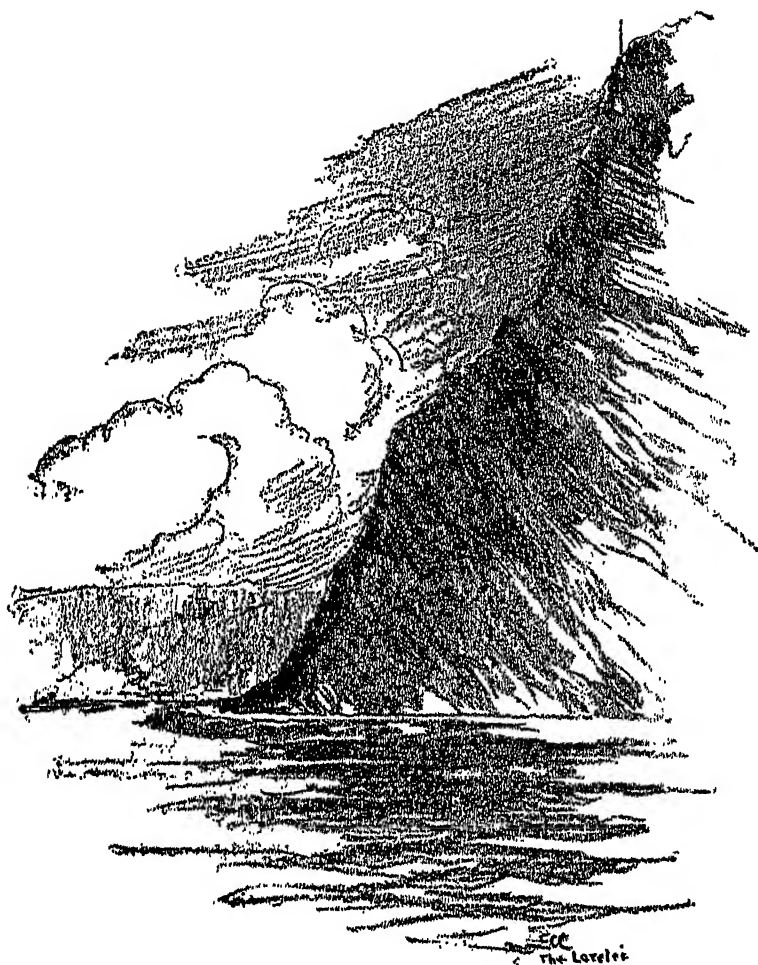


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strongholds for, while the resources of a single knight might prevent him from erecting and maintaining a castle, a family of barons or a group of them could easily do so. The multiplicity of nobles resulting from the German system of inheritance was responsible for the immense number of castles in German lands. There are said to have been ten thousand when chivalry was at its height, and I have heard it stated that in Westphalia alone there were not less than a thousand, a considerable number of which remain today. In the British Isles where, under the feudal system, the eldest son alone inherited the title and lands, there were probably never more than a thousand castles in all.

As our steamer breasted the current or swung easily with it, these typical fortress-homes of medieval times, redolent of the romance of the period even in their ruined state, succeeded one another in rapid succession. As we rounded the bends of the river new vistas showed castle walls or ruined towers, and receding cliffs revealed the remnants of a past glory. But there were more than castles to engage our attention. Just above Coblenz, high on the terraced river bank, reposes the Königstuhl, or "King's Seat" — an octagonal platform supported by arches, erected in 1376, demolished to make way for a road and later reërected in 1843. Here the Electors met to choose the emperors, for the *kaisers* were not in those days hereditary monarchs. This site was selected because of its convenient situation for the Rhenish Electors of which there were four out of the seven constituting the assembly. From this point they practically overlooked their own dominions — Rhens belonged to the Elector of Cologne; Capellen, the village for the castle of Stolzenfels, to the Elector of Treves; Lahnstein to Mayence; and Marksburg was a fief under the Rhenish Palatinate. On this platform fashioned like a great pulpit, with a seat on each of its eight sides, one for each elector and one for the *kaiser*, emperors were not only elected but sometimes dethroned; here, too, decrees were issued and treaties ratified.

Farther upstream rises the jutting headland of the Lorelei, renowned for centuries by legend and song. The wind-



*High on the bold headland of the Lorelei, so legend asserts,
sits a maiden who lures fishermen to destruction in the swirling
waters of the Rhine below*

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swept summit of this rock, tradition states, is the home of the fairy who, like the sirens of mythology, entices sailors and fishermen to their destruction in the swirling current at its foot. Here the Rhine is narrowest and deepest, and there is treachery in the swiftly eddying current. The legend of this enticing maiden is, really, a comparatively modern one. In 1802 there appeared a poem by Clemens Brentano which in its imagery, implied such a tradition but which, later, he admitted was a creature of his own invention. It was Heine, really, who immortalized this rock-strewn mountain spur in his ballad written in 1823, "Ich weiss nicht, was soll es bedeuten," which was set to an engaging air. In it is described the fateful lure of the maiden who reposes on the lofty summit combing her golden hair.

A few miles farther on, squarely in midstream, rises the Pfalz which, in its strange and picturesque contour, is like a piece of stage setting. It was erected by Louis the Bavarian in 1326 and has defied the storms and river gods for six hundred years. It was probably intended as a toll house and fortress, for it bristles with loopholes and its only entrance is through a doorway reached by a wooden staircase six feet above the rock on which it stands.

Finally, just below Bingen, surmounting another rock in the middle of the river, stands the famous Mouse Tower. Legend has it that the heartless archbishop of Mayence was followed to his refuge here and devoured by an army of mice because of his inhumanity. This story has its charm, and its uses too, but in reality the name is derived either from the word *mauth* meaning toll, corrupted into *maus*, or else from the old German word *musturm*, meaning arsenal. We can take our choice between these theories of derivation. If the tower was erected as a toll gate, the first theory appears to be correct; if it was built for a watch tower then *musturm* it must be.

For rugged beauty and romantic interest this segment of Rhenish highland is unique. There is nothing like it in all the world. The Thames has its own distinction, the Rhone another kind of personality, the Danube a glamour of still

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another sort, and the Hudson boasts a majestic beauty different from all others; but the Rhine possesses a romantic flavor which must ever remain distinctively its own. Its forty miles of castled heights have established the Rhine's claim to a place in the world's hall of fame.

Beyond Bingen the banks of the Rhine flatten out, and you move along a river that has run out of scenery. The sparseness of the beauty of this portion serves but to accentuate the charm of the other.

Less than twenty miles beyond Bingen you come to Mayence where this part of your journey ends. Mayence is venerable, as are all the Rhenish cities. While the older town with its narrow streets and early houses gives evidence of this, there is nothing that is especially noteworthy in picturesque quality. Indeed, the city's modern features — its tree-bowered promenade along the Rhine, its parked thoroughfares and pleasant squares — unquestionably outweigh its ancient picturesqueness. Almost its entire interest lies in its hoary cathedral, which dates from the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, and in Gutenberg, for it was here that the inventor of printing was born.

Years before, I had seen the cathedral in its normal state when the doors were open in welcome and the worshipers were passing to and from their morning devotions. On the present visit I saw it under the transforming hands of its restorers. *Verboten* signs insistently forbade entrance but our mission, we felt, justified a rejection of this warning. An extraordinary sight met our eyes. In the gloom of the interior, the detail of the edifice obscured by scaffolding, building machinery and dust, scores of men were rebuilding the house of God. In the turmoil of a mighty purpose they seemed like men inspired by a great religious impulse; like the ancient Israelites rebuilding the Temple of Jerusalem. Tombs and sculptures, effigies and paintings, were boarded up, scaffolding filled the vast open spaces, sometimes climbing to the ceiling, the stone floor was ravaged, along it ran little railways carrying materials, and men blended sand and cement in huge machines. The soaring vaulted roof, built



*Candles are sold before the doors of some of the old churches
at Mayence*

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after the great fire of 1081, was being strengthened with an immense truss of steel. Chaos reigned and the massive pile, much of which has stood in majesty for eight centuries, seemed to be building anew. The magnitude of the task of such a restoration as this is graphic evidence of the deterioration of a cathedral's fabric.

In this instance decay had set in at the foundations and, while reinforcement was being given, the entire structure was passing through the hand of the restorer. That such repairs have been necessary at frequent intervals throughout the centuries is recorded by history. Indeed, Mayence underwent a remodeling as recently as fifty years ago. A little more than a half a century before that period, Napoleon ordered extensive repairs to heal the ravages of the French who, in seizing the city some years earlier, had converted the cathedral into a magazine and barracks. What stupendous tasks these restorations meant in ancient times! Without modern means of transport, engineering knowledge and machinery, the toil and expense of building and restoring these gigantic structures is beyond conception. If, in these days, several years are required to carry out such projects, it is small wonder that centuries were consumed in building and decades in restoring these massive religious edifices.

If one of the greatest contributions to human progress was the invention of printing, then Mayence, through one of its illustrious citizens, has made itself an immortal city. Here, in 2 Christopherstrasse, toward the end of the fourteenth century, was born Johann Gutenberg and here, after a residence in Strassburg where he worked on his project of movable type, he once more established himself in 1444. The details of Gutenberg's life are not altogether clear and even his personal appearance is lost in obscurity, for we have no accurate portrait of him. On his return to Mayence he appears to have engaged with a partner in an enterprise to develop his idea for polishing stones and for manufacturing looking-glasses. Later, in 1438, another partnership was entered into in an enterprise relating to printing. Eventually he became associated with Johann Fust to develop printing,

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and between 1444 and 1447 he produced his first books from movable type. Gutenberg's first work of importance was the forty-two line Bible produced between 1450 and 1455. During all this period he seems not to have been financially successful and his partnership with Fust, from whom he secured advances of sixteen hundred guilders, was no exception. Because of his inability to repay the loan, he was compelled to deliver up all his materials which had been pledged against it and they were removed to Fust's home. He still courageously continued, however, to engage in printing, alone or with another partner.

The changes brought about by the invention of printing were colossal in their influence upon mankind. Books of importance, hitherto limited to a few copies of hand-executed manuscripts, were now available to every student. The extraordinary rapidity with which the art developed shows the need of the civilized world for knowledge that would overcome the abject superstition and ignorance of the time. Learning, hitherto doled out by the priest, was available for everyone. Those unable to read were influenced by pictures and cartoons because engraving, too, flourished widely. Records show that one thousand printers carried on business before the year 1500, and that books were turned out in vast quantities, is indicated by the fact that there still exist today thirty thousand books published before that date. One printer in Nuremberg, in 1470, employed twenty-four presses and one hundred apprentices.

That Gutenberg's work was never lucrative to himself seems evident by the fact that in 1465 he accepted the post of salaried courtier from Archbishop Adolf and received annually a suit of livery and a fixed allowance of corn and wine. He died in 1468. In the Gutenberg Museum on the river front are documents relating to the first printer, an exhibit illustrating the invention and development of printing, and specimens of the early work of Gutenberg and his contemporaries.

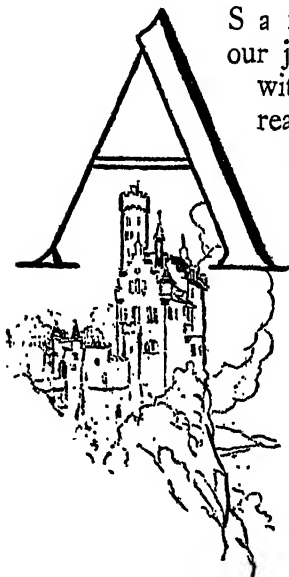
My first visit to this Museum was directly after the Armistice following the Great War when the city echoed to

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the footsteps of a victorious foe which had come to occupy it. With several companions, among whom were one or two French officers, I came to the Museum during one of its closed hours, and asked the special privilege of going through it. The director himself came to escort us and when he found that, by profession, we were especially interested in the art of printing he threw off his reserve and took a fresh delight in showing us all the treasures of the collection. In conclusion he invited us to become members of the Gutenberg Society. The brotherhood of a profession and a common interest in art had transcended all the animosity engendered by war.



II. VALLEYS OF ENCHANTMENT



As a matter of fact, we did not continue our journey along the Rhine to Mayence without interruption. Before we even reached Coblenz we were lured into two tributary valleys of the mother stream: the tiny Ahr which flows into the Rhine midway between Cologne and Coblenz, and the more stately Moselle which joins the Rhine at Coblenz itself. Our digression proved an easy one, not extravagant in time, and possessed the satisfaction of efficiency; we ascended the valley of the Ahr and from its upper reaches in the highlands of the Eifel cut across to the Moselle at Treves, from whence we made the descent.

As the Rhine steamer drew alongside the dock at Remagen we beheld a great throng waiting to embark for places upstream. The holiday season was at its height, and large numbers of recreationists were in evidence at all important stops along the river. A car met us at the landing and, although we were not known to our host and were swallowed up in the press waiting to get aboard, so distinctive were our Anglo-Saxon characteristics that the chauffeur approached us without a moment's hesitation. We were whisked away to Neuenahr, to spend our first night in a German health resort. On the way we passed a collection of modest buildings which we were told housed the Appolinarisbrunnen, a bubbling spring impregnated with carbonic acid gas: we had been drinking it all our lives but never dreamed

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that Appolinaris came from the banks of the Rhine. The waters of this spring were discovered in 1851 and for more than half a century have been flowing in millions of bottles each year to every part of the world.

Neuenahr, six or seven miles from the Rhine up the valley of the Ahr, is one of the better known watering-places of Germany. It finds a record in this book because it is typical of a group of similar resorts scattered throughout the country and represents a characteristic feature of German life.

We at home are in the habit of taking our health-seeking seriously. The Continentals, on the contrary, take their



cures lightly. When we visit our spas health is the only consideration; abroad the watering-places are sought for recreation and amusement quite as much as for the curative effects of the waters. It has never been our custom to "take the cure" on an annual basis as they do on the Continent; indeed, few people here give any thought to health resorts. Because of this indifference, or perhaps some other condition, our healing springs have never been developed to the extent that the Europeans have popularized theirs. A vast number of people abroad visit the springs and drink the waters as regularly as they pay their taxes. This habit took root with the Romans, those inveterate bathers of the ancient world, and has been perpetuated without pause ever since. But with

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their splendid hotels, attractive parks, theaters, orchestras, concerts and sports for the comfort and entertainment of guests, these European resorts have reached a stage of grandeur never dreamed of by the luxury-loving citizens of Rome. The amusements provided are not, it must be said, for the sole purpose of attracting visitors; primarily they are designed for the entertainment of the invalids, physicians having long since discovered the great influence of the mind over the condition of the body and that cheerful occupations and beautiful environment are potent factors in effecting cures.

For this reason the Kuradministration of the various spas provides excellent musical entertainment, and no German resort today is without its Kurkapelle, or resort orchestra, composed of musicians drawn from the best city orchestras who are free except during the winter months. Places like Baden-Baden, Ems, Kissingen, Neuenahr, and Wiesbaden, to mention but a few, engage great orchestras directed by world famous conductors.

Even the smallest spa has its Kurtheater in which performances of all sorts are given. Some of these playhouses possess magnificent auditoriums: in the one in Wiesbaden the former German Kaiser had his private box, and in that in Homburg internationally known singers like Jenny Lind and Patti have sung in the heyday of their glory. All kinds of sports are provided as well, tennis, golf, clay-pigeon shooting, target practice, horse shows and races, and automobile contests being among the favorites.

Throughout the length and breadth of Germany are scattered these springs of healing, and each resort specializes on the cure of certain diseases for which its waters are suited and enjoys its own established social prestige. Happily the springs are, for the most part, found in mountain valleys, and the beauty of environment accounts for the almost invariable attractiveness of the spas. Some of the *bäder* have developed into resorts of world-wide reputation, others are little known outside of the Republic. And while the greater of these watering-places may seem, like Topsy, to have "just growed," in reality they are finely organized com-

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munities possessing very capable administrations that are sometimes under the control of the State. Indeed, most of the German resorts are State- or community-owned; others are controlled by stock companies, and a few are in private hands. In every case the entire resort is in charge of a Kurdirektor who is assisted by a staff of specialists directing the publicity, the mechanical and engineering features, and the entertainments.

So important are the mineral springs in German therapeutics that a special science known as "balneology" has been developed so that the greatest possible benefit may be secured from the waters. This science embraces a study of chemistry for the analysis of the medicinal waters, of geology for defining the character of the terrain from which the spring emanates, of climatology for understanding climatic conditions, and of forestry for determining the varieties of trees and plants which are best adapted for growing in the neighborhood of the springs.

Neuenahr is a modern watering-place and so has nothing to offer in the way of ancient buildings and picturesque streets. The town is less than seventy-five years old and its attraction rests entirely in the beauty of its environment and in its potency for health and recreation. Its present life and the permanency of its future existence center in a pair of boisterous springs which ascend through conduits from the heart of the earth and tumble forth at a temperature of nearly one hundred degrees and the astonishing volume of 150,000 gallons a day. Thus there is an abundance of water for the guests and not one of them, whether in quest of health or of pleasure, need suffer from thirst.

On our first morning in Neuenahr we were awakened shortly after seven by the strains of resonant music. Peering from our windows, which overlooked the public gardens, we beheld streams of determined people walking briskly toward the springhouse, drawn in a common direction as if by a magnet. Reluctantly we arose and dressed to the music of the band, which plays for the delectation of the drinkers from seven until eight-fifteen every morning, and hurried

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forth to do our bit in keeping the waters from going to waste. One hundred gallons each minute must be consumed or flow into the tiny Ahr River which, it may be said in passing, needs augmenting. Our duty was plain. Seizing our glasses



There are few more picturesque villages than that of Rech nestling among the terraced vineyards of the Ahr valley

we joined in. At the spring we found a large number of people standing in line, glasses in hand, to get their accustomed rations; others were strolling through the adjoining gardens and park sipping the waters to the music issuing from the bandstand. Despite the unseasonable hour, an air of cheer

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pervaded the atmosphere, the chatting and strolling drinkers seeming to pay scant attention to the taste of the fluid or yet to the great streams of it going to waste. In the Kurgarten, or park, adjoining the springhouse they wandered through stretches of lawn, patches of woodland, tiny lakes and streams, a model of order and calm. We marveled at the complete recovery of these gardens, for immediately after the war Neuenahr had become a hospital and rest station for the American army and fifteen hundred horses were stabled in the park. The giant Kurhaus was converted into a hospital and the entire resort was given over to the dough-boys.

Having suffered few illnesses in our lives and those having been few and modest, we were quite unfamiliar with the processes of healing the chronic diseases and stubborn disorders treated at a spa like Neuenahr. Accordingly, we embarked on a thorough tour of inspection, going through the courses of the bathing establishment, so to speak, from soup to nuts. Traveling endless corridors we beheld every manner of bathing, spraying and drinking device known to medical science. At the close of our excursion we could box the medical compass with ease and talk glibly, if not intelligently, of douches, nasal sprays, wind, stream, wave and sand baths, inhalations and emanations. We saw sufficient towels and bed linen to cover the Ahr from its source to its mouth, and enough tubs to have satisfied the cohorts of Rome.

Here, as in other large watering-places, there is a palatial hotel operated by the resort authorities, a Casino, known as the Kurhaus, containing a restaurant, reading-rooms, ball-room, theater and a terrace on which an orchestra plays during the tea hour and after dinner. At night the tables are occupied with people dining, sipping coffee and drinking wine and there is no suggestion of a health resort except that the music stops at ten o'clock. But even then the curtain of gaiety is not rung down for the night: in a small salon provided with tables and a convenient bar an orchestra continues its ministrations, and here those who are blessed with health

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and energy spend the late evening hours while the invalids sleep.

This pleasant spa of the Ahr, flanked by its wooded hills, seemed to us a place of enchantment after the busy cities of the Rhine. We should like to have stayed there in ease and contentment, deriving secret pleasure from the abundance of our strength with sources of health so near at hand. But inexorable time with its many exactions lured us on, and one sunny August morning we embarked in our car for the journey through the valley of the diminutive Ahr.

It is a narrow, intimate valley, this, of wandering stream, sunny vineyards and unspoiled towns. Its entire length is but sixty miles, and so narrow is it that a single road is capable of carrying all its traffic. The size, however, is in disproportion to the valley's commercial importance for from it come some of the finest wines in Germany. After Neuenahr is left behind, the valley contracts and the river, little more than a vigorous brook, flows between steeply rising slopes covered with vineyards. These stony hills, which, in places seem like mountains of shale, here and there rise abruptly from the road and the vineyards climb the precipitous slopes on narrow terraces. In places where the valley contracts to a mere canyon and the sun beats down on protected slopes, the wine growers have planted every foot of the hillsides, on terraces so narrow as to accommodate only a row or two of vines. It must have taken scores of years to build these miles



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of terraces, supported on retaining walls constructed of flat stones set against the hillside. Since the quality of the wine is to a large degree dependent upon the warmth of the sun, these steep acclivities, catching the direct solar rays and protected at the same time from cold winds, are assets of tremendous worth to the wine grower.

After some miles of such country the valley broadens out, the vineyards gradually disappear and in their place are meadows and patches of woodland. Finally, the Eifel is reached, a great desolate upland plateau of volcanic origin somewhat resembling the English moors.

Our short journey through the lower reaches of the Ahr Valley had been planned for the purpose of seeing its terraced vineyards and medieval towns. Ahrweiler we had heard of as a picture town of strange and romantic interest. We found it stretched across the floor of the valley two miles above Neuenahr, an unspoiled metropolis of earlier days and an important center for the wine trade of the district. In medieval times it belonged to the Electorate of Cologne; occupying a strategic position in the route through the valley, it was besieged on many occasions during the recurring feuds between the cathedral chapter and the deposed archbishops. In the middle of the seventeenth century it was twice besieged by the French, but its great tragedy came when, during their orgy of destruction in the Rhine Valley in the reign of Louis XIV, the French burned it to the ground, only a few buildings being saved. Whatever ravages Ahrweiler may have suffered in the past, there is no evidence of them today, for it has few equals as a picture of a feudal city. Entered by ancient gates, encompassed by ramparts which have withstood the centuries, intersected by narrow streets and winding lanes of venerable half-timber houses, the place is little changed by modern life. To be sure, this city can be traversed by foot in ten minutes, but that would be possible only by closing one's eyes to its beauties. There are temptations to linger at every step, each byway opens up a vista that beckons and compels, and you find yourself irresistibly lured from street to street. The half-timber

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houses, irregular, out-of-plumb, strangely constructed but pleasingly proportioned, are so far removed from the life of the present that you are astonished to behold men and women in modern garb walking the streets. In Ahrweiler there are a dozen corners and a score of views planned with that neat carelessness and quaint grouping of medieval



The charming town of Ahrweiler lies in the vineyard-clad valley of the Ahr, which intersects the Rhine between Cologne and Coblenz

building which characterizes the work of the scene designer for an old German opera.

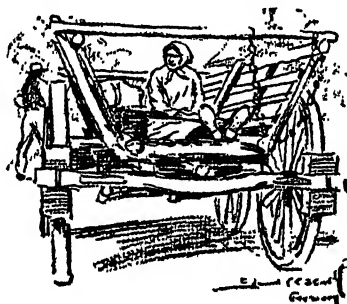
Continuing along the Ahr, we came upon a village of rare attraction clambering up the sharply rising slope of a district noted for its wine. The road passed to one side of it but as we were crossing the bridge at the edge of the village the artist caught a glimpse of a picture he coveted, and we alighted. Wherever we turned were prospects of strange and alluring beauty. If Ahrweiler is a city of another century,

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Rech is an exact presentment of a feudal village. Half-timber houses crazily set, courtyards flanked by strange buildings, unrelated but possessing an effective unity, women washing their household linen in tubs set in the open and men unloading produce at the doors of their barns. This is Rech, without a building of historic consequence, yet a perfect study of a life that has passed and will never return.

Beyond these towns and villages, through others of lesser attractions, past castle ruins perched on commanding rocks and churches loftily set, and finally into the rolling uplands of the volcanic Eifel, its meager soil almost devoid of trees, to the lakes which glisten in the craters of extinct volcanoes. From the summit of a great rounded grassy hill, bare rolling moors stretching in every direction, we looked down on these extraordinary lakes. Glistening within their circular shores, treeless, only the grassy meadows softening their hard outlines, held aloft in the grasp of dead volcanoes, they present an aspect of immense loneliness. A solitary church, gleaming white against the moor, stands on the shore of the Weinfelder Maar, the sole remnant of a former village, accentuating the loneliness of the scene. Throughout the Eifel, little villages are tucked away in the hollows of the wind-swept plateau and the people of the country, speaking a *patois*, live in isolation. There is mystery and strange solitariness in these lakes and we left them with little regret.

Across the country we drove to Manderscheid, half town and half village, for its extraordinary view down into the deep valley of the Lieser and of the castles which rise from



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it. Germany presents few more romantic pictures than this. Rising sheer out of the gorge, crowning precipitous shoulders of rock, are the ruins of two baronial strongholds near enough, almost, to toss a stone from one to the other, yet on separate spurs, each glorying in the impregnability of its situation. Manderscheid rests on the edge of a high plateau fringing the valley and, standing on its precipice, we looked down on the castles framed against forested slopes, and still farther below to the river which, like a ribbon, winds through the ravine. These castles, once the strongholds of the counts of Manderscheid, who flourished from the ninth to the end of the eighteenth century, rise squarely out of the center of the valley. Blocking the way and commanding the pass, they must have been impregnable before the days of their obsolescence. Looming among wooded slopes as wild as in the days of the Manderscheids, these castles are magnificent representations of feudal strongholds and satisfy every preconceived idea of the romantic past.

It is not far over the rolling hills of the Eifel to Gerolstein and thither we journeyed to catch our train for Treves, in the valley of the Moselle.

Treves, or Trier as the Germans call it, is considered the oldest town in Germany, and ocular proof lies in its extraordinary Roman ruins. For first of all, Treves is a Roman city, containing the most important remains of that age north of the Alps. Even its name descends from those far-off times, for it is derived from a powerful tribe of Belgic Gauls, the Treviri, who were conquered by Cæsar and asserted by him to possess the best cavalry in Gaul. Among these people of antiquity on the Moselle, Augustus founded a town, known as Augusta Trevirorum, later elevated to the rank of a colony, and in it the Roman emperors frequently resided. It is more intimately connected with Constantine the Great, however, for it was his favorite residence in the West and the royal palace, now in ruins, is regarded as his creation. Chiefly because of its strategic position, Diocletian made Treves the capital of the whole Gallic district, and for a century it was the administrative center from which Gaul,

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Britain and Spain were governed, thereby earning the title of "Rome beyond the Alps." Thus the interest of Treves lies in its relics of antiquity and it lays claim to no importance in the later march of events in European history save as a spiritual capital. The city reached the zenith of its glory in late Roman times, and its imperial grandeur of that epoch, with extensive public works and numerous villas on the hill-sides, has never returned. Today, it is a thriving city of fifty thousand people, prosecuting its trade with vigor and giving scant attention to its monuments of antiquity, save to preserve them for the present-day visitor and for posterity.

The Porta Nigra, a huge fortified gateway of the third century, once with its three sister gates a part of the ancient city wall, is the most striking of the monuments of Treves. Constructed of huge blocks of stone, fastened with iron braces and without mortar, it rises to a height of three stories and surmounts two gateways, one for incoming and one for outgoing traffic. In the days of its usefulness the gate was closed by a portcullis and defended by two massive towers; these were joined to the ramparts through a doorway which can still be seen. Its name, the Black Gate, is now appropriate enough because its immense sandstone blocks are black with age. The Treviri, however, were never entirely satisfied with so simple a derivation of its name. The *Gesta Trevirorum* asserts that "when the Romans went out to war they used this gate and called it the Gate of Mars; but when they returned, defeated, through the same gate, they called it the Black Gate, by reason of their discomfiture." It is a magnificent piece of masonry, as stalwart today as when in its prime. That it has been so well preserved is due, in part, to its later history; in the early Middle Ages it was added to and converted into two churches, one reposing above the other. Attached to one end of the gate there remains the apse of this double medieval church of St. Simeon, a Greek hermit who took up quarters in the portal from 1028 to 1035. Simeon, it appears, was a pilgrims' guide in Jerusalem, afterwards becoming the companion of a hermit in the Jordan Valley. In process of time he forsook his retreat in Palestine and made

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his way to Treves. Here he became known to Archbishop Poppo, who, being about to embark on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, engaged Simeon's services. Upon their return to Treves the Archbishop offered his cicerone a choice of domicile in the city, "thinking that he would select some one of the ruined palaces of Roman nobles wherewith Treves abounded." After a leisurely tour of inspection Simeon selected the eastern tower of the Porta Nigra and, finding a mason, ordered himself completely walled in except for a tiny opening through which he might receive his daily ration of bread and water and, on high festal occasions, a dole of fresh vegetables. Here, within these massive walls, almost impenetrable to sound and light, he dwelt for seven years, mortifying his flesh for the glory of God. When his withered hands no longer reached for food, his wasted body was laid within the precincts of the gate which had given him earthly solitude. And there Archbishop Poppo established the Church of St. Simeon, converting the hermit's cell into a chapel of the saint. The soul of Simeon still marches on in the calendar of the Church, but a practical age long since removed the parasitical edifice built against the portal; today the arch stands in solitary grandeur as a tribute to the indefatigable builders of ancient Rome.

On the opposite side of the town, well in the outskirts, the Roman amphitheater, erected during the reign of either Trajan or Hadrian, was built into the hillside. There is little masonry remaining, but sunk in the side of the slope, its separate entrances for the arena and for the spectators, the outlines of its tiers of seats, its dens for the lions and rooms for the gladiators, can be distinctly traced. It was not a large enclosure as amphitheaters go, for it would accommodate but seven or eight thousand people as compared with the forty or fifty thousand accommodated by the Colosseum at Rome, but it was put to grim use nevertheless. In the year 308, several thousand Franks with their leaders were thrown to the wild beasts by Constantine's inhuman order, and seven years later in the same manner a number of captive Bructeri were put to death for the amusement of the people.



The Porta Nigra, a huge fortified gateway dating from the third century, is one of the most impressive monuments in Trier

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Extensive ruins of the Roman palace are yet to be seen, and the foundations of the spacious Roman baths, and the apparatus for heating them, are clearly visible. The Basilica, constructed of brick in the reign of Constantine and used for the administration of justice and for commercial purposes, serves in its altered form as a Lutheran church.

The heterogeneous cathedral is the strangest building in Treves, assembled as it was from structures of varying kinds and ages. Erected as a basilica in the fourth century, probably to serve as a market, and then converted into a Christian church it was partly destroyed by the Franks in one of their incursions and subsequently restored in 528. Later devastated by the Normans, it was reconstructed by the energetic Archbishop Poppo in the eleventh century. Added to in the twelfth, thirteenth and finally in the eighteenth centuries, all of such designs and transitions are seen in the fabric of its masonry and in its architectural styles. The result is a medley of towers, turrets and galleries so grouped that, in appearance, its stern Romanesque exterior is almost as much a fortress as a church.

It is fitting that this hoary cathedral, standing through the ages and witnessing the transition of Rome from a pagan empire to a Christian state, should possess relics of uncommon value. Within its treasury, in reliquaries of Romanesque workmanship, are preserved the heads of Matthew the Apostle and the Empress Helena, mother of Constantine, a nail from the true cross and other talismans of great virtue. But transcending all in importance, treasured in a room above the cloisters, is the Holy Coat, the seamless dress of Jesus which He wore on the day of His crucifixion, an unparalleled treasure which is exhibited at rare intervals and attracts vast numbers of pilgrims. Tradition relates that this sanctified garment, a brown robe with short sleeves, was carried from the Holy Land by the Empress Helena and presented to the cathedral chapter. It is natural that so holy a vestment should have effected many miraculous cures. Its exhibition was inaugurated by Elector Richard von Greiffenklau in 1512 and so potent was its reputation that a hun-

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dred thousand pilgrims were attracted. Nearly a century ago two thousand citizens of Cologne, headed by the burgo-master, trudged the three score miles to Treves in order to pass before the glass case in which it was enclosed. The last display, in 1891, lasted six weeks and brought to Treves more than two million pilgrims from every part of the world. In times of stress, it has been removed to other places, but, with the danger over, it has always been returned. Its last journey was made to Augsburg in Napoleonic times, but in 1810 it was carried back with great pomp and splendor.

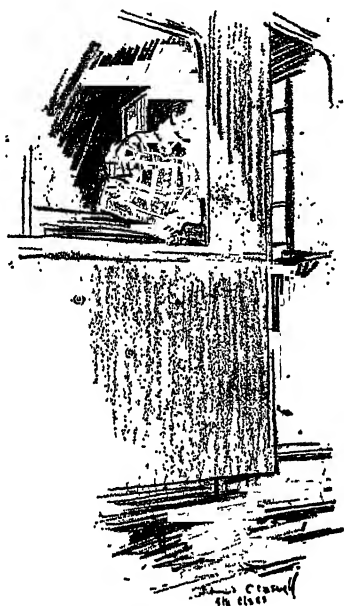
A relic of such momentous value and rarity as the Holy Coat, naturally proving a target for the incredulous, it has throughout the centuries provoked much heated controversy. Its first exhibition called forth the denunciation of Luther, but it withstood the shock of this attack and continued to bring wealth and celebrity to the city. In 1845 a Catholic priest of Upper Silesia questioned its authenticity; he drew the bishop's attention to the anomalous fact that the Holy Coat was found to exist at Argenteuil and Paris as well as at Treves. Thereupon, to surmount this embarrassing truth, the announcement was made that it had been revealed to a certain priest in a vision that the Savior's apparel, on the day of His trial and death, had consisted of three pieces, an undergarment, a shirt and a mantle; the seamless coat was at Treves and the remaining articles were in the possession of the other churches! The religious devotion of the peasants of the country and their faith in the intercessory power of saint and relic are evident as you journey down the Moselle Valley and observe the number of crucifixes and shrines standing in vineyard and field.

Modern Treves has preserved in its streets little that is picturesque so that its ruins of another civilization remain its outstanding charm. Out of its triangular market-place which, almost alone, has retained its appearance of medievalism, radiate narrow thoroughfares, busy with the traffic of modern commerce.

The distance by rail from Treves to Coblenz is sixty-nine miles and can be covered by fast express in two hours pro-

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vided, of course, you are not tempted to linger on the way. The same journey by river is 119 miles and occupies twelve or thirteen hours. Two days are thus required for the descent because the boats ply their course only in the hours of daylight. The distances covered in these agencies of transit seem contradictory but the steamer, of course, must follow the windings of the stream and this flows in such serpentine fash-



ion that, among the rivers of Europe, it establishes a record for devious wanderings.

In descending the Moselle our immediate objective was the little town of Moselkern, the starting point of our visit to Eltz Castle. We had never seen this famous stronghold but had often heard of it as being one of beauty and supreme romantic interest.

The Moselle is like a miniature Rhine, a stream that makes its way between precipitous hills covered with terraced vineyards and rocky promontories capped by castle ruins. Its

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banks are richly clothed in grass and vines and they fringe a valley that twists and turns, alternately expanding and contracting. Towns and hamlets nestle on the shores, picturesque in situation and alluring in their medieval character. Where the valley narrows the hills fall sharply to the river and here, cradled to catch the warm rays of the sun, the husbandmen of the country have planted their vineyards. For scores of miles these vineyards climb the lofty heights on their shale-covered terraces, vines by the hundreds of thousands contributing to the vintages that have made "Moselle" famous the world over. It would seem that the world could be supplied from this one valley where nearly every important town produces its own especial vintage, each varying from the others in bouquet and taste. All prosperity is founded on the product of the grape. In this vinous paradise wine is king. So dependent are the people upon the elements for the sweetness and the flavor of their wines, it is small wonder that the industrious husbandmen with scrupulous devotion invoke the aid of their patron saints. Shrines make their appearance in every vineyard. In tiny grottoes chiseled in the rocks and in miniature sanctuaries of wood and stone, figures of Virgin and saint keep their sleepless vigil over the ripening grape. Many of the growers, doubting perhaps the efficacy of one celestial guardian, must needs set out two or three, so that as you travel through the valley they appear like milestones on the way. Indeed, in all the towns of the province, in recesses of the street corners, and along the roads leading from place to place, the patron saints of the district indicate the stalwart faith of the people in the benevolence of God and their supplications for the abundance of the harvest. In the past their faith has not been in vain, for prosperity has smiled on this valley of purple hills, and its town dwellers and country folk alike have grown affluent with centuries of wine making.

The trip down the river is of scenic interest as twisting and turning you follow the vagaries of the stream; long vistas open up through the hills and, swinging around the shoulder of a headland, you behold on an inaccessible height



*In the market places are great banks of flowers to satisfy
the demand of the householders for the decoration
so lavishly used.*

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the softened outlines of a ruined castle whose owner once took toll of the river's commerce. Travel across the river from hamlet to hamlet is made in primitive ferries guided by trolleys and propelled by hand, and by skiffs with pointed bows.

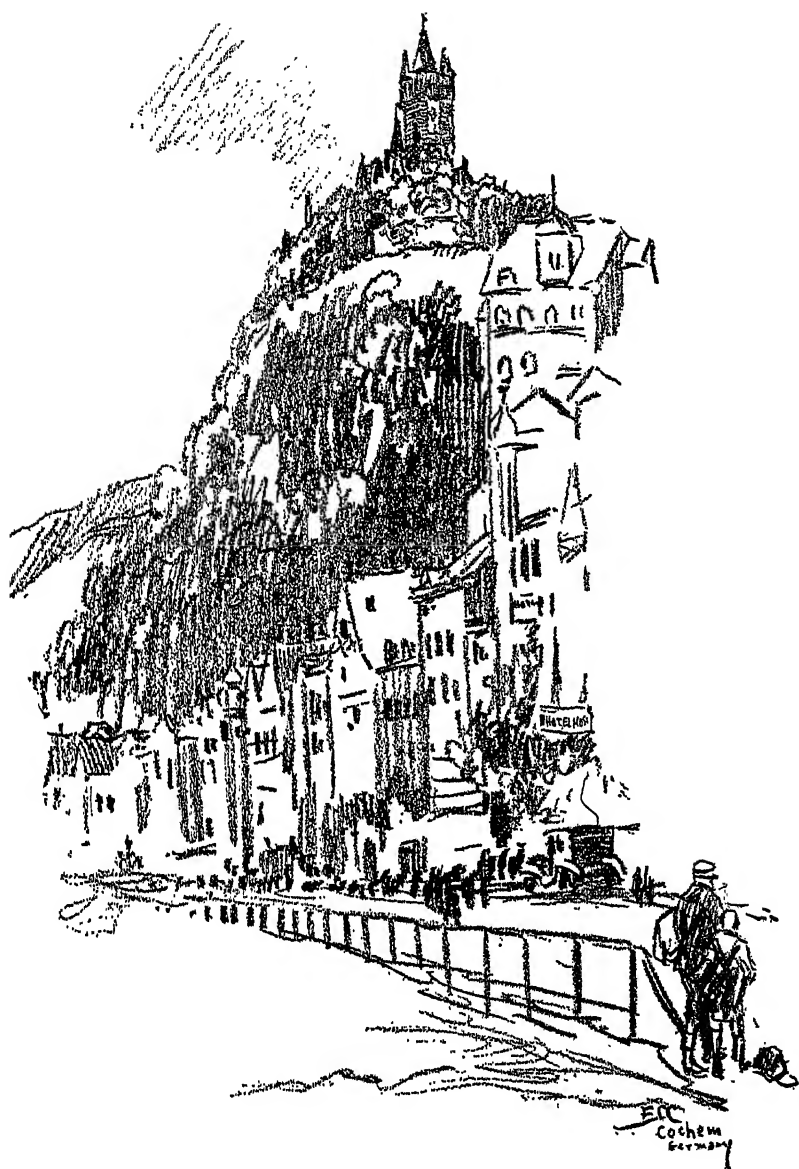
At Moselkern, twenty miles above Coblenz, we alighted for our visit to Schloss Eltz which lies in its tiny valley four miles from the Moselle. The road ends at a forest path, for no highway reaches the castle. The last mile or more to this secluded stronghold leads through a forest glade, a fitting entry indeed to so romantic a place, for in situation and structure no castle in western Europe seems so surrounded by phantasy as this palace of the fairies. It is deep forest through which you go, over a broad trail which clings to the side of a slope, a trail that must many times have heard the clank of broadsword and armor during the days of chivalry. As we made our way under the arching trees the gloom was deepened by heavy clouds overspreading the sky, and the roll of distant thunder reached our ears. Our isolation seemed to increase and we felt cut off from the world about us as indeed, in remoteness from the channels of life, we were. The roll of the thunder shook the hills and the wind lashed the treetops into a fury of turmoil but we, in the forest depths, felt but the mere rustle of the air. Finally, as the tempest came upon us, the trail made a turn to the left, dipped into a miniature valley, bridged a roaring torrent and mounted an almost perpendicular slope. Peering upward through the lashing branches of the trees we beheld the turrets and towers of Eltz. At this instant the storm broke in a frenzy of rain and wind and we scrambled up the steep mountainside, seeking shelter in an outwork of the castle. The countess in residence vouchsafed us entry and, with the rain falling in torrents, we mounted the stone staircase and peered from the tiny windows of the upper chamber sheer into the depths of the valley below.

The storm soon spent its force, and the sun pierced the thinning clouds of the western sky. Descending the narrow stairway once more and traversing the stone-flagged court,

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we passed through the gate which had once been protected by a portcullis. By a road which spanned a chasm we reached the heights of the opposite mountain. From this commanding position we beheld a rock-hewn citadel such as we had never seen except in a book of fairy tales. The valley of the Eltz had opened into an immense wooded basin, in the center of which a gigantic forest-clad rock thrust its head. Crowning this lofty summit the castle rose in solitary majesty. Springing from its wooded crag and ringed about by a solid rampart of forested mountains this eerily set stronghold with its turrets and towers and oriel windows seemed the figment of a painter's imagination. Such perfection of beauty overwhelmed us. I cannot by mere description detach you from the twentieth century and set you back in the fifteenth; to view this unreal, this impossible, this perfect castle of the fairies, you must take yourself along this road to Eltz and stand before its enchanting loveliness.

Burg Eltz, in its magnificent isolation, wanders back along the pathway of time for eight hundred years and is one of the few castles of the Europe of that day which has never been destroyed. Only a miracle saved it from the devastation which its contemporaries in the adjacent valleys of the Moselle and the Rhine suffered before the army of Louis XIV whose generals were ordered to make the Rhineland safe for autocracy. The fulfilment of the king's orders in those desolate years 1679 to 1681 brought destruction to the strongest citadels on the Moselle. Marshal Boufflers was investing Eltz, his cannon trained on the citadel, ready for the order to fire. Suddenly, through the clear upland air, the hoofbeats of a horse coming down the mountain road reached the ears of the investing forces and a moment later a dust covered horseman flung himself from the saddle and demanded to be taken to the commander. This impetuous horseman was Philip Emmerich, a young captain of artillery, afterwards a marshal of France. He had interceded with the king on behalf of the occupants and had carried an order from the *Roi Soleil* to spare the castle. Thus Eltz alone was saved.



Cochem is a typical town of the Moselle. In the background rises the great castle that dominates the village

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The ancestral home of the Counts of Eltz, after eight hundred years this castle is still owned by their descendants, the Eltz-Kempenechs. Springing from its foundations of rock as one related and harmonious whole, this *schloss* was in reality four châteaux because it housed in separate buildings several branches of the same family. A typical *anerbenhaus* in which four knightly families closely related by blood resided in a common stronghold for mutual protection, each one having its own entrance, halls and sleeping chambers but enjoying the courtyard in common, it gained greatly in co-operative strength. The oldest part of the building is Platt-Eltz, then comes Eltz-Rubenach which, in turn, was followed by the additions of Eltz-Rodendorf and Eltz-Kempenech. But whatever the origins and periods of construction Eltz castle, in its blending harmonies, its orderless symmetries, its towering strength, and its flawless setting in a remote environment, is a feudal stronghold of transcendent beauty. It was so exquisite, so medieval, so possessed of an air of unreality that as we viewed it from the heights over the ravine, our emotions were stirred as they had rarely been before. Without doubt, Eltz is the most perfect medieval castle in Europe.

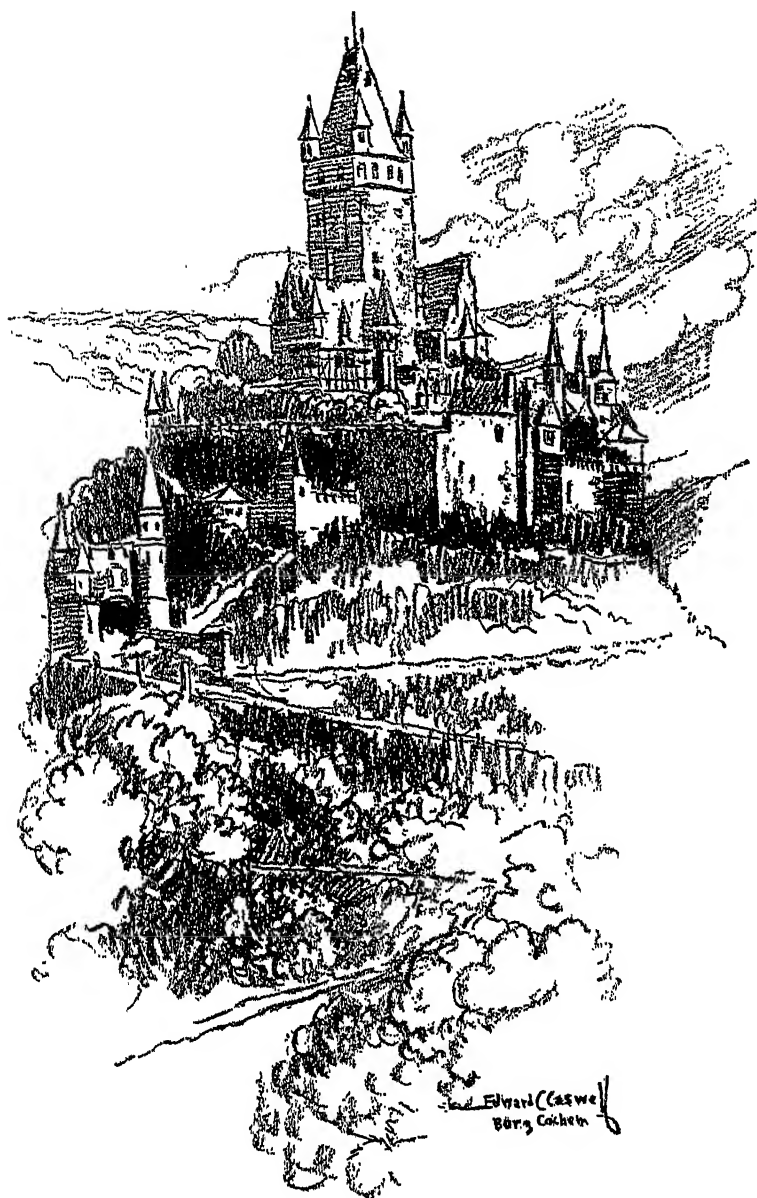
Across the chasm from Eltz, on a beetling crag of the mountaintop cling the ruins of another stronghold which dared to find a more exalted situation and command its rival. A feud of long standing had existed between the counts of Eltz and Baldwin, the powerful prince-archbishop of Treves and brother of an emperor. In an effort to bring into subjection the recalcitrant nobles of Eltz, this militant churchman erected a castle overlooking that of his enemies. It ultimately had its effect, for the masters of Eltz were compelled to acknowledge Baldwin's power and swear allegiance forever to the electorate of Treves. In return they were to have possession of the offending castle and to assume the title of Counts of Baldwin-Eltz. But whose was the lasting glory time has clearly told. The great archbishop, known as "The King-maker," has gone and his castle of spite is a heap of crum-

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bling masonry, while the family of Eltz lives and the splendor of its citadel remains unsullied.

That night we spent in Cochem which, we were told, offered better entertainment than the little village of Moselkern nearby. We found Cochem a minor summer resort and, the modest hotels being filled to overflowing, we were obliged to spend the night within a plain but hospitable residence of the townsfolk. The rooms were arranged for by the omniscient clerk of the hotel who knew the whereabouts of every vacant spot in the town. Our apartments were above a butcher's shop through whose precincts we were obliged to pass in order to gain our sanctuaries. The house was situated on a high walled thoroughfare and doubtless antedated the present era by scores of years; but the rooms were clean, the feather beds as deep almost as the valley of Eltz, and after such an afternoon and in such an environment we fell asleep in the profound conviction that we were living in the age of chivalry.

Cochem stretches itself along the river and climbs the precipitous slopes which rise in the rear, a typical town of the Moselle. Beyond a few corners of obvious antiquity there is little to warrant more than passing notice. But the castle of Cochem fulfils every idea of what a river stronghold should be—it crowns the summit of a cone-shaped hill overlaid with vineyards and towers above the river at the outskirts of the village. At this point the stream makes a sharp turn and the castle thus commands wide prospects in both directions. The robber-barons of early days made the city famous because of the great chain which they strung across the Moselle to exact tribute from the river traffic. In later years Cochem was occupied at times by the archbishops of Treves and became an important citadel. Finally, during the French orgy of destruction in the Rhineland, it was taken in 1688 and held for a ransom so great that it could not possibly be paid. Hence, to quote an early chronicler, "de Saxis had orders to take execution of the castle and the dependencies wherefore, about the fifth or sixth hour of the forenoon went all the officers together to the castle Cochem



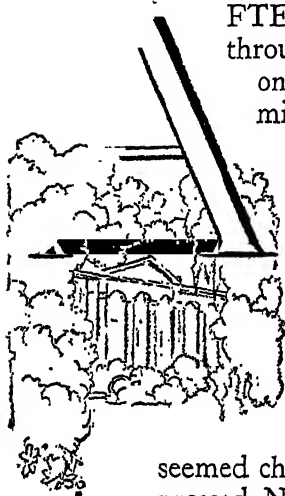
*The castle of Cochem crowns the summit of a cone-shaped hill.
Like a few of the ancient strongholds on the Rhine, Cochem
has been rebuilt and is used as a residence*

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and in broad sunshine sacrificed it to Vulcan whence arose a so terrible burning that God knoweth the ruin of this house was not to be looked upon without mourning and weeping. And whatso this exceeding great and fierce burning destroyed not, the mines in ten or twelve several places laid level with the ground and made into a heap of stones and a desert. This fire continued into the third day and ceased not to consume whatsoever it might reach."

And yet, miracle of miracles, a medieval castle perches on the height today, bidding defiance to everything but modern explosives. However, as you climb the road that winds through the vineyards and approach the portals you see that it is an arrant fraud. For this theatrical attempt to recreate the château of the middle ages is not convincing on close inspection. Windows usurp the place of loopholes, and an unmistakable air of modern comfort is woven into the fabric of an old design. The attempt was a good one, nevertheless; it is an admirable piece of stage setting. In 1868 it seems, Herr Ravene commissioned an architect from Berlin to "restore" the ruin, and make it livable into the bargain, so he, with commendable imagination and the help of ancient plans and views, produced the castle that stands today. All glory to Herr Ravene, and to his heirs who still occupy the eerie perch. He built for himself an airy and comfortable home, the thrill of robber-knighthood, and for the traveler an interesting presentment of a life that will never return.

III. MODERN FOUNTAINS OF YOUTH



AFTER the inspiring and romantic sail through the haunts of the robber-barons on the Rhine we came to Biebrich, a few miles short of Mayence, where we disembarked for Wiesbaden. Wiesbaden lies on the edge of the Taunus Mountains which protect it from the cold winds of the north and contribute to the agreeably mild climate in which it rejoices. I had not been in Wiesbaden since the days following the armistice. Then the streets were filled with the *poilus* of France, and the people

seemed chastened and the spirit of the city oppressed. Now times had changed. Once more the spirit of play and happiness was present and, but for the reduced numbers of visitors and their less cosmopolitan makeup, the flavor of the old Wiesbaden had returned.

Here, even more than at Neuenahr, we were impressed with the prodigality of nature. The principal springs — fifteen are housed within a central pavilion — yield a volume of five thousand gallons of water an hour. These springs have been gurgling forth for centuries. The Romans called the settlement *Aquæ Mattiacorum*, built a fort here for the defense of their frontier, and made use of the waters. Pliny refers to them. These waters of Wiesbaden issue from the bosom of the earth at a temperature of 156° and contain, so we were told, salutary quantities of chloride of sodium. This meant little to me in the present state of my health, but if I

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should feel a twinge of gout or rheumatism I should seek without delay the efficacy of these streams of healing, for their exuberance in tumbling forth is certainly infectious and an incredible number of people drink and bathe in them. And surely no spa, however plausible, could get away with a hoax ever since the time of the Romans. Without doubt, there must be something in "the cure"! Excessive obesity, we learned, could be remedied by a systematic drinking of the waters. It was thus a continual cause of wonder why, in these days of the slender silhouette, the stout womankind of two continents were not elbowing their way through throngs of their sisters seeking their share of the waters.

Wiesbaden possesses a supreme air of prosperity and elegance. Its bath houses, for one thing, cost three million gold marks to build. Threading magnificent halls of mosaic and stairways of marble, you may find your favorite bath whether it be Roman, Turkish, steam, electrical, hot air, sand, mud or any of the lesser breeds. From a theoretical standpoint (we did not try it) the inhalation department was our delight, for to sit at ease and breathe in health through air impregnated with the mist of mineral water, sulphur, pine oil or what not, seemed a great advance in the science of therapeutics.

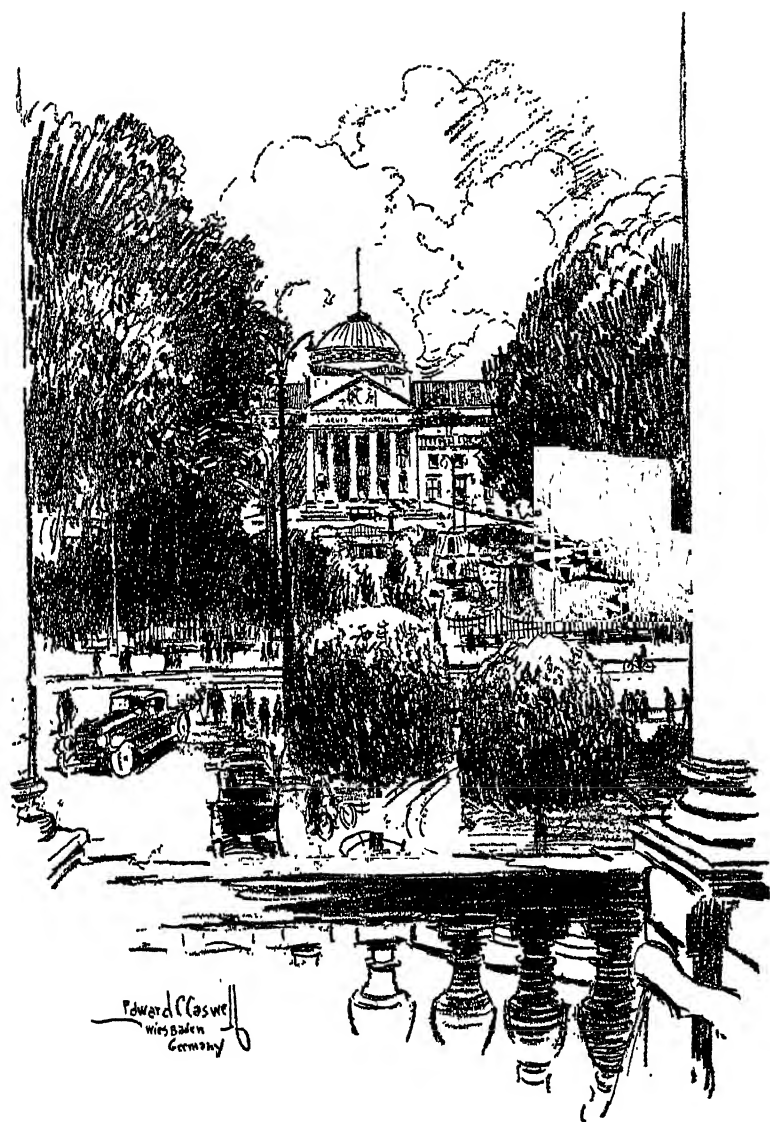
Away from the fountains of health, you are not conscious of Wiesbaden being a health resort. A beautiful city of more than a hundred thousand people, everywhere are splendid hotels, fine public buildings, parks and promenades. Dedicated to the pleasure of the residents is a Casino, one of the finest of its kind in Europe. This Kurhaus has magnificent ballrooms, reading-rooms, a theater capable of seating fifteen hundred people, and finely appointed restaurants which help to undo the good work of dieting and drinking the waters. Opera, equal to that sung in Berlin, is given in the concert hall of the Casino, where a royal box was formerly reserved for the ruling families. Here, too, splendid concerts, plays and other entertainments are held. The Kurhaus is set in an exquisite park and its terrace overlooks peaceful acres and placid lakes. Here you may lunch and dine with

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the smart people of a dozen countries. That the dietary requirements of the spa do not legislate against good food and wine is evidenced by the fact that one of Germany's leading wine experts and restaurateurs is in charge of the kitchens and cellars.

Wiesbaden's environs contribute in no small measure to its attractions. Adjoining the city miles of forest in the foothills of the Taunus intersected by roads afford a playground for horseman and trumper. Along the fringe of this heavily wooded region we drove to the Neroberg for its view over the city to the distant Rhine. Just below the summit stands the Greek Chapel designed like a Greek cross; it was built during the middle of the nineteenth century as a mausoleum for a Russian princess. Before the war, when Wiesbaden was much frequented by Russians, services were regularly held in this church. The Russians, alas! no longer come to Wiesbaden and their former wealth and social brilliance are sorely missed. In few respects has the war brought greater changes than in the character and numbers of the people who frequent the Continental resorts. An immense change has taken place in the moneyed classes. Nationalities which once flocked to these centers of gaiety are no longer represented save by a straggling and less affluent few, while people from other countries are sending greatly increasing numbers.

With Hindenburg's war-chauffeur at the wheel of our car, we set forth for Homburg, famous among the health and recreation centers of Germany. Our way led along the cordillera of the Taunus through towns and villages, traversing forested slopes under castles perched on rocky crags, gaining on the journey commanding heights from which magnificent panoramas opened out. Midway on our journey we drove to the summit of a mountain which reared its head far above its neighbors. Upon its grassy apex we were on the highest spot in the region, a resort of great attraction to motorists. We seemed to be on the top of the world: mountains and valleys, cities and plains stretched away in every direction.



The imposing Casino at Wiesbaden is situated in an exquisite park and its terrace overlooks peaceful acres and placid lakes

Modern Fountains of Youth

Through mountainous country the roads we followed were filled with beauty and, twisting and turning, they gave our chauffeur abundant opportunity to exercise his skill in piloting the car. It is true that we were anxious to reach our destination without needless delay, but that seemed an inadequate excuse for a demonstration of the ultimate in war-



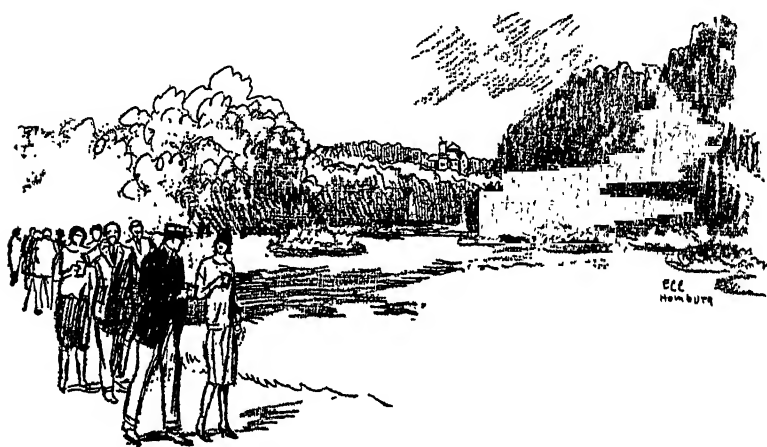
*Hindenburg's war chauffeur drives peace-day cars in
and about Wiesbaden*

chauffeuring. Around hairpin turns and on the straightaway our Iron Cross medalist drove as though he were carrying a message to the supreme war-lord himself. Hindenburg evidently brooked no delay, and his precepts seemed lasting.

Homburg, before the war, was one of the favorite resorts of the English and it drew its foreign patronage largely from the British aristocracy. It was the favorite bath resort of King Edward VII, and as Prince of Wales he visited it

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regularly. In his train, from England and the Continent, came the fashionable people who were fond of gathering where royalty spent its days, and the season was a brilliant one. Indeed, so many members of the British nobility visited Homburg when the King was in residence, he once remarked that more of the aristocracy were to be found at the Casino than at his court! Unfortunately Edward's differences with his nephew, the Kaiser, ultimately caused him to transfer his patronage to Marienbad, much to the social and com-



*Homburg, once the favorite resort of King Edward VII
possesses an attractive park*

mercial distress of Homburg. In the heyday of its glory, the world's greatest musical stars came to Homburg to sing in the opera house within its majestic Kurhaus. Jenny Lind and Patti frequently appeared there before audiences more brilliant than are found in any capital now. Unhappily for Homburg, all this social eminence is a thing of the past, but its great Casino still offers the visitors every facility for recreation and there is, as may be supposed, sufficient water to satisfy the thirsty. To provide visitors with recreation or to enable them to generate a thirst for the waters, tennis was

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introduced in Homburg many years ago, when the game was almost unknown in Germany, and it has now become such an important part of the resort's life that international tournaments are held there. Homburg also possesses a golf course, a *rara avis* in Germany even today. Modern German youth, no longer being provided with exercise and employment in the army, is turning to Anglo-Saxon sport. Since the war giant strides have been made in establishing football, tennis, boxing and, to a lesser degree, golf; and some day in the near future we may see the Germans as formidable contenders on the international playing fields.

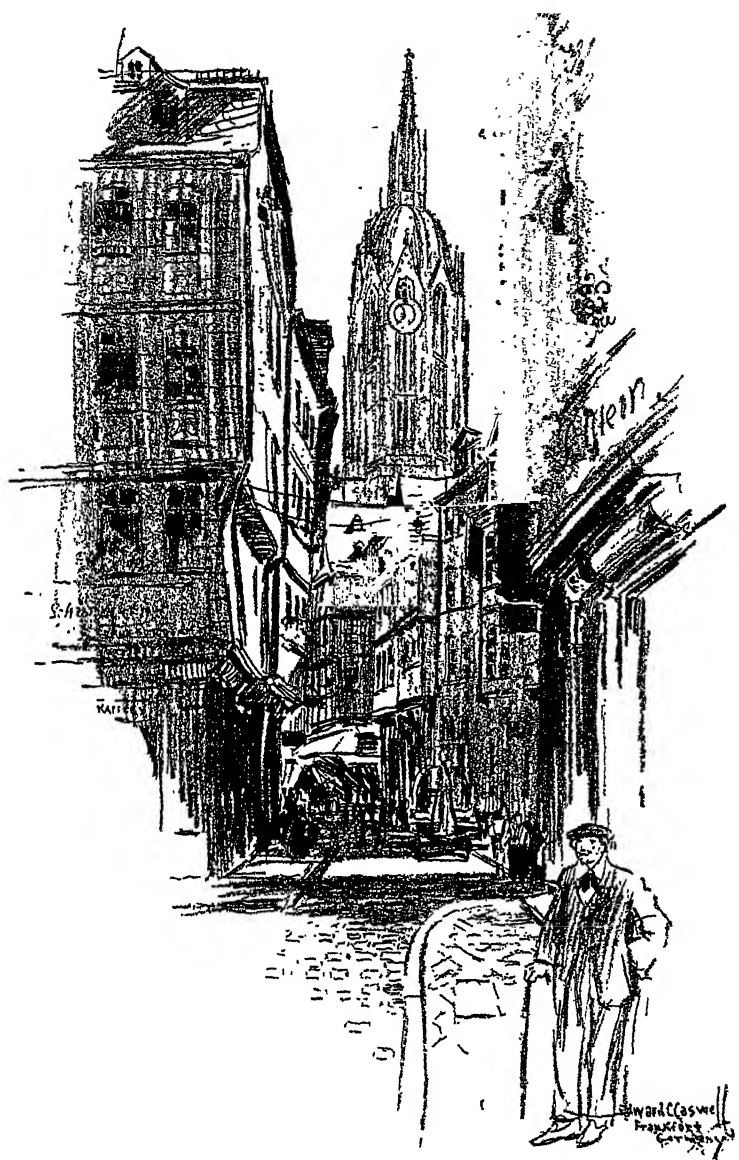
Not far from Homburg, on the ridge of the Taunus, lies the Saalburg, the famous fort of ancient Rome which marked her farthest northern outpost of empire and the zenith of her Germanic conquest. Strangely enough, after the World War the German military line ran fifteen hundred feet to the north of it, and, under the treaty of Versailles, the fort marked the limit of the occupied zone. Thus does history repeat itself. In the second and third centuries, in order to protect their conquests in southwestern Germany, the Romans built a line of intrenchments nearly three hundred and fifty miles long, strengthened at intervals by forts. The Saalburg was, so far as is known, the largest of these garrisons. Discovered in the middle of the last century, this fortification was restored by the Kaiser and today gives a graphic picture of the scheme of Roman defense works. Mounds seventeen centuries old interlarded with waterless moats, indicating the two or three successive lines of Roman intrenchments, foundations of soldiers' houses heated collectively by hypocausts, fragments of baths and the heating arrangements, remains of wells, a Roman road stretching away into the moorland, are clearly visible. Fragments of pottery, large numbers of Roman coins and other discoveries make it evident that a considerable settlement existed here. The scheme of Roman organization and discipline is shown in a model of the barracks which stands within the fort. The quarters of the soldiers line a narrow lane, with the officers' quarters at the end. By this arrangement the men were

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obliged to pass under the eyes of their officers when passing back and forth.

Frankfort, over the hills from Homburg, is a metropolis of contrasts. With its half million people, it is one of the largest and most modern cities in Germany and commercially of outstanding importance. Also, it is a fine representation of a medieval town. For, ringed about with modern streets, imposing buildings and public parks, Frankfort has preserved its ancient quarter much as it existed centuries ago. Within the borders of the old city you are quite unaware of the throbbing modern metropolis a few streets away.

For many centuries Frankfort has been a place of consequence in the Rhineland. As far back as the eighth century it is mentioned in history as the royal residence of Franconerfurt, or ford of the Franks. In 794 Charlemagne held an imperial assembly there and a century later, so much had the city increased in importance, it was regarded as the capital of the East Frankish Empire. From the time of Frederick Barbarossa, most of the German emperors were chosen at Frankfort, the electors assembling in the Römer, which stands today. From early times the town maintained a position of marked independence and in the sixteenth century it officially became a free imperial city. Many of the German municipalities, especially those in the south and west, succeeded in obtaining imperial decrees making them free, thus becoming independent of local principalities, and owing allegiance to the emperor alone. The guardianship of the empire's head and the management of their own affairs was secured by these cities through the payment of annual sums to the throne. Because of the protection thus afforded these cities became the centers for commerce, industry and wealth. Their destinies passed from the knights to the burghers, they were no longer pawns of a ruling class and the people became their own masters. Released from the whims and exactions of feudal lords, trade expanded and they became the nation's important marts of commerce. It is interesting to note in passing that in this way it came about that many of the nobility, stripped of the dependencies and conse-



Frankfort has preserved its ancient quarter much as it existed centuries ago. Its historic cathedral, rising from the center of the old town, is the place in which, for centuries, the German emperors were crowned

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quently of their incomes, resorted to pillage, pouncing from the cover of their strongholds upon the caravans of merchants and preying upon the people of the countryside.

The transition of Frankfort from a tiny, congested, medieval town to a modern metropolis is clearly seen in its present composition. First there was the original community guarded by its twelfth-century walls and protecting moat which were semicircular in form, one side of the town lying against the river; then the so-called "new town," whose boundaries, extended in 1333, more than doubled the area of the city; and finally the modern metropolis to embellish which, a century ago, the walls of the "new town" were demolished and their site converted into gardens and promenades. The present city, in its ample proportions, completely engulfs the two earlier towns.

But for all its inferiority in size, the medieval town, possessing attractions of far greater consequence, has been allowed to remain. Penetrating this labyrinth of narrow lanes and winding thoroughfares, you are as completely lost to the busy world encircling it as though you were in another community. There are gaily frescoed houses lining the streets, and dwellings whose gabled roofs, in places overhanging the lower stories, meet over the narrow passageways and form a canopy. There are homes of burghers of olden times — painted, half-timber structures — which are redolent of the spirit of the past, and corners at which you almost expect to see standing about groups of men in doublet and hose. No modern city has a finer or better preserved *altstadt* than this.

You can enjoy an aeroplane view of all this medievalism by mounting to the top of the cathedral's tower which rises in the center of the old section. But you must have a stout heart and dogged endurance, for it is a climb of nearly three hundred feet. You are rewarded, however, because you look down on the city far below and over its gables and steep-roofed houses to the River Main nearby, which bounded the ancient metropolis on the south. The river is a busy artery with its bathing pavilions and its shipping for it is navigable

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by vessels of good draught, Frankfort being less than twenty-five miles up the Main from its confluence with the Rhine at Coblenz. Beyond the network of picturesque streets, you see the newer city, its promenades usurping the place of the ancient ramparts, its broad streets, with their fine shops and imposing buildings, its tree-clad squares and the houses of the citizens.

The cathedral itself is contemporaneous with the earliest days of the city, antedating the houses clustering about its base. It was founded in 852 by Lewis the German and the present building dates, in part, from 1235. The interior is more impressive than that of most German churches; its proportions and lighting are exceptionally fine and its transepts are noteworthy because of their immensity. During the centuries this cathedral has been an important house of worship, but its great eminence rests on the fact that in it the German emperors were crowned after their election in the Römer. The coronation, solemnized by the Elector of Mayence, took place before the altar which formerly stood beneath the crossing.

The Römer has been the Rathaus, or Town Hall for nearly five hundred years. It was first mentioned in 1322 and was evidently a house belonging to a family of that name. Together with the Goldener Schwan, an adjacent hostelry, it was purchased by the city in 1405 and the interior remodeled to be used as a town hall. From time to time the adjoining houses of patrician families were bought and added to the ensemble so that eventually the group comprised a medley of houses of various styles and periods. These various buildings, with their gabled and painted façades surmounted by a clock tower, rise from the Römerberg in a blaze of medieval glory. Momentous events in the history of the empire took place under the roof of this historic group of buildings. For in the Wahlzimmer, or election chamber, the electors met and chose the emperor and, in the Kaisersaal, or emperor's hall, the coronation festival was held at which the newly elected emperor dined with the electors, first having appeared on the balcony and shown him-

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self to the populace. In the center of this square rises the Justitia Fountain erected in 1543, famous because, during the coronation banquet, for an hour and a half it ran with red and white wine. This square formed an admirable setting for such scenes of public rejoicing, for it is surmounted by carved and painted and gabled houses which have no counterpart in modern life. Incidentally, until well toward



the close of the nineteenth century, Jews were not permitted to enter this square.

The Hebrew population of Frankfort was always a large one and, conforming to the intolerance of the age, it suffered from official restrictions. Adjoining the old city is the quarter in which these people dwelt. Down to 1806 the Judengasse or Jews' Street, was closed and put under lock and key every evening and all day Sundays and holidays and none of the inhabitants might venture into any other part of the city

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under a heavy penalty. The Ghetto has, long since, been torn down but the ancestral house of the Rothschilds at 26 Börne-strasse, formerly the Judengasse, has been preserved and was restored some years ago to its original state. It is a striking tribute to the people of this quarter that, in spite of the oppression they suffered many of them prospered and that, from the squalor of this district, there emerged a family which became the most powerful financial group of the day.

There are other things in Frankfort to engage the interest of the visitor. The Goethe House, a sixteenth-century building with overhanging stories, came into possession of the family of the immortal poet in 1733. Here in 1749 Goethe was born and here he spent his boyhood, remaining under its roof until 1775. You can see it today much as it was in his time for it has been restored to its original condition from his own account of it in *Dichtung und Wahrheit*. Among the lofty houses which flank the quay by the riverside stands the Schopenhauer house in which the philosopher lived from 1843 to 1859.

There is the famous fourteenth-century Alte Mainbrücke, or Old Main Bridge, constructed of red sandstone; it spans the Main in fourteen arches and is adorned with a statue of Charlemagne and a medieval iron cross surmounted by a gilded cock. And thereby hangs a tale. According to tradition the architect had agreed to finish the bridge within a given period. The night before the promised date of completion two arches yet remained to be finished. Realizing that he could not fulfil his agreement the harassed architect made a compact with the devil that for his assistance in completing the structure he would sacrifice to him the first living thing to cross it. The devil accordingly pledged his aid, and the following morning the bridge stood complete. He was cheated of his victim; however, because a fowl was the first to pass over. The devil, hoping for a nobler victim, flew into a rage and seizing the rooster tore it to pieces and hurled it at the bridge with such force that two of its spans were shattered. Owing to the curse thus laid upon the bridge these

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spans could not be closed with masonry and were finally bridged with timber. In commemoration of this event the fowl is immortalized on the crucifix. Antiquaries, however, rudely sweep tradition aside and assert that the gilded cock probably marks the spot from which, in olden times, criminals were cast into the river.

At Heidelberg, to which we journeyed from Frankfort, the artist was guilty of a flagrant breach of etiquette and a gross violation of the fitness of things. He had, it appeared, never before visited this old university town but had heard



much about its history and had read many accounts of its student life. He spoke repeatedly of the convivialities of the undergraduates and of the way in which, in congenial groups, they spent their evenings. Yes, that was the life, leisure and foaming steins of amber refreshment! What he wouldn't do to the beer of Heidelberg! We arrived at noon and repaired to a restaurant for lunch. To my horror and that of the waiter, the artist who really is not a drinker at all falteringly ordered coffee. I remonstrated with him but he stoutly

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defended his position, asserting that he was fatigued and needed a stimulant of just this sort. His defense lacked conviction, however, and I believe he has since had reason to regret this blot on his traveling escutcheon.

Like Venice and Carcassonne and Seville, Heidelberg is one of those places whose virtues have been so universally extolled that you are apt to approach it for the first time almost with bated breath. We expected to see a town of gabled and half-timbered houses with painted façades, an ivy-clad castle perched inaccessibly on tree-embowered crags, university buildings as mellow and exquisite as those at Oxford and Cambridge and round-capped students walking arm in arm about the streets. In short, a typical medieval city guarded by a castle which overhung the houses below. As a matter of fact, we saw nothing of the kind. Instead we beheld a town, set picturesquely by a river, intersected by a very long street, houses of relatively modern origin, a castle, in ruins, situated halfway up the wooded mountainside, a university with scattered buildings of simple demeanor. Of students, there were none — the month was August and the scholastic term had not begun. Thus does imagination outrun reality and prove a false and misleading guide. This is not to say that Heidelberg is necessarily a disappointment but that the Heidelberg, nestling snugly on the banks of the Neckar, may not be the Heidelberg you have conjured up in your mind. For all that it may be none the less interesting.

The city, once an insignificant village, owes its eminence to Conrad of Hohenstaufen who became Count Palatine of the Rhine in 1155 and selected it as his principal place of residence. For nearly five centuries thereafter it remained the capital of the Rhenish Palatinate until, in the early part of the eighteenth century, the Elector, owing to a dispute with the citizens over religious matters, moved his seat to nearby Mannheim.

Heidelberg exhibits, in its outward aspects, little of its venerable history. Owing to the city's destruction by the French in 1693 few buildings of the past remain and its houses are neither very old nor of special picturesqueness.

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The principal part of the town follows a long main street and is contained in a narrow strip of land paralleling the river for more than a mile, terminating at a point just below the castle. On a little square in the middle of this attenuated network of streets stand the buildings of the university, gray and undistinguished. Less than five minutes' walk away, the swiftly flowing Neckar runs like a mill race between wooded slopes which rise on either side and cradle the city. A bridge spans this river in eight graceful arches, a structure of rare proportions, and beyond it villas rise on the hillside. From that side of the river the view of the city, with its cluster of steep-roofed houses huddled on the narrow ledge of ground, punctuated by the towers of its churches and dominated by the massive castle framed against the dark green mountain, is one of unusual attraction.

The churches of Heidelberg were fortunate enough to escape the devastation of fire and sword at the end of the eighteenth century when the city was reduced to ruins by the armies of the French. The church of St. Peter, erected at the end of the fifteenth century, is notable only for its lace-like Gothic tower, but the Heilig-Geistkirche, or Church of the Holy Ghost, built in the early fourteen hundreds is remarkable because it houses two diverse religious bodies. In 1705 a wall was raised between nave and choir in order that the rival Christian sects should enjoy separate places of worship. The Roman Catholics fell heir to the choir and the Protestants were awarded the nave.

During the college term the city is crowded with students, for the university has an enrolment of nearly three thousand. This illustrious seat of learning has traditions deep rooted in the centuries and it is little wonder that its graduates are proud of the distinction of being numbered among its alumni. Founded in 1386 by Elector Rupert I, after the Reformation had swept Europe the University became the chief Reformed center of learning in Germany. It possesses a magnificent library of four hundred thousand volumes and more than ten thousand manuscripts, papyri and ancient documents. During the Thirty Years' War. Tilly, the com-

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mander of the Catholic forces, laid siege to Heidelberg and captured it. The manuscripts of the university's Bibliotheca Palatina were regarded as spoils of war and transferred to Rome. In spite of the fact that a large number were subsequently restored, scarcely one-third of the treasures found their way back.

The student life of the university is an omnipresent feature of the city's life. Crossing the old bridge, turning to the right and mounting the hill you come to the Hirschgasse and the students' tavern where the famous dueling encounters take place. On the way you pass an outdoor café or beer garden elevated on a low terrace above the road. This is said to be the original of the café setting of the well-known operetta, *The Student Prince*. A modern type of café, it is singularly commonplace, clothed in utilitarian outdoor furniture and somewhat feebly embellished with scraggy vines. Transformed by the set designer of the musical comedy stage, it has become a place of exquisite and romantic beauty.

The dueling-place of the students, far from being a medieval building with courts and galleries, for nothing in Heidelberg runs true to form, is a plaster house of moderate proportions. The plainly furnished rooms on either side of the entrance serve as a café. Upstairs, reached by a wooden staircase, are the apartments where for more than a century the encounters have taken place and the doctors have attended the wounded. Bare, unadorned, furnished only with a few tables and chairs, nowhere is there the atmosphere of the days of chivalry. The apartments dedicated to the contests are rarely without their devotees. Much time is spent in practice; oftentimes the students begin as early as six o'clock in the morning.

That dueling is and has always been officially prohibited is well known. However, probably fifteen hundred of the university's three thousand students engage in the sport in order to gain the much coveted scars and secure admission to the various fraternities. A contender for fraternity honors must engage in six duels at least. Recently, under the Republic, a stringent regulation against dueling has been issued

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by the authorities but a custom so thoroughly entrenched will be eradicated with difficulty in a land where tradition is so great a fetish.

The duel of the German university is different in substance from that implied in our acceptance of the word. The contestants, armed with sharp, slender swords with blunted ends, stand in a fixed position facing each other, the student spectators forming a circle about them. Eye, ear and throat guards and shoulder pads protect the duelists from serious injury. The action of the combatants is almost entirely that of a wrist movement, because the position of the body never changes, the aim being to reach the opponents head with the edge of the rapier. A duel consists of forty rounds and in each round six strokes are dealt. The sword is held above the shoulder and must not be dropped during the play under penalty of a foul. Very little latitude is allowed in the arm movement, except to the wrist. It will be seen that the master duelist is the one who possesses the quickest eye and the most dexterous wrist. One student has lasted through seventeen duels with only one slight cut.



Cuts about the head and face are the worst wounds the duelists receive, and in an adjoining room doctors are in attendance to sew up the lacerations. That blood flows is evident from the appearance of the dueling-room. The chairs against which the contestants stand and the much worn wooden floor, which for a hundred years has been the dueling ground, are dark with gore. But what are the blood and pain compared to the honor that accrues to the duelists! Not only do the students delight in their scars, but their parents are filled with pride in a manly encounter that carries out the traditions of the father.

The university prison is the most interesting and amusing feature of that institution. According to ancient tradition and

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custom, students cannot be incarcerated in the common jail of the city. Offenders must be lodged in the prison of the university, reserved for miscreants of the student body. At one time a dungeon under a stone staircase served as a jail but in more modern days the place of confinement is an old wooden house standing in one of the adjoining streets. For the students prison is a glorious lark, and the more imaginative contrive sometime during their college term to undergo the experience of a jail sentence. If no other way presents itself, their favorite means of suffering arrest is that of insulting a policeman! The jail is an informal sort of institution and prisoners are allowed to roam about the house at will. Except for chairs and cots, the rooms are bare. The students are permitted to bring their own bedding, which they do. The fun in the enterprise consists of decorating the walls with sketches, inscriptions of verse and prose and oftentimes photographs of the prisoners. The walls of the rooms, halls, stairways and even the ceilings are covered with cartoons, drawings and ribald verses relating to the students, their captors, the dons and other topics which have intrigued the fancy of the prisoners. Many of the inmates have left, affixed to the doors, small photographs of themselves, evidently taken for the purpose, and there abound autographs of men, a number of whom have become illustrious in the history of the Fatherland. Bismarck for one is represented and if you should take time to examine the thousands of signatures you would find the names of many others who have since achieved distinction in art, science and politics.

The castle is, of course, the greatest treasure of old Heidelberg. Longfellow wrote that, "Next to the Alhambra of Granada, the Castle of Heidelberg is the most magnificent ruin of the Middle Ages." This is extravagance of praise and, probably, from the citadel's sheer magnificence of size, mass and architectural refinement, it is justified. For Heidelberg is not only a *Schloss* of rare magnitude, its situation on the terrace of a forested mountain commanding a view of the town and river and of the wooded heights beyond, is one of exceptional beauty. To me it has not the romantic situation or



Heidelberg Castle possesses qualities of brutal strength and architectural refinement. As a complement to its beautiful buildings which surround a great central courtyard, there are massive walls, beetling turrets and titanic bastions

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the mellow, defiant, medieval beauty of Eltz in the Moselle Valley or the Wartburg in the Thuringian Forest. It is unique, however, in possessing the qualities of brutal strength and architectural refinement and it seems to prove that a castle can be rugged and mighty, yet graceful and of abounding comfort.

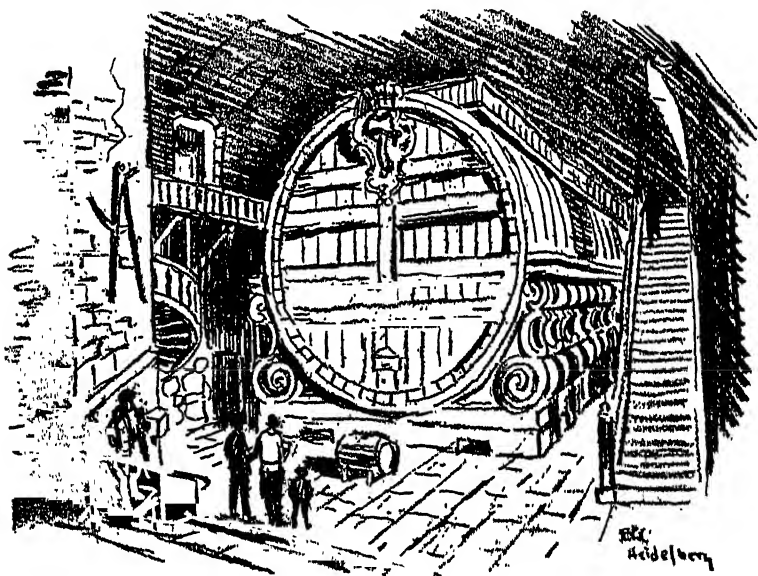
The castle was founded at the end of the twelfth or the beginning of the thirteenth century by the ruling count of the Rhenish Palatinate. Added to by the Electors, during the ensuing centuries, it remained for Frederick V, as Count Palatine and King of Bohemia as well, to erect in 1601 the final building which contributes so much to the glory of the ruin. Elizabeth, the daughter of James I of England and granddaughter of Mary Stuart, was Frederick's queen and to her he showed the greatest devotion. Craving as she did the luxury and spaciousness of her English home, Frederick erected for her pleasure an Italian Renaissance palace glowing with sculptured stone, the finest Renaissance building in Germany.

The somewhat unrelated buildings which comprise the castle are grouped about a central courtyard which in its amplitude resembles a public square in a medieval town. Towers and gables, arcaded galleries, columns and sculptures, partly smothered in clambering plants, the courtyard scene is one of splendor. This is the gentler portion. There are massive walls, beetling turrets, titanic bastions, vaulted stone corridors, fearsome dungeons and a moat of tremendous proportions. In this moat there is lodged a Gargantuan fragment of a tower more than twenty feet thick, so strong that when blown up by the enemy it tumbled, a gigantic unbroken mass.

Unhappily, this magnificent structure was destined to fall a prey to war and the elements. After the death of Charles Louis, the last Protestant Elector, Louis XIV of France, on a feeble pretext, laid claim to the Palatinate and despatched his armies through the Rhine on a campaign of destruction and conquest. The orders were to devastate the country. In 1688 Heidelberg fell to Count Melac who spent

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a winter within its safe and hospitable walls. After Melac's attempt at destruction, Heidelberg Castle was restored, but in 1693 the French once more gained the ascendancy, and completed the destruction begun a few years before. During the following century an attempt was made by the Electors to repair the castle, but in 1764 it was struck by lightning



The famous wine cask which reposes in a cellar of Heidelberg Castle has a capacity of more than two hundred thousand bottles of wine

and all efforts at salvage were abandoned. Notwithstanding all these defacements the ruin today is well preserved. The buildings are intact though some are roofless, and several rooms have been fitted up to show their style before destruction.

At Heidelberg Castle the world's most monstrous wine cask has survived all the vicissitudes of war and time. This famous *Heidelberg tun*, which has a capacity of more than

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two hundred thousand bottles of wine, was constructed in 1751, the last of three great casks, the first having been erected in 1591. The rare vintages of the *Schloss* of course were kept elsewhere in the cellars but into this stupendous barrel was poured the common wine of the country for the use of the retainers of the castle and for the refreshment of the populace at entertainments and festivals given by the Electors.

Baden-Baden, our next stop, lies at the gateway to the Schwarzwald. It has been called "The Queen of the Black Forest." If by this is meant a place of stately beauty enthroned amid the royal velvet of forest walls and guarded by mountain sentinels, then the title is well-deserved. For it is superbly set within a deep saucer of wooded slopes and has been modeled with an eye to grace and refinement.

We arrived from Heidelberg late in the evening and were ushered into one of the most princely suites of rooms it has ever been our good fortune to occupy in a hotel. To the proprietor we commented upon the tasteful and stately character of his furnishings. He told us that his father had been an ardent collector of antiques, purchasing at every opportunity any desirable pieces that were offered to him. His private house having been filled, the overflow found its way into his hotels, the guests profiting by his insatiable taste for beautiful furniture. This course I would commend to hoteliers the world over.

In the morning we looked out over an emerald park instinct with the murmur of flowing water. Added to the air of splendor in the comforts of our rooms, there was an atmosphere of peace and beauty in our environment. This, perhaps, is typical of Baden. It has, above everything else, the stamp of aristocracy and privacy:

Baden-Baden carries the double cognomen to distinguish it from the Badens in Austria and Switzerland. This famous health resort nestles in a deep valley surrounded by spurs of the Black Forest. The summits of the hills are capped by castles, designated old and new, although the "new" citadel dates in part from the fifteenth century. Baden is a garden

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city. Beyond a few short business streets of conspicuous neatness, bordered by imposing buildings, there are no thoroughfares with monotonous rows of houses. The villas are set amid patches of lawn and gardens, and the streets upon which they open are embowered with trees. The park facing our hotel is the famous Lichtenthalerallee, through the center of which flows the tiny river called the Oos. Sump-tuous hotels and handsome villas rise on either side of this esplanade, appropriating for their patrons, through the munificence of the town, what is, in effect, a private park. At the end of this parkway stands the imposing Konversationshaus, or Casino, gorgeously furnished in the French style. From the porticoed front of the Casino stretches a lawn on which, ensconced in comfortable chairs, fashionable visitors take their ease while the band plays in the adjoining promenade. Just beyond, framed by graceful trees and shrubs, lies the Trinkhalle, a stately building in the classic style. It is one of the most attractive structures in the world of German watering-places and is dedicated to the useful function of housing and serving the waters. Its arcaded porch, embellished with frescoes in color illustrating legends of the Black Forest, is the early morning rendezvous of the faithful. Between seven and eight, to the band's inspiring music, the people forsake the comfort of their beds and indulge in the laudable enterprise of drinking the waters. On any morning of the spring and summer you may behold more people than you ever expected to see at this hour, strolling along the porch or within the adjacent promenades sipping the healing draughts. The subtlety of the arrangement is evident, for the scene and the music are redolent with peace and loveliness, and the sheer delight of the environment is alluring.

Baden has always been a resort of the well as it has been of the ill, for there are abundant pastimes for the pleasure-seeker, but the Trinkhalle in the early morning and the mammoth bath houses testify to the serious purpose of a host of visitors. The waters here are even more prodigal than they are at other spas. And not to be outdone by its progres-



The Trinkhalle at Baden-Baden, framed by graceful trees and shrubs, is one of the most charming structures in the world of German watering-places

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sive rivals, it has its full complement of baths, inhalatoria and other devices used to outwit disease. Baden has always enjoyed a special popularity with Americans, and before the war Russians, too, came in such large numbers that a Greek church was built for their worship. Its gilded, bulbous spires stand today a picturesque feature of the landscape, but the practical usefulness of the edifice will not return until Russia creates a new aristocracy with the means and taste to enjoy the glories of Baden.

Baden, snugly set within its emerald slopes, gives a sense of privacy and repose, but the world is just over the hills as you will see if you climb to the venerable castle thirteen hundred feet above sea level. From this strategic summit you may look down on the nestling town checkered with white and green, and yonder, along the valley of the Rhine, from Speyer clear to Strassburg. Baden reposes among the outlying spurs of the Schwarzwald where they parallel the Rhine. On the one hand is the valley of Germany's greatest river, and on the other the dark tumbling mountains of the Black Forest. The "Garden of Eden of Central Europe" is, assuredly, a place in which to get well and to keep from being ill.

IV. THE DRAMA OF THE BLACK FOREST



FROM Baden-Baden nestling on the edge of the Black Forest not far from the Rhine, you can journey by road or by railway through the rolling black mountains south-eastward to Lake Constance on the Swiss border. The trip is a matter of six hours by train and as much as you care to make it by motor; for road travel in the fascinating Schwarzwald is filled with many invitations to pause by the wayside to enjoy the enchanting vistas which constantly open up and the tiny hamlets of doll houses that nestle in the folds of the hills.

The route is a direct one, but looping around by Freiburg lengthens the journey only slightly and gives you a glimpse of a town which, during its long existence has had a distinguished career. Since 1456 it has been the seat of a university and possesses a cathedral which takes rank as one of the finest Gothic structures in Germany. If Freiburg's career has been illustrious, it has, nevertheless, been a highly checkered one, for it has belonged first to one principality and then to another, as the exigencies of war have altered political conditions. Its site is full of attractions, environed by the dark fir hills of the Schwarzwald and reposing at the base of a sharply rising, tree-clad slope against which the slender spire of the cathedral stands out in bold relief. Freiburg, I last visited with a friend several years ago when I went to see

The Drama of the Black Forest

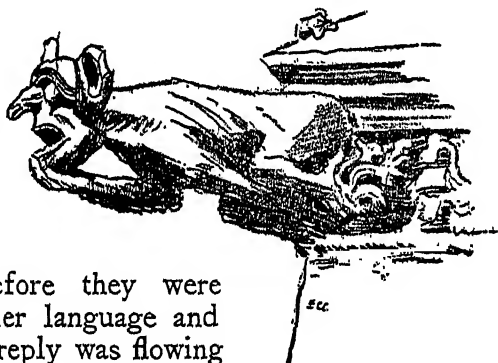
Maxim Gorky who was then residing in a small hostelry situated in a hilly suburb. It was a strange though delightful evening that we spent in the company of the great Russian, for I was fluent only in English, my companion spoke English and German, and Gorky was confined to his mother tongue. In spite of this linguistic handicap our conversation at dinner and during the evening that followed, spent for the most part in the discussion of books and of Mr. Gorky's own literary labors, flowed in easy channels. For there were, besides ourselves, Mr. Gorky's son, who completed the conversational link, his pretty young Russian wife, and a well-known German musician. As I spoke in English, my companion translated

my ideas into German, which Gorky's son, in turn, rendered to his father in Russian. So keen were these intellects that ideas were

hardly uttered before they were passed on in another language and almost instantly a reply was flowing back through the same channels. I

shall not soon forget the tall, spare figure of the Russian who, in early life, was a laborer, the gentleness of his bearing and the frankness and softness of his brown eyes. After dinner we adjourned to his room, a small, austere furnished apartment on the second floor. Here amid heaps of papers and magazines he slept and worked, trying the while to coax back a health, of which labor and the Revolution had deprived him. During the course of that evening we arranged for a series of books to be edited and written by the eminent Russian, a number of which have since appeared.

This visit was marked by another incident which recalls stirring memories of Freiburg in times that were far from normal. It occurred at a period when German currency was



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rapidly sinking and a mark today possessed far greater potency than a mark on the morrow. From Freiburg, on that occasion, my path led to Switzerland and France and on the day of my departure I found myself master of ninety million marks which the following day would be on foreign soil and could not be spent and which, considering the inevitable depreciation of the succeeding twenty-four hours, would yield but little when exchanged for another currency. It was, therefore, my bounden duty to spend these millions before shaking the dust of Freiburg from my feet. This, I set resolutely forth to do. That morning a patent telescopic umbrella had dissipated thirty millions and here at one o'clock, my train for Basle leaving in less than two hours, I came to the shocking realization that I had millions more to squander. It was fantastic! My first thought was of simple commodities like gloves and neckwear but here, in a provincial town, I could find nothing to the mode. Chocolate, indigenous and abundant here, suggested itself but I found that I could dispose of only a few hundred thousand marks on such trifles. What else could I carry away? It was necessary to think fast. Nothing. Yes, antiques! an investment of universal value, as permanent as gold bonds. Up one street and down another I ventured in quest of shops; the city is moderate in size and I found them all, I am sure, but alas! their doors were closed. It was the hour of lunch. The merchants in the provincial cities of Germany conduct their business with a happy decorum and the hours between one and three, and oftentimes later, are devoted to a leisurely dinner and a genial period of ease. The doors I rattled in vain. If I was heard, I was jeered at inwardly. There was nothing for me to do but to make for my train bearing my millions of crumbling marks.

Freiburg, as I have said, is built on a hillside and, from a boisterous stream which tumbles through the upper part of the city, cascades of crystalline water flow down the streets, imparting a sense of refreshment and cleanliness. Two frescoed gate-towers of medieval splendor rise from the principal streets, a part of the former defenses when the city was

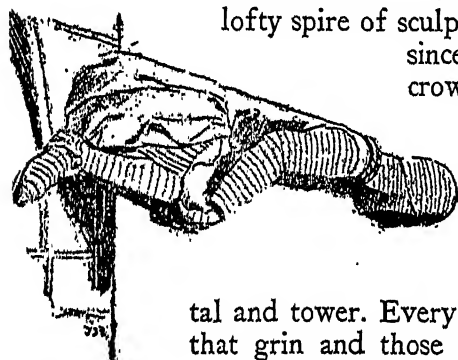


The streams that tumble down the hills surrounding Freiburg form canals that pass through the town between closely built houses

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more circumscribed than at present, and a few streets and buildings still remain from an earlier time. But these are not the chief attractions. There is a famous university, and there are pleasant villas set among trees, with suburbs of wooded highland which have a distinctly Italian flavor, influenced, perhaps, by the days when the Emperor of Germany was master of Italy too. The cathedral has made itself lord of the city for it is situated in a spacious square where, in the morning, the market people display their wares, and brooks no rival in its mastery of its surroundings. This attitude is clearly justified, for it is one of the finest Gothic buildings in Germany, and its soaring tower one of the earliest and most

harmonious of its kind in the realm. This lofty spire of sculptured masonry has stood since the thirteenth century, crowning a transept dating



from the eleven hundreds. The ebullient fancy of the stone workers was allowed to run rampant in the ornamentation of the portal and tower. Every kind of gargoyle, those

that grin and those that glower, the sweet-faced and the sad, demons of terrifying mien

and angels blowing the horn of the redeemed, look out over the housetops and stare down at the passers-by. They are a gallant family standing watch over the centuries.

For one other thing is Freiburg immortal; within the city the invention of gunpowder took place in 1354. Gunpowder had been known to the Chinese, and the Arabs also had some knowledge of an explosive substance through the mixing of saltpeter, charcoal, and sulphur. These Eastern compounds existed in the form of very fine powder. At work in his laboratory, Berthold Schwarz, a Franciscan monk of Freiburg, while conducting experiments in alchemy discovered by accident, it is said, the secret of making gunpowder in grains. The invention was a momentous one in the history of man-

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kind, as potent in its influence, almost, as the device of printing. It made obsolete the fortified castle, it endowed the citizens with an easy means of offense, and feudalism, dependent so much upon the security of the overlord behind his castle walls, passed into oblivion.

The Black Forest parallels the Rhine on one side, and the Vosges mountains, which rise in Alsace, on the other. Journeying by rail from Baden-Baden the train, at first, runs south through rolling country in the broad valley of the Rhine. At Offenburg it turns sharply to the east and, almost at right angles, plunges into the heart of the Schwarzwald. Here, you are in the middle of dark fir mountains and fields terraced on the hillsides. As you penetrate into these deep-verdured hills, not only the character of the country changes, but the houses of the people too. In contrast to the sober dwellings of the open plain, the country folk reside in picturesque chalets with wide, overhanging eaves. In these commodious houses, under a single roof, the entire rural establishment has its being: the family occupies the front of the immense structure, and the horses, cattle and chickens are snugly housed in the rear in fine economy of space and convenience. Built, usually, on a steep slope, the upper part of the hill gives access to the top floor, in which is stored the hay, grain, wagons and other impedimenta of the farm.

The railway, following its narrow canyon-like valley, winds in and out as it climbs toward the summit of the range, burrowing through the mountains until, for an hour or two near the top, you are underground half of the time, roaring through the inky tunnels. Far below, the highroad winds sinuously along wooded slopes, past tiny farms and through little red-roofed villages, from time to time losing itself in the forest. Valleys clothed in somber fir open off along the way, disappearing in the folding mountains. Emerging from the heart of the earth, finally, with panting engine, you come to a pause on the topmost ridge where the wooded slope, cradling a thriving town, falls sharply away at your left. Here one of the locomotives is detached and you coast down the eastern slopes of the tumbling mountains into a pleasant

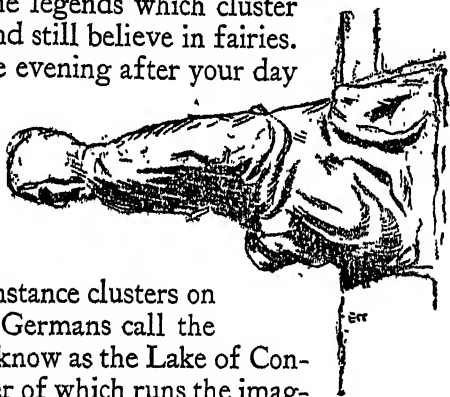


The cathedral of Freiburg, in the Black Forest, is one of the finest Gothic buildings in Germany, and its soaring tower is noted for its fine harmony and exquisite airiness of line

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rolling country of prosperous farms and great patches of sable woods. The backbone of the mountains has been left behind, but much of the extensive district in the principality of Baden, known as the Black Forest, is the sort of country into which you come forth — upland hills, fields of waving grain, and splashes of rich forest, swarthy with fir and deep shadow. Villages snugly set in the hills, vagrant castles on inaccessible heights and homes of thrifty country folk, lodged where a place can be found on rolling farm lands, are all part of the engaging picture. You will like the honest sturdy folk of the region who have retained many venerable customs and have never really lost their mysticism of earlier times, who yet recite the legends which cluster about the countryside and still believe in fairies.

In the twilight of the evening after your day of enchantment in the black hills you come to Constance and drive to the strangest and most unusual hotel in Germany, perhaps in all Europe. The city of Constance clusters on the shores of what the Germans call the Bodensee, and what we know as the Lake of Constance, through the center of which runs the imaginary line of the Swiss border. On a tiny isle, adjoining the principal part of the town, stands this extraordinary hostelry which was once, and for many centuries, a Dominican monastery. The pious monks who founded this convent in 1236 and gave shelter to the wayfarer, or the Merovingian kings whose castle was here before them, little dreamed that, seven centuries later, travel-stained pilgrims of another sort would be finding hospitality within the walls they loved, would sleep in their cells glorified into rooms with modern furnishings, eat in their chapel where holy masses were sung, and dance in their austere refectory to strange music from deep-throated saxophone and slithering guitar. But times have very much changed and the monastery, little altered from ancient days,



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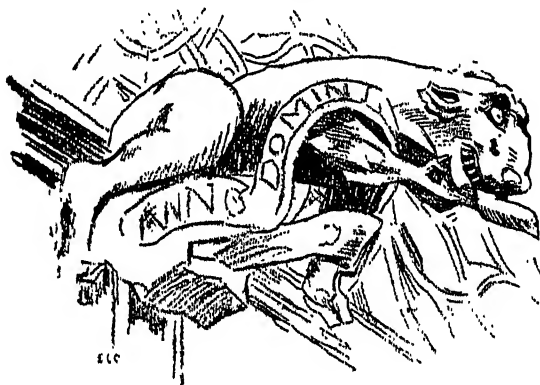
gives the traveler a taste, much modified, to be sure, of monastic life. On July 26, 1785, the beautiful Romanesque cloisters, mellowed by wind and rain, echoed for the last time to the measured tread of saintly monk, for on that melancholy day the final mass was read. This monastery of the Dominicans is not without its history, for in its early days it was a participant in momentous events. The great Council of Constance, which met in the city in 1414 and for four years carried on its hesitant deliberations, imprisoned in the ivy-clad tower of the convent, John Huss, the great Bohemian reformer, before giving him to the flames. The long forgotten monks who reared this place of retreat had an eye for both beauty and solitude, for the monastery rises from the waters of the lake whose wavelets lap the terrace and gardens of the diminutive island. The heritage of the present-day visitor is dissipated by no intrusion of modern times save a comfort which was denied these men of seven hundred years ago.

At the western end of the lake, where the Rhine emerges from its enfolding waters to make its devious way through the Fatherland, Constance carries on its untroubled life. It is a city of old fragments, colorful bits from its spectrum of history, shown in medieval towers, historic churches, decorated buildings and sacred memories of John Huss and Jerome of Prague.

To appreciate modern Constance it is necessary to understand the significance of the city in the kaleidoscope of events which moved through Europe during the Middle Ages. The glory that came to Constance was the luster of the four years in which the great conclave of kings and popes, of cardinals and bishops, labored to mend the breach which had been made in the tortured walls of Christendom. The Christian Church had sunk into the very slough of despond, its holy offices were prostituted to the selfish ambitions of its high priests and the profit of those who sold salvation for gold. Rival popes were sitting at Rome and Avignon deep in intrigue for an extension of their ecclesiastical power, their money and their offices adjuncts of political control. Popes

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allied themselves with kings to overcome their enemies, intrigued against emperors to gain their selfish ends. No church office, no dispensation, no privilege, not even forgiveness of sin could be gained without cash payment. As the prelate Æneas Sylvius Piccolomini, who later became Pope Pius II, declared at the time of the Council of Constance, "Nothing does the court of Rome give without payment, inasmuch as the very laying on of hands and the gifts of the Holy Ghost are for sale." In 1394 upon the death of the Avignon pope, Clement VII, a movement was inaugurated to bring together the two warring factions of the Church and



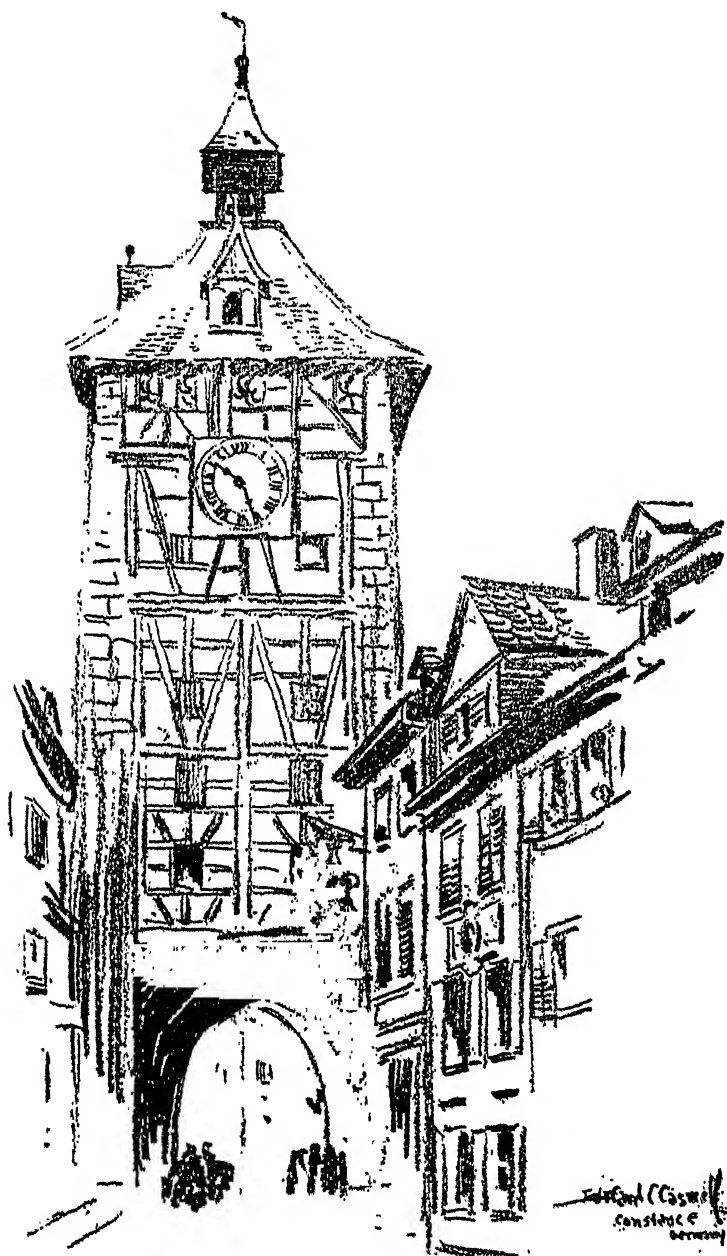
once more to elect a single pope for all Christendom. Fearing the loss of their personal power, however, the French cardinals elected to the papacy one of their number, Benedict XIII, who accepted the office with the understanding that he would abdicate if desired, in the interests of the Church. In 1406 Gregory XII was elected to the Apostolic succession by the cardinals at Rome under very much the same conditions. But when an attempt was made through conciliation to bring these men together, looking to the consolidation of the Holy See under one head, they both declined to entertain any such idea. A Council at Pisa was subsequently called which declared both popes to be in contumacy and proceeded to elect a new pope, Alexander V. He, dying shortly afterward, was succeeded by John XXIII,

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whose past was open to the gravest question. The two other popes defying the mandate of the Council, and enjoying a measure of recognition and allegiance from their loyal followers in their respective nationalities, three men were thus engaged in wearing the mantle of Peter as undisputed head of the Church on earth. Sigismund, Emperor of Germany, the most influential of the European monarchs and, because of his geographical position, free from the prejudices of the French and Italian contenders, determined to bring about a decisive action in this matter so long in dispute. Accordingly, through his influence, there was called, to assemble on German soil, a great council representing the Church universal. In 1414 the Council of Constance opened its sessions, the greatest assembly of its kind that had met in a thousand years. The three contenders for the papacy were summoned to appear before what was, in effect, an international congress composed of representatives from all the countries of Europe.

The opening of the Council was attended by scenes of unparalleled splendor. There were prelates garbed in magnificent attire from every important country in Europe, ambassadors of kings with their suites and cavalcades of horses and servants, princes accompanied by huge retinues, knights in armor and plumed helmets, merchants, peddlers, mountebanks, adventurers and pleasure-seekers—in short such pageantry, with its processions, tournaments and royal entrances, as only a momentous medieval gathering could engender. Into this town of seven thousand inhabitants crowded more than seventy thousand people, occupying every available inch the city afforded and camping in tents flung over its outskirts. So packed was the town and so adventurous and hilarious the heterogeneous throng, that during the several years of the Council's sessions more than five hundred people met death through accidental drowning in the lake!

To this council, occupied with the task of harmonizing opposing elements, deposing three popes, and electing a new one in their stead, but not too busy to attend to the prosecu-



*The venerable clock-tower in Constance straddles the street
just beyond the house in which John Huss was arrested*

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tion of heretics, was summoned John Huss the Bohemian reformer. Huss in Prague had been preaching with great vigor and eloquence against the abuses of the clergy and particularly against the sale of indulgences by the papacy and had roused the Bohemian people to a demand for reform in the Church. Persuaded by Emperor Sigismund of Germany to go to Constance, and furnished by him with a safe conduct there and back, Huss made the journey. Following a preliminary hearing before a meeting of cardinals and in shameful violation of his safe conduct, Huss was seized and thrown into a dungeon. The house in which he was arrested stands near one of the ancient gates of the city, a plaster house of no pretensions in a row of buildings which line a much used thoroughfare. The view of this street today and the towered gate which straddles it might be that of the time of the great council, so little change has been wrought. And the tower of the monastery into which the reformer was thrown, a part of the present-day hotel, over which ivy now clammers peacefully, faces the lake and has been altered slightly if at all from those momentous times.

More than six months later, on July 6, 1415, after many refusals to recant, Huss was brought before the Council, assembled in the venerable Gothic church which still raises its tower over the center of the town. Here before the assemblage representing all Christendom, without any supporting witnesses, he was accused, among other things, of declaring himself the fourth person of the Trinity. On the same day, bearing all kinds of indignities from his fanatical accusers, he was formally degraded from the priesthood, expelled from the Church which he had tried to reform and, arrayed in a paper cap bearing the legend "We commit your soul to the devil," he was led forth to the stake, praying and singing, in the presence of a great throng of onlookers. As the flames rose around him he chanted a hymn, and his lips moved in prayer as his head dropped in death.

A few paces within the main entrance of the church an unobtrusive stone slab, containing a small heart-shaped brass plate, marks the spot where Huss stood and faced his

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accusers. Within this *münster* there is much the same atmosphere as in the days of the great intolerance. Primitive frescoes adorn the walls and, set in a deep grotto imparting



*The people of Constance still worship in the church where
John Huss was placed on judgment*

a sense of realism to the scene, is a heroic figure of Christ seated in contemplation, wearing a crown of thorns and bearing a scepter in His hands.

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Entering this historic church, we found ourselves in the middle of a funeral service attended by a large congregation of people. Standing almost on the spot where, centuries before, Huss had been placed for judgment, we surveyed the solemn assembly, intent on a service which has altered little with the centuries. Men and women, kneeling at worship, did homage to the departed, many of them burning candles on the rails of the pews in front. In the center of the church, in the main aisle before the high altar, rested the catafalque under a blue cover embroidered with two large crosses. Candles burned at the four corners and bay trees rose on either side. The priest in fine vestments, assisted by two altar boys, conducted the service inaudibly before the high altar which glittered with gold and silver and brass. Above the altar was an insignia glowing with light from a source behind. The service was attended by an occasional jingling of bells at the sound of which the people crossed themselves. The silence was so profound that only the movement of priest and boys showed the service to be in progress. Finally, the participants in the service, led by a boy elevating the cross, marched through the choir to the casket, one of their number swinging a censer of smoldering incense. Here they paused, the priest chanted for a few minutes, they retraced their steps, and the service was at an end.

After the condemnation and burning of Huss the great Council of Constance continued in session for three years,



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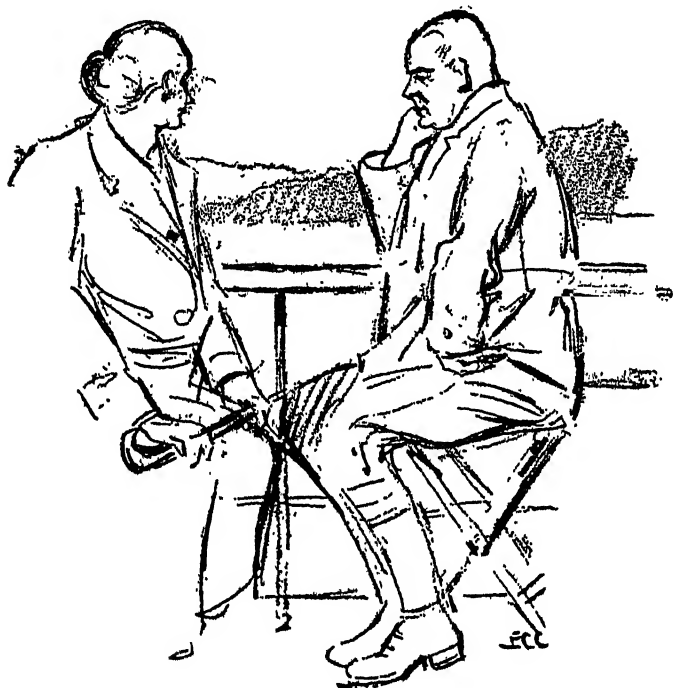
endeavoring to reconcile the discordant factions in the Church, dealing with heresy, forcing resignations from the two contending popes and selecting for the papacy a man who would be, in reality, the supreme head of the church. Nearly a year after the execution of Huss his friend and fellow reformer, Jerome of Prague, who first had fled from the Council and then recanted, withdrew his recantation and met his death unflinchingly in the manner that Huss had done. The place of execution of these stalwart reformers, who lived a century too early for the accomplishment of their hopes, lies well within the present limits of Constance, although in earlier days it was outside the town. A huge rock designates the spot where these supreme acts of intolerance were carried out, events that for decades rocked eastern Europe in civil war and caused untold hatred, misery and suffering.

The final act of the Council was the election to the papacy of Martin V, in a session held in the great council chamber of the Kaufhaus which remains a silent witness to the stirring events of that day. It is a picturesque old building that in the seventh century of its life is a restaurant! Here on its terrace by the lake, the modern traveler may sit at ease in an epoch which bears its heretics and heartaches with amiable tolerance. After this one decisive action the Council disbanded, happy to be done with the years of intrigue and wrangling which marked its deliberations. The fundamentals underlying the Church's corruption had not been altered; abuses of the pope and clergy continued in unabated fashion, finally to culminate in the Reformation more than a century later.

All these events, marked by suspicion and hatred, happily are things of the remote past and except for its venerable buildings and towers, and streets retaining the artistic expression of a more romantic time, there is nothing in this bright and cleanly Constance to remind one of unhappier days. It nestles on the shore of its inland sea out of which, at its gate, flows the sparkling Rhine, its terraces lapped by wavelets of green water, its air crystalline from the nearby Alps.

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If you have the spirit of the explorer, as we had, you will set sail across the Bodensee in one of the many steamers which ply its waters, in search of the medieval towns along its shores. The Lake of Constance, which is a sea in every



The Lake of Constance is a favorite vacation ground for the German people, and they never end with delighting in the views seen from the steamer's deck

sense of the word, for it has a length of forty miles and a width of more than seven, unfolds its beauty unstintingly as you sail its liquid ways. The undulating yellow fields, ripe with harvest, red-topped farmhouses, hamlets of steep-roofed buildings gleaming red and brown in the brilliant sun, towers with pointed spires and church steeples rising

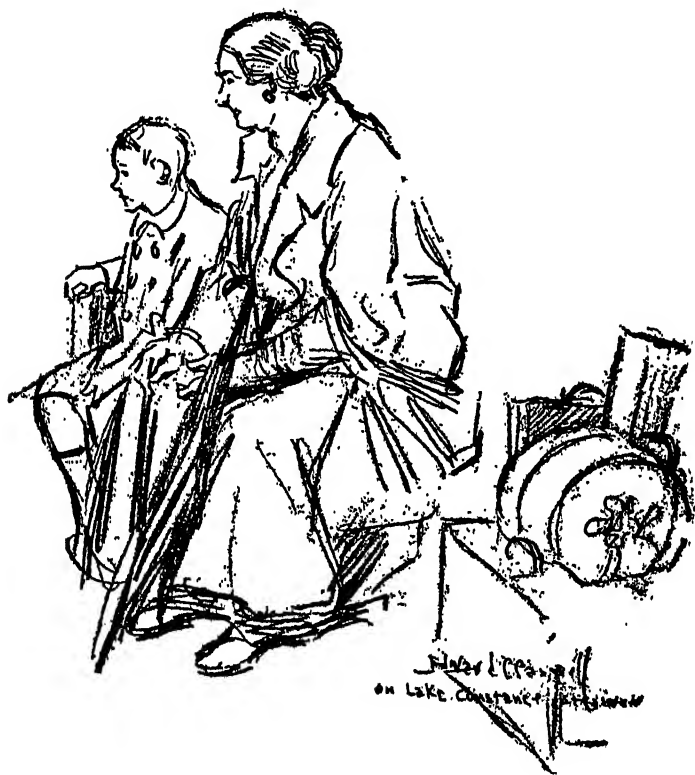
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feebly into the vast, empyrean blue. Here and there on the rippling waters fishing boats, propelled by oar and motor, creep toward their destinations, mere specks beside the trim white steamboats making their accustomed rounds. As you proceed along the lake, the tumbling Alps to the south come into view, wrapped in their mantles of haze, the distant peaks rising above their fellows, thrusting their pinnacles into the lazily moving clouds. Even in mid-August the snow streaks their hoary heads with white and gray. Tumbling billows of fleece float across the azure sky in complete disdain of time, at intervals hiding the sun and casting pathways of darkness on the transparent green of the water. In contrast with the other side the north shore is flat, in some places lying so low that the villages seem to spring from the lake itself.

Steaming directly across the lake from Constance, in half an hour you reach Meersburg, and five miles farther along the same shore you come to Überlingen, both towns of rare picturesqueness. Meersburg clambers up an almost precipitous slope and culminates in a sixteenth-century castle perched theatrically on a cliff, completely dominating its environment. Up the face of this slope the streets climb resolutely, thoroughfares flanked by gabled houses, as little used today probably as they were centuries ago, for the town has hardly two thousand people. These few streets have many vistas to charm the eye, for progress has left untouched the towers of the ancient walls and the venerable dwellings of the townsfolk with all their idiosyncrasies of design. The main attraction, however, is the castle; with its medieval keep, anchored to a foundation of rock, it stands guard over the town and the lake below. The entrance is over a short causeway once occupied by a drawbridge, the ideal gateway to a baron's stronghold. This flying roadway spans a deep ravine, at the bottom of which stands an old mill as satisfying to the eye as is the portal above. Although the ravine has every appearance of being a thoroughly honest affair, the records show it to have been artificially made in 1334, evidently to make the castle more nearly invulnerable. Within the gate is a small court; under archways of masonry you

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pass to grim stone corridors leading to rooms lighted by tiny windows in the uncompromising walls. The view from the *schloss*, and indeed from any point of vantage in the upper town, is a boundless panorama of lake, glittering in the clear



The steamers on Lake Constance furnish an easy and comfortable means of communication between the interesting towns that dot the shores of the lake

sunshine, and softly outlined hills beyond. Meersburg's history echoes but feebly in the annals of the nation. Its cemetery redeems it, however, from a drab mediocrity, for it contains the tomb of Mesmer, the famous discoverer of mesmerism,

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who died in 1815. Whether or not Mesmer was a native son, either by birth or adoption, the town points with justifiable pride to his mortal remains interred within its precincts.

The same prospect that reveals itself from upper Meersburg can be enjoyed from a lower level most of the way to Überlingen, for the road parallels the shore all the way. It is a pleasant drive beside dancing waters, through meadows and fields of waving grain and hamlets that squat on the hospitable shore. We flew over this road in a car, for which we had arranged by telephone from Constance, encountering little traffic on the way, the commercial importance of the route not being a notable one. Along the way our genial chauffeur pointed out the places of interest — which were not places of interest at all — a few time-worn villages introduced by a fragment of rampart, a crumbling city gate or a church softened by time. Viewed from the highroad none of them seemed of sufficient importance either scenically or historically to warrant a pause in our journey.

When we rolled into Überlingen it was obvious by very contrast that we had reached our destination, for here was a town unlike the others. It had been a municipality of some importance in the past and had, through a sense of pride and a disdain of modernity, preserved the integrity of its heritage. And this heritage was worth preservation. Überlingen was once a free town of the Empire, which means, of course, that blue blood flows in its veins. In addition to its aristocracy it has distinct attributes of beauty, situated as it is on the shore of the lake. The fortifications which once encircled the city are not all standing; the years have taken their toll, but segments of them still surmount a great rock, strengthened with immense bastions and beautified by trees and vines that mellow their strength and grace their old age. There are places where the gabled houses, as of old, form the rampart flanking a stream which gurgles through the old moat. Standing guard over the roads leading through these defenses are towered gateways, as noble and decorative as the Lombardy poplars which rise by their side. Everywhere you turn are enchanting glimpses of the times of Huss and the



The streets of Meersburg climb steeply up a hillside and converge at an ancient gateway. Meersburg is directly across the lake from Constance, half an hour by water

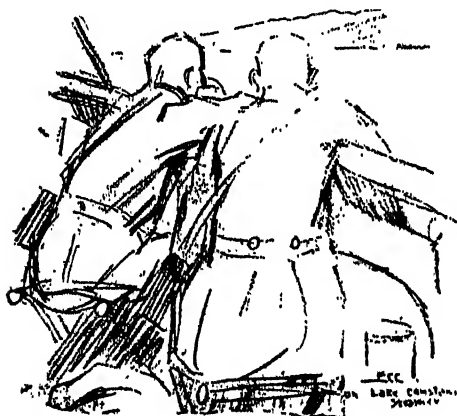
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Council of Constance and the guilds of freemen. For the streets are brilliant with timbered and gabled and frescoed houses, and little squares are enlivened by sculptured fountains and the plash of running water. And everywhere are flowers, masses of them hanging from the gray stone fountains, clusters of bloom sprawling from boxes in the windows. No street is so lowly, no house so mean as to lack its display of flowers to greet the eye of the passer-by. Indeed, the city, small as it is and surrounded by open country, has the public garden and tree-lined promenade possessed by almost every city in Germany. In a community of less than five thousand people there can be but few public buildings. Like all German cities, however, Überlingen possesses a Rathaus of distinguished bearing, its council chamber having been embellished in 1494. Across the square is a church antedating it by a hundred years, and very few of the houses of worship that we visited could equal this in interest. Along the pillars of the nave, elevated at the base of the vaulting, stand a dozen statues of primitive aspect, representing presumably the twelve Apostles, all of such grotesque mien as to be thoroughly ridiculous. Each of them holds in his hand a symbol of his calling, and each bearded face wears an expression much more roguish than sanctimonious. At one side of the choir rests a Crucifixion of heroic size and vividly real, from which none of the physical details have been omitted. The Virgin stands at the foot of the Cross, a sword thrust into her breast. On the opposite side of the choir is displayed another sculpture of Christ bearing his cross, so startlingly lifelike that He appears actually to be walking across the floor. If, like their forefathers, the present-day folk of Überlingen are moved by robustly striking representations of the passion, they must indeed be a deeply religious people.

Sailing east to entrain for Munich, you pass Friedrichshafen, famous as the home of Count Zeppelin and his airship works. Finally, as the Alpine heights to the south unfold themselves, there rises from the waters what appears to be a fairy city, a medley of slanting red roofs, strangely proportioned towers and graceful pinnacles. This is no figment

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of the imagination — it is the city of Lindau, occupying a tiny island adjoining the mainland, and much less interesting from within than from without. Here you catch your train for Munich, Bavaria's splendid capital and the center of German art and music.



V. HIGH SPOTS IN THE BAVARIAN ALPS



EVER since boyhood Bavaria has been, in my imagination, an enchanted country. This impression of its romanticism, its democracy, the kindliness of its people and the fatness of its lands traces itself back to a story in one of my school books which, at the time, created a vivid picture in my impressionable mind. It concerned the genial King Maximilian who, in democratic fashion, was accustomed to stroll through the countryside unattended. Sauntering one day along a country lane he discovered that in a place he had rested a few minutes before he had forgotten an important paper. In the meadow nearby he spied a gooseherd and, summoning him, promised a coin to the boy if he would run back and recover the missing article.

"But I cannot leave my geese," objected the gooseherd.

"Don't worry about that. I shall guard them carefully while you are away," replied the King.

The boy demurred, hesitating to deliver his flock of precious geese into the hands of a stranger.

"I am the King," explained the royal wayfarer, "and I promise that no harm shall come to your geese."

The lad was incredulous, but the stranger appearing to be honest, he decided to oblige him and earn the promised fee. Handing his stick to the King and showing him the manner of keeping the geese together he set off to find the forgotten paper. Returning before long with the missing document he

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found the King perspiring and perplexed, the geese scattered in confusion over the meadow. With a look of mingled pity and disdain for such ineptitude he delivered the paper and took his staff once more to round up his scattered charges. The King, apologizing for the dispersal of the flock and explaining that as a ruler he had but little experience in herding geese, thanked the boy and pressed a florin into his hand. The youth looked with some bewilderment at the gold piece and then at his benefactor. "You're a kind gentleman whoever you are," said he, "but take my word for it you will never make a gooseherd."

In this homely incident is imprisoned the spirit of kindness and democracy which seems always to have been inseparably connected with the kingdom.

We came to Munich, the brilliant capital of this little country, on one of those sparkling days which characterize the Bavarian summer. Munich lies on an upland plateau but twenty-five miles from the Alps. Indeed, on clear days the higher peaks to the south are distinctly visible and on these occasions a flag is displayed from the tower of the imposing Rathaus inviting the visitor to mount the tower and enjoy the prospect. It is partly the clarity of the atmosphere and the radiance of the sun which give to Munich its undoubted appearance of freshness and vivacity. But such externals alone are far from responsible for these attributes. The city is in itself regal; it has clothed itself in the royal habiliments of stately buildings, splendid streets and beautiful parks and sits on the throne of art and culture. People who hunger after the quaint and medieval profess not to like the modern beauty and order of the city. They detest museums and art galleries, fine shops and broad avenues, preferring the quaintness and atmosphere of another day. Then, of course, they have no patience with Munich because it is the antithesis of all they like. And neither will it arouse your admiration if you come expecting to find it other than it professes to be and really is. Munich can trace its origin to an early monastery which flourished on its present site; as far back as 1158 Duke Henry the Lion established a market-place and mint



The magnificent new Gothic Rathaus helps to make the Marienplatz in Munich one of the most brilliant squares in Europe

High Spots in the Bavarian Alps

there; he erected a bridge across the Isar River, which today bisects the present city, in order to levy toll on the cargoes of salt coming from points to the east and south — for all that, the city is essentially modern. It was due to the vision and taste of Ludwig I of Bavaria that Munich has risen to its exalted place among the cities of Europe. Soon after he succeeded to the throne in 1825 Ludwig proclaimed, "I shall make Munich such an honor to Germany that no one who has not seen Munich can pretend to know Germany." He acquired meadows adjoining the city and laid out avenues, founded art galleries, libraries and churches and established the city as an important center of German art. As time went on the development continued, so that today Munich, with its imposing array of public buildings in the classic style, not only gives the impression of living for its culture but actually does so. Before the war Munich attracted yearly a half million visitors, who came to enjoy its art and music, and once more it is drawing large numbers of students and travelers.

The streets and shops of Munich, because of their modernity and the artistic sense of the people, have a trimness that is absent in most of the other towns of Germany. The city, to be sure, has retained many remnants of the past. For centuries it has been the residence of the Dukes and Electors of Bavaria and during that time has been invested with churches, palaces and other buildings which, in the older section, provide an attractive leavening of the modern. Indeed, among the most characteristic features of Munich are the twin copper towers of the tall Frauenkirche, the old cathedral of the archbishop, erected in the fifteenth century. But such venerable structures as this, almost lost in the intricacies of the great city, serve but to accentuate the glory of the new. The distinctive towers of the Frauenkirche soar almost side by side with the tower of the New Rathaus, or City Hall, forming an interesting contrast between ancient and modern, although the modern has no recent origin of style. This City Hall, completed as recently as 1906, stands in the Marienplatz almost immediately adjoining the Old Rathaus erected in the fifteenth century. Together with the victory

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column rising in the center of the *platz* they make the square one of the most brilliant in Europe. The square itself is the focal center of the city's business life and into it from radiating arteries pours the traffic of the city. Occupying almost the entire length of one side stands the New Rathaus, a blaze of Gothic ornamentation, its fretted and sculptured façade seeming to catch the spirit of the fretting and feverish activity of the square, both of them blending in appropriate harmony. I know of no finer modern building anywhere than this one or of one more expressive of the German tradition in architecture. Its nearest counterpart in the perfect symphony of sculptured stone, is Milan Cathedral. As you enter the square it bursts on the vision in a constellation of decorative glory.

Though Munich is for the most part relatively new, its plan is far from being one of stiff regularity. It has, on the contrary, as great a variation in contour of street and square, boulevard and park as almost any city in Europe. There are constant surprises in the unfolding of the thoroughfares, and the uniformity of the streets has been relieved by the admission of tree-adorned spaces. The former walls and moats have been converted into boulevards, and most of the public buildings have been set in gardens instead of oppressively lining the streets in heavy rows. This foresight of earlier times in the planning of their city is still being carried out by the present-day Müncheners. The river Isar, which runs through one end of the city, has been attractively parked and a vast tract of land two miles wide by ten miles long set aside as a park, most of which is kept in its natural woodland state. Munich is providing with rare wisdom against the future.

More eloquent than anything I have said in seeking to give an interpretation of the personality of Munich is Baedeker's tribute to it. Baedeker delights in facts and takes his greatest joy in cataloguing the glories of a city, the details of whose museums, galleries and palaces can be set forth with minute exactitude. Always refraining from expressions of ecstasy, places of rare picturesqueness receive but scant notice. Thus, when Munich is allotted more than seventy pages of



Tramping is the national pastime of Germany and the Bavarian highlands are a favorite haunt of ardent pedestrians

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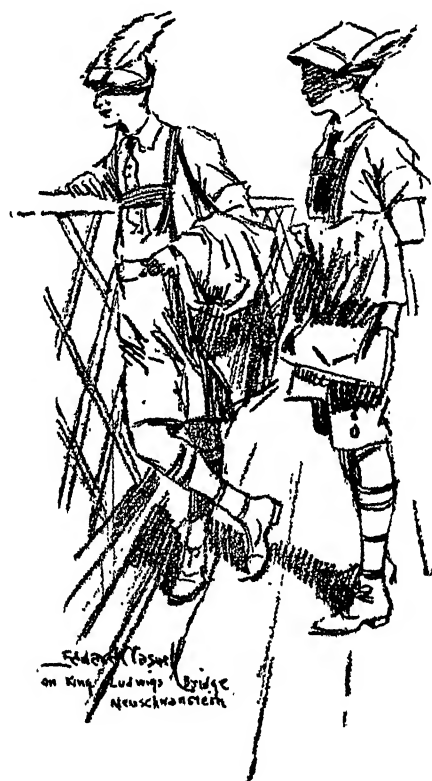
description in the annals of Mr. Baedeker, you may know exactly what the city is like.

There is a final thing to be said about Munich; it contains one of the most impressive war memorials in Europe. Scattered here and there throughout Germany, in city and village, monuments of various kinds have been erected to the dead in the Great War. These memorials, as befitting a defeated nation, are characterized by modesty and restraint. There is no vaunting boast of German arms, no bombastic pæans of glory. Wherever these memorials are found, and they are seen less commonly than in the victorious countries, they are distinguished by extreme physical simplicity and represent a spirit of almost pathetic tenderness. Munich's tribute to her heroic dead is conceived in a more imposing manner than is found elsewhere, but its simplicity is one with the others. Set in a secluded grassy square, within a great quadrangle of palaces and public buildings, it is not only a tribute to the dead but a striking example of modern art. In form it is a sunken enclosure. On its marble walls, which are open to the heavens and adorned with a few sculptured figures interpreting the spirit of the fallen, are chiseled the names of thirteen thousand men from the city of Munich who died for the Fatherland, grouped under the year in which they died. In the center of these enclosing walls, which rise only to the level of the surrounding garden, stands an immense rectangle of unpolished marble blocks resting on square cut monoliths. Under this massive cover, in helmet and full war uniform, reposes the sculptured figure of a soldier of heroic size who seems to sleep in the vast silence. Engraved in the blocks of imperishable marble on one side appear the words "To Our Dead" and on the other side "They Will Return." That is all. As you stand at the edge of this enclosure and gaze down upon the unaffected and impressive simplicity of this shrine, the same emotions take hold of your spirit as when you pause before Napoleon's tomb in Paris.

It would be possible to spend many weeks of enchantment wandering along the highroads of the Bavarian Alps and

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dwelling in the picturesque villages of this bewitching mountain country. We had no such time to give to so tempting an enterprise because there was a score of places yet on our itinerary and summer was even then on the wane. We could



On this bridge over the chasm where these boys in the Bavarian national costume are standing the quixotic king loved to stand and gaze at his illuminated castle

cover only the best that was imprisoned there. We decided, therefore, to go from Munich by rail and coach to the heart of the highlands, see the most interesting villages and lakes, pay a visit to Anton Lang in Oberammergau and view the

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famous castles which brought mad King Ludwig, their builder, and the State close to bankruptcy. This schedule gave us much that is typical and all that is best in the Bavarian highlands.

The Müncheners are fortunate in having at their door this beautiful region of mountain and lake. In the space of thirty-five minutes they can be at Starnberger Lake, or ✓

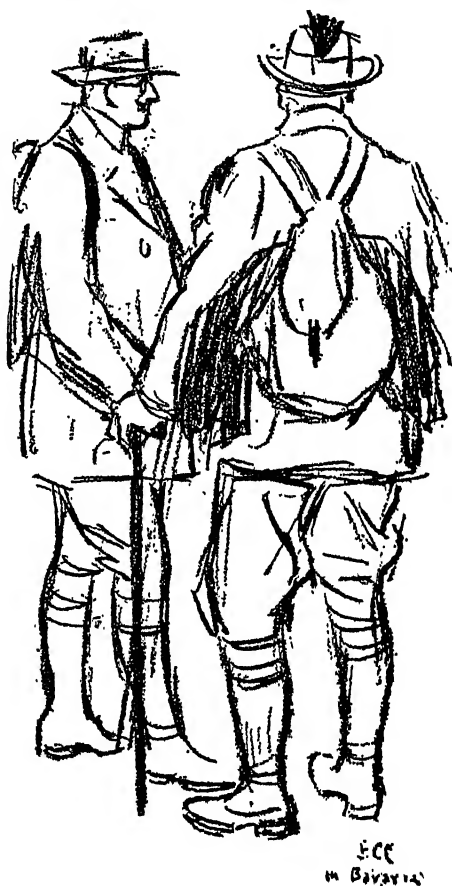


Wurmsee as it is called in German, a body of water nearly fifteen miles long, back of which rise the distant mountains. Here the lovers of the out-of-doors indulge themselves in sailing, boating and other aquatic sports. And within an hour and a half by electric train they can penetrate the heart of the Alpine stronghold, and rest under the shadow of the highest peak in Germany.

We made an early start from Munich. It was well before our usual breakfast hour, but before seven o'clock had struck

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the huge station was seething with people and long queues waited their turn at the ticket windows. Sundays and holidays are golden days of opportunity on which to indulge in the favorite sport of tramping in the mountains, and thou-



sands of people are astir early in order to reach their objectives. To the casual observer these crowds of recreationists dressed in the native Bavarian costume and laden with knapsacks appear to be peasants and mountaineers from distant regions. On the contrary, they are merely Müncheners bent on a holiday in the hills, clad, for comfort's sake and

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for sentimental attachment, in the traditional dress of Bavaria. The men's costume consists of short leather breeches, fancy suspenders joined by lateral straps back and front, woolen stockings leaving knees and, usually, the ankles bare too, and a jaunty Tyrolean hat adorned with a feather. The national peasant dress for women with its stiff bodice, lace collar and generous skirt of gaily figured material offers, in comfort, little advantage over the modern short skirt and loose blouse, even though it is far more colorful. Accordingly, fewer women affect the change. But the men rejoice in the freedom of the mountaineer's apparel and, on any day, in the trains bound for the highlands, along the country roads and even in Munich itself, you find numbers of them attired in the manner of the peasant. There are, of course, plenty of country folk living on the farms and in the villages who cling to this, their national dress, and they give the countryside an exotic interest. Tramping and mountaineering are, if not the national sport, the outstanding pastime of Germany. During the summer months pedestrians are seen everywhere in the Bavarian Alps clad in their rough outdoor dress, their knapsacks bulging with extra clothing and with light bedding.

We made Garmisch-Partenkirchen, ninety minutes distant from Munich, our first base of operations, reaching from these twin villages the several places of interest in this section of the Alpine country. Not only is it ringed about with imposing mountain peaks and the focal center of much beautiful country, but not far away is Oberammergau, the village of the Passion Play, and the spectacular castles of Ludwig, the demented monarch of Bavaria. Going south from Munich our train ran along the shore of Würmsee, the immense lake on which the Münchenerers do their boating, and over a flat tableland, coming to a final stop at Kochel.

While we were still far distant, the mountains came into view like a curtain of haze at first and then in giant silhouette, rising sheer from the plain much as Pike's Peak, shorn of foothills, challenges your way as you approach Colorado Springs from the east. At Kochel the railway ends and entry into the mountains is made by motor. The bus that awaited

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us and our fellow passengers was large and comfortable and we were soon climbing over a splendid road to the higher altitudes of the interior. Presently we reached Walchensee, a lake cradled in forested mountain slopes, and, making our way along the winding highway between serrated hills and then through a wide flat valley sprinkled with villages, we came to a final stop in Mittenwald, one of the most picturesque towns in the Bavarian highlands.

The road leading to the station, upon which we disembarked, looked most unpromising, for its cheaply constructed



dwelling scattered sparsely upon its undeviating length gave it the appearance of a tawdry summer resort. Then the principal street of the town, because of the artificial appearance of its great frescoed houses, capped by deep overhanging roofs and set at angles to the street, and the multitudinous visitors and summer sojourners who swarmed through it, made it seem like a street in an amusement resort. Disheartened by the prospect so offered we were ready to depart for Garmisch-Partenkirchen without indulging in further exploration. Mittenwald, this effectively situated mountain village nestling at the base of the precipitous Karwendelspitze and

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renowned for its manufacture of violins and zithers in the homes of its village folk, had signally failed us! But a gaily frescoed church beckoned and past it, quite unexpectedly, we came to the unspoiled village. Assuredly this was no disap-



pointment. Scattered more or less haphazard along a few ill-defined streets, the chalets of the townsfolk, their barnyards attached, defied the flattening effects of modern town planning. These singular houses of plaster distinguished by

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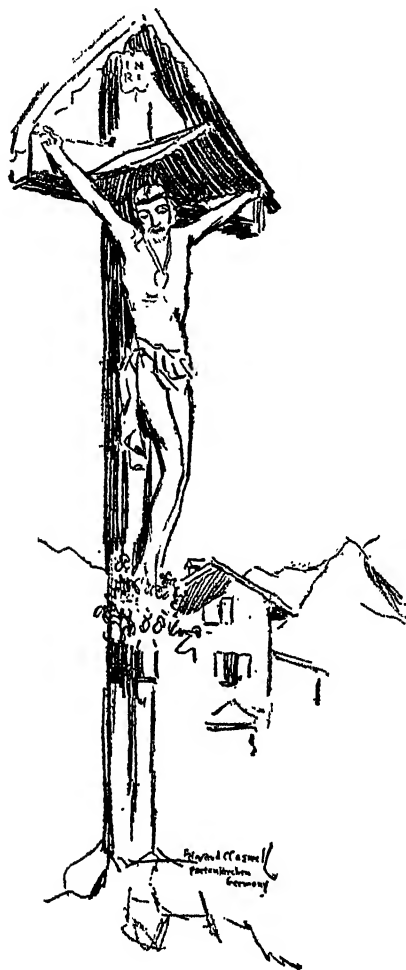
wide, overhanging roofs and oftentimes timber balconies beneath the broad eaves, frequently are wholly frescoed with elaborate paintings or embellished with fragmentary bits of decoration, mostly of a religious nature. Flowers adorned almost every window and an air of contentment and repose pervaded the community. Although Mittenwald was liberally endowed with vacationists who strolled through the streets and lanes, taking the air and enjoying the passing scenes, the villagers, after the day's work was done, sat in their doorways peacefully smoking their long pipes, eating their simple evening meals or busying themselves with household tasks, quite unconscious of the eyes of the visitors. Flocks of ducks waddled here and there, indulging their inherited taste for water in the glacial stream which runs through the town, and children in happy groups played everywhere. At eventide herds of solemn goats, chaperoned by their herders, descended from their mountain pastures and marched decorously through the town, bound for their several homes and masters.

Mittenwald reposes in a magnificent bowl of massive hills. In the early evening, when most labor had ceased for the day, the artist wandered about sketching the various types of village folk as they took their ease, much to the delight of their fellow townsmen, while I climbed the sharply rising slope which raises its grassy shoulder sheer from the town. From this commanding height all the mysteries of its being were revealed. Below me lay a tumbled collection of gabled, overhanging roofs, held by great boulders secure against the tempests, dominated by a steepled church frescoed to its tower. To the east, springing sheer from the valley floor, a mountain titan, seared by gaping crevices, stands guard, rising nearly a mile into the azure sky, the timber in its lower stretches giving way to rock-ribbed slopes half the distance up. To the north and south bold, fir-clothed mountain peaks present a seemingly impassable barrier. Roads lead into the valleys, reaching their objectives through trim, lush green meadows sprinkled with copses of dark green trees, or, disdaining the ease of such egress, make off into the forest. The

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chalets of timber and white plaster straggle from the town until the bend in the mountains shut the vagrants from view.

As the church bell solemnly tolled the hour of six-thirty



the sun, sinking behind the hill to the west like a gigantic calcium light, illumined the tower of the church and the more easterly houses, while the other half of the village was steeped in somber shadow. The western peaks intercepting

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The sun splashed immense knobs of shade on the distant edge of the village and the towering mountain beyond. Men building a house were utilizing the daylight to the end and their hammer blows were audible in the clear evening air. The mountain sentinel to the east was silhouetted vividly against the steel blue sky as sharply in relief as if seen through a stereoscope. As the sun continued to sink the gigantic shadow cast by its glowing flame crept slowly up the precipitous wall until at length only the granite peaks were bathed in light. Tinted a deep rose at first and then bathed in a glow of unearthly light, the sun finally withdrew its radiance and only a cold, gray stony summit remained.

In a train drawn by a huge electric engine we continued our journey, reaching Garmisch-Partenkirchen in half an hour. The journey was a devious one through deep clefts in the mountains. At times, the shoulders of the range towered above us and at others gave way to stretches of tumbling farm lands, occupied by the chalets of enterprising farmers. Tillable soil is at a premium in these highlands and none is permitted to lie fallow in this country of thrifty mountain folk.

The hyphenated town of Garmisch-Partenkirchen is, in reality, a combination of twin municipalities, the hyphen being a narrow stream which flows through the loosely flung villages. Cradled in a valley which, at this point, has broadened out in form to resemble a gigantic soup plate, Garmisch-Partenkirchen is ringed about by a chain of rock-ribbed mountains, in the clefts of which mighty glaciers appear in the great distance like wisps of gleaming snow. From out of these magnificent heights the far-famed Zugspitze rises, not only above its neighbors but higher than any peak in Germany. Its summit is just short of two miles above the sea, and so eminent is its majesty that a basket railway has been constructed to the top so that travelers may do homage there. Mounting the huge steel hamper in the valley underneath, you are whisked through the air on cables in the robust manner of an aeroplane flight. Viewed from a moderate height the twin villages below look like doll houses in a toy land-

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scape, so perfect is their setting and so trim is their environment.

Garmisch-Partenkirchen is peopled, to some extent, by



Garmisch-Partenkirchen is a typical town of the Bavarian Alps

tillers of the soil who, early in the morning, on foot and in wagons betake themselves to their distant fields carrying their implements with them. Many of these sturdy farmers dress in the traditional Bavarian costume and their going in

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the morning and their return in the evening is a picturesque sight. But these agriculturists make up, really, only a small proportion of the population, for the town has long since become a favorite resort for summer recreations and winter sports and its chief industries are hotel and shop keeping. These features, however, are singularly unobtrusive, for the hotels and shops, considering their inevitability, have not effaced the real character of the early villages.

In spite of the fact that a hundred years ago Partenkirchen was visited by a disastrous fire and most of the old houses were swept away, the chalets which have taken their place glow with frescoes and there is one house, the pride of the antiquarian, which has an age of a thousand years. Garmisch, unlike its twin which clammers up a wooded slope, lies out on the floor of the valley, and while it has retained more of its early houses it is not so effective in its situation. Our hotel was situated in the upper reaches of Partenkirchen and seemed, almost, to hang over the town and valley beneath. Breakfast on its porch was something to be remembered. A broad panorama stretched away over the town to the Zugspitze and its companion peaks, and the sun rising above the eastern range struck these stalwart mountain guardians, setting them aglow in the crystalline air of the early day.

A call at Oberammergau to make a drawing of Anton Lang, thrice the portrayer of Christ in the Passion Play, had been firmly fixed in the itinerary of the artist. Accordingly, in the quite modern fashion, we called our prospective subject on the telephone and were asked to come if possible the following morning instead of in the afternoon because, being Saturday, there would be many visitors to his pottery shop with consequent interruptions.

On the way to this famous village of the Passion Play we stopped at the Benedictine Monastery of Ettal occupying a group of extensive buildings centered around a towered church. This monastery was founded by Emperor Louis in 1330 but the present buildings date from 1744, replacing the earlier structure destroyed by fire. Before Napoleonic times it possessed extensive lands and flourished as a rich brother-



Anton Lang, thrice Christus in the Passion Play at Oberammergau, is a potter by trade and waits upon customers in his pottery shop

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hood. In 1806, however, it was stripped of its properties and secularized and, sometime later, taken over by the State. A number of years ago, through the efforts of a titled Bavarian, it was reconstituted and it is once more a living institution, although it has ceased to be the vast monastic community it once was. With thirty monks and an equal number of work brothers, who seem lost in the immense buildings that once resounded to the footsteps of hundreds of residents, it conducts a school of two hundred boys. For income, the brotherhood operates a distillery for the production of Benedictine and conducts an hotel.

Presenting our letters at the door of the monastery we were ushered into a room somewhat resembling the dining hall of a country mansion, its furnishings, while far from luxurious, lacked the austerity of the traditional monastery. The monk who came to greet us and conduct us through the institution was very modern in his outlook upon life and, to our delight, spoke English without a trace of accent. For many years, he told us, he was a member of a Benedictine brotherhood in England. Life in this monastery, while not as rigid as in most, is severe enough. The monks retire for the night at eight-thirty and rise at twenty minutes past four in the morning without change throughout the year. Cells of former times have given way to comfortable rooms, and fasting, which is confined to abstention from meat, is indulged in only on prescribed days. After the early celebration of mass and teaching during the balance of the day, the monks are tired out, it was explained, and needed comfortable sleeping conditions.

"Fasting doesn't do in these times," this very modern and very human monk told us. "We are too nervous. Besides, in the mountains, with its clear bracing air, we need plenty of food." Habitual fasting and living in uncomfortable cells were old fashioned, he thought.

To Oberammergau from the monastery is but two and a half miles and we rolled up to the door of Anton Lang's pottery shop almost before we were aware of it. For the former chauffeur of the notorious Captain Boy-Ed was our

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driver, and it was clearly evident that he had been trained in army driving.

When we entered the pottery and souvenir shop, conveniently housed in Anton Lang's *pension*, its proprietor was waiting on two American customers. Our first impression of him was his likeness to the traditional portrait of Christ. His face is thin, almost ascetic, but it is a fine face with kindly eyes, and he smiles engagingly. The artist made an informal portrait of him as he waited on customers. We found him extremely gentle of manner, possessing a simple courtesy and integrity of character that is emblematic of the part he has portrayed so often. During the entire time we were with him he was forever smiling and never seemed to show the slightest annoyance at anything that was said or done by the sometimes tactless travelers who visited his shop. Speaking in perfect English he told us that his family had lived in Oberammergau for two hundred years and that he, like his father, is a potter by trade. Assisted by his son, he makes all the pottery, decorated as well as plain, that is sold in his shop. The goods are manufactured to a large extent during the winter and sold throughout the tourist season in summer.

In 1922, he told us, he acted in the Passion Play eight hours a day, four times a week, and so stimulating was it to the spiritual sense that he could have gone on with his performances almost indefinitely even though they were a great physical and mental strain. I put a question to him, the answer to which I had long wanted to know, whether the cast of the Passion Play engage in the production of it for mere monetary gain or whether their acting represents a genuine religious emotion.

"There is no question," he said, "that the players are conscious of the solemnity of the drama and act it from a deep spiritual consciousness. They never play their parts as actors in the professional sense but feel themselves a part of the tragedy of the passion."

"I once saw a passion play in Munich," he continued, "which was acted by professionals and it lacked completely

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the deeply emotional quality found in the Oberammergau production. It left me quite cold."

He laughed as he told of his financial return from the play of 1922. "I received thirty million marks for my summer's work," he said, "which, when I finally cashed it, brought me exactly five dollars!"



We asked him if he expected to take the rôle of Christus in the next play, in 1930.

"At fifty-one I am too old to play the part. I have had it three times as you know," he replied without hesitation. "There are other contenders for the honor and even now candidates are appearing in the field.

"The election is held," he went on to explain, "six months before the play is given. Then it will be decided."

At last the picture was finished and, after being graciously signed by the subject, was put away in the artist's port-

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folio. Good-byes were said, and once more we mounted our car and set out with our lightning conductor for Hohenschwangau and Neuschwanstein, the romantic castles of Ludwig, the mad king of Bavaria, who brought himself to financial ruin through his strange passion for building palaces.

At Hohenschwangau two castles of King Ludwig II crown the summits of adjoining spurs in the tumbling mountains of Bavaria. One of these, the citadel of Hohenschwangau, was a residence of the royal family long before Ludwig came to the throne in 1864, a boy of nineteen; the other, a frowning Romanesque structure, was built to gratify the young King's romantic fancy. Besides this fairy castle of Neuschwanstein, this royal dreamer, during his relatively short lifetime, erected two other châteaux in the rural solitudes of his realm, lavishing such vast sums of money on needless residences as to drain his treasury and bring his kingdom into a state of complete financial exhaustion.

Ludwig was an inveterate romanticist and lived in the enchanted realm of the past. His boyhood was marked by eccentricities, exhibiting themselves in a love of solitude and a habit of extravagant day-dreaming. As he grew to manhood, gradually these qualities became more pronounced, culminating at middle life in a state bordering on insanity. When he ascended the throne at nineteen he possessed a wistful manner and a demeanor of unspeakable sadness. Instead of indulging in the gaities of the court and, when occasion demanded, becoming a military leader, he preferred to live a solitary existence and to interest himself in the arts. The great passion of his life was for music and at an early period of his reign he formed an intimacy with Wagner which amounted almost to adoration. To this friendship was the great composer indebted for the development of his musical schemes. Ludwig financed him generously and, indeed, gave prodigally for the furtherance of music and other artistic projects. The administration of the affairs of State were of purely incidental interest and he gave them scant attention. To his own personal devices, chiefly in the advancement of

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music, and the indulgence of his tastes in the reckless building of castles, was he selfishly devoted. The value of money he never seemed to comprehend. When, finally, his exchequer became exhausted and no more money could be raised on the royal credit, he demanded that his ministers find him means to complete not only his unfinished enterprises but new ones as well. At length, in 1886, his condition became one of pronounced paranoia. Refusing to see his ministers and to transact State business he was declared incompetent and a regency was established. Ludwig's grandfather and aunt exhibiting traits of eccentricity, and his brother proving in manhood to be mentally deficient, there is little question but that the unfortunate king suffered from a disordered mental inheritance.

It was Ludwig's solitary tastes which attracted him to Hohenschwangau and which led him to spend most of his life in the mountain solitudes. Here his father, Maximilian II, on the ruins of an early castle, had built a château and decorated its interior with murals illustrating scenes from German history and legend. This stronghold is elevated on a lofty spur which rises above a forested mountain lake and enjoys an extensive prospect over the great Bavarian plain. But this home, for all its attraction of environment, failed to satisfy the royal visionary whose restless mind conjured up the romantic glories of the past. Accordingly, he resolved to erect a castle, on a commanding eminence, which would satisfy his conception of a royal medieval stronghold. That is what Neuschwanstein really is. Surmounting this imposing mountain of rock, which rises out of the plain and forms the first rampart of hills tumbling south to culminate in a crescendo of mighty peaks, its position can be said to be impregnable — that is, to any attacking force of the centuries it represents. A brawling stream cascades through the gorge at the base of the cliff, hundreds of feet below, and the approach to the citadel can only be made over the steeply ascending road which has been hewn out to the summit. Built impressively of white unpolished marble, it rises from its towering site with stately grace and gleams like a fairy palace

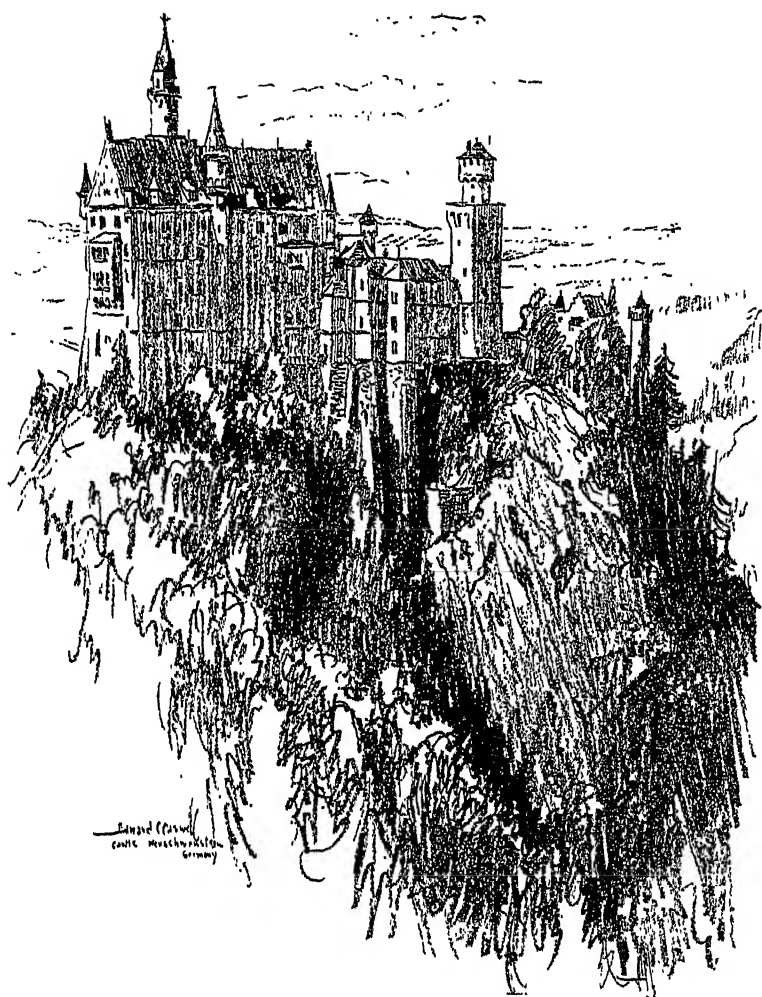
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in the dazzling sun. Adorned with watch-towers and turrets and courtyards it is the personification of ancient defiance and lordly power.

The interior presents a scene of rare magnificence. Every room and salon is embellished with rare woods and decorated with exquisite murals of scenes from the Wagnerian operas, executed by the noted artists of the period. The walls and ceilings are a flaming symphony of gold and color, and lustrous chandeliers of brass contribute to the splendor. Twelve hundred candles lighted the apartments and, in the evening hours, it was the habit of the king with the conjurer's mind to stand on the bridge suspended over the chasm beyond and gaze with delight at the fairy brilliance of the castle and the limitless plateau beyond. The view from the westerly windows is one of ravishing beauty. In the near distance twin lakes, like great caskets of emeralds embosomed in the folds of the forested slopes, lie shimmering in the unfaltering rays of the sun. Between them on a mountain promontory reposes the castle of Hohenschwangau and stretching away in the background the billowing mountains are green with forests of pine and beech.

It took thirteen years to build this spectacular anachronism and the treasure lavished on its construction totaled one hundred and twenty million gold marks, a vast sum even today and a stupendous fortune in those times. There is strange irony in the fact that Neuschwanstein and its companion follies, the construction of which brought their quixotic builder to the threshold of bankruptcy, today yield the state a substantial income. The admission fees are reasonably more than nominal and the travel to and from these places of pilgrimage brings no small amount of revenue to the railways. As a practical showman, therefore, Ludwig may be said to have been a successful and farseeing ruler.

A few miles from here, deep in the heart of the mountains and on the site of a royal hunting lodge, Ludwig erected another of his residential follies. Linderhof, a copy of the Trianon, was in effect consecrated by the king to the memory of Marie Antoinette for whom he had a great admiration, or,



The Castle of Neuschwanstein, built by the mad king, Ludwig, in the middle of the last century, crowns an imposing mountain of rock in the Bavarian Alps. It was thirteen years in building and cost thirty million dollars, a vast sum in those days

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more properly speaking, a great passion, and in this replica of the Versailles palace he carried out to the finest detail the furnishing and decoration of the French style and in the most sumptuous manner. Linderhof, set in a formal garden adorned with statuary, occupied ten years in building and is a palace of surpassing beauty, though incongruously situated in the deep woods.

Ludwig's admiration for Louis XIV of France and for the splendor of his period was unbounded. Yet, one would have thought that the recreation of the little palace of the Trianon



would have been sufficient to satisfy him in his obsession for the French style. But he was destined to indulge in a final extravagance which would have given pause even to the Grand Monarque himself. On a wooded island washed by the waters of Chiemsee, an immense lake not far from the Bavarian Alps and the Austrian border, this strange unbalanced king constructed another Versailles.

From Hohenschwangau we returned by motor to Garmisch-Partenkirchen. Our route lay through Austrian territory which differed in no way from the highlands on the German side of the line. The border guard obliged us to

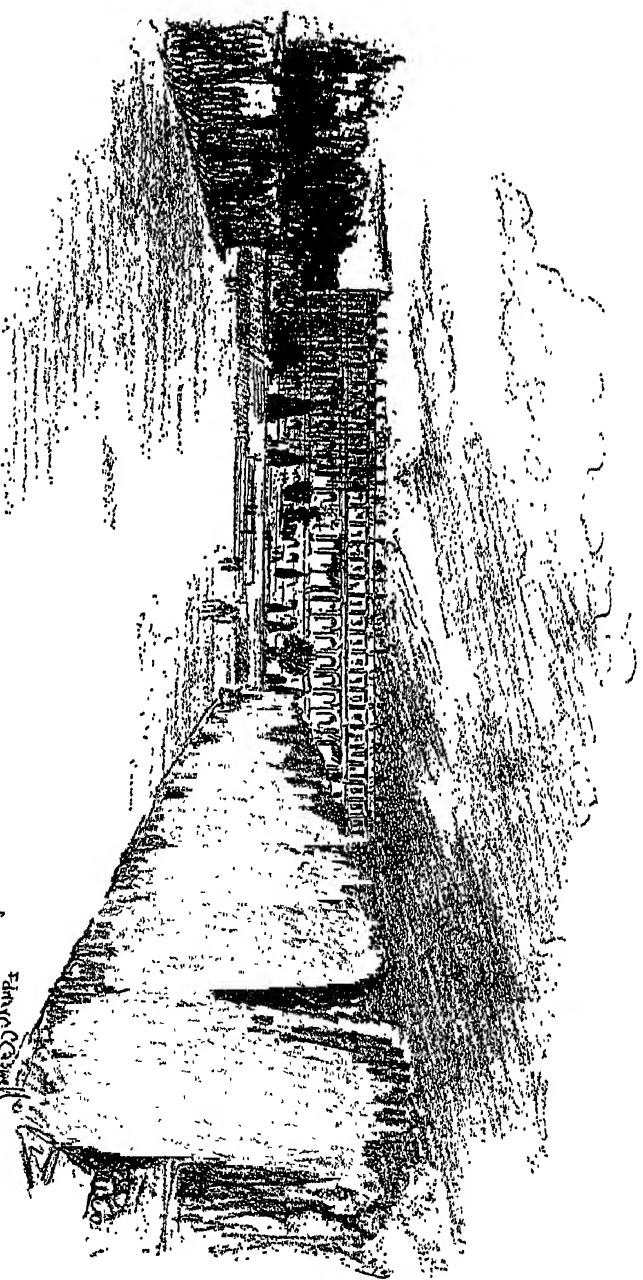
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show our papers and to the windshield of our car one of the officials affixed a poster bearing the legend "*Links fahren.*" We were thus reminded to keep to the left since that is the rule of the road in Austria. This regulation was not especially distasteful to us but there was no doubt that we should have felt a greater sense of security had our chauffeur been more indulgent in the matter of speed. If, under familiar traffic regulations our hearts with frequency stood still, our feelings can be imagined when we were traveling at high speed on tortuous roads where a momentary forgetfulness of *links fahren* might be very embarrassing to our personal welfare. Every time we approached a car we not only held our breath but each other as well.

The scenery of the Austrian Alps is beautiful, no doubt, but on that journey we became familiar with the roads rather than with the scenic grandeur of the hills. Another time, we have promised ourselves, we shall enjoy the mountains by observing them from behind a less intrepid chauffeur. After many nervous miles we recrossed into German territory and breathed freely once more, finally regaining the friendly scenes of Partenkirchen without mishap.

Returning to Munich, we set out for the eastern portion of the Bavarian highlands and on the way to our destination paid a visit to Ludwig's spectacular replica of Versailles. We alighted at Prien, a station on the main line of the railway from which a Lilliputian train runs to Stock on the shore of Chiemsee a distance of something over a mile. From this point the château is reached by a motor yacht maintained for the purpose. The owners of the tiny railway system have shown a spirit of enterprise in employing a miniature locomotive to pull the diminutive coaches, for few people will walk even that short distance in preference to riding on a toy line. This statement seems abundantly proved by the astonishing fact that 180,000 passengers a year are carried on this smallest of railway systems.

The island of Herren in the middle of Chiemsee was purchased by King Ludwig as a site for his modern Versailles. Its magnificent solitude he considered ideal. Work on the



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Hamburg

Mad Ludwig's castle on the island of Herren in the Chiemsee is a copy of Versailles

High Spots in the Bavarian Alps

palace was begun in 1878, long before the completion of his gigantic undertaking at Neuschwanstein and the very year in which his enterprise at Linderhof was finished. In itself this project was an enormous enterprise, for Ludwig, with unexampled lavishness, outrivalled the Sun King in the sumptuousness of the furnishings and decorations, although they were executed after the style of the original château. It was a splendid piece of folly, for nothing could be more incongruous than the situation of a State palace in the center of a remote lake. Versailles itself, a country residence convenient to the national capital where affairs of State and social entertainment could be held, was logical enough, but at Herrenchiemsee, the grand staircase rarely echoed to the tread of feet and the rooms hardly knew the sound of human voices. But on that spot it was erected in all its dazzling splendor, its sixteen rooms of State and its regal apartments resplendent in crystal and gold, embellished with rare woods and porcelains and adorned with copies of the paintings of Lemoine, Boucher, Watteau and others of the French school. There is a porcelain room decorated entirely in Dresden, a bathing pool whose dressing-room is brilliant with gilded wood and mirrors, and a vast *Galerie des Glaces* — a hall of mirrors illuminated by twenty-five hundred candles. The King's room faced a court in the manner of Napoleon's at Versailles. The terraces and fountains and gardens in front of the palace descend to the distant lake, providing a water vista absent at Versailles.

Before the completion of this château — its interior was never entirely finished owing to lack of funds — Ludwig conceived the idea of reconstructing on still another site the ancient castle of Falkenstein. Though he demanded of his ministers that they find him the money for this new enterprise, his credit was exhausted and he had no alternative but to wait until funds accumulated. But this, as it proved, was never to be, for his mental condition grew steadily worse. Balked by his inability to secure money for the completion of Herrenchiemsee and the initiation of work on Falkenstein, his mind reacted to the disappointment. Moreover, his dis-

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ease being progressive, as time went on he grew more exacting and more solitary, he refused himself to any save a few chosen relatives and friends, and he declined to receive his ministers. The business of the State was at a standstill. Securing an audience with the king on the pretext of discussing a loan with which to complete his palaces, a group of doctors was admitted to his presence, concurring, after a long interview, in the conviction that he was irrational. Upon this expert opinion Ludwig was deposed and a regent appointed. This action took place in 1886. Ludwig's end was a tragic one. Brought to the Castle of Berg on Lake Starnberg, one evening not long after his arrival he eluded his keepers and drowned himself in the waters of the lake.

From Chiemsee it is but an hour or two to Berchtesgaden and Königssee or, in English, King's Lake. Berchtesgaden is the principal holiday resort in the eastern part of the Bavarian Alps, a town most effectively situated and possessed of many quaint houses, corresponding to Garmisch-Partenkirchen in the other section of the country. Near at hand, accessible by an electric railway, is Königssee. This body of clear emerald water, we were told, was weird and solemn, one of the strangest and at the same time one of the most beautiful of all the Alpine lakes. We were urged on no account to miss it. And neither did we. But on the day of our visit everything went wrong. To begin with, we missed our train at Berchtesgaden and were obliged to make the trip to the lake in a very much overpriced taxi in order to get the boat which would bring us back to our destination in time to catch a train for Munich. The day was a beautiful one and the ubiquitous vacationists were out in swarms, crowding the vessels and subtracting greatly from the beauty and solemnity of the lake.

If you have visited the Norwegian fjords you have seen Königssee, for in form and environment it is a fragment of them. Nestling in the embrace of mighty hills, the vast mountains of dark fir and gray rock rise almost perpendicularly from the surface and loom above its placid waters. Snow whitens the folds of their high altitudes and the loftier

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peaks of the range pierce the clouds of fleece which drift across their summits. But the omnipresent holiday makers spoiled the glory of this immutable scene. For their especial



On Lake Königssee in the mountains of Bavaria bugles are blown on the excursion boats and pistols fired to arouse the reverberating echoes

delight every device known to the showman was brought into play. The decks of the passenger boats were crowded with eager throngs of sightseers whose satisfaction, presumably, was expected to be more complete if proper instruction

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were given in the history and wonders of the lake. We had gone but a short distance when the steersman brought forth a bugle and, at a point where the cliffs rise almost perpendicularly, solemnly blew a scale. Back came the echo as it doubtless had done on countless earlier trips. Other boats were more daring. They fired revolvers, and while the cliffs reverberated the sublime scenery was forgotten. Our genial steersman having laid away his bugle in a leather case proceeded, as we sailed along, to deliver a lecture on the cliffs, peaks and other natural phenomena, not forgetting to include honorable mention of a bronze tablet affixed to a wall of rock where, I believe, at one time in the history of the nineteenth or the twentieth century some intrepid navigators perished. Our boat, indeed, might properly be termed an aquatic sightseeing coach. When the end of the lake was reached the entire company disembarked for the purpose of walking over a short boulder-strewn valley to another body of water called Obersee.

Although we had been indulging in a feast of scenery for days and were tired of the madding crowd, we felt it our duty to see the enterprise through. Accordingly, in the vanguard of the small army of tourists, we picked our way over the winding path, which dexterously avoided the boulders, and in a few minutes arrived at the shore of the lake. Here we found the inevitable photographer prepared, for a fee, to take a picture of the smirking holiday maker. The lake, imprisoned in shores with little verdure, lay at the foot of precipitous hills which, again, might have risen from a Norwegian landscape, so close was the resemblance. A man, stretched at ease on the grass, regarded us intently. We advanced, took a hasty look at the scene, thereby fulfilling our bounden duty, and shouted in unison, "Well, we've seen that!" and turned back, to the apparent amusement of the gentleman on the grass. Many times in our lives had we seen lakes quite as beautiful as this one. In a lodge behind us there were refreshments and to it we hastened, for we had not tasted food since early morning. Before long a siren summoned us to depart and we hastily sought the dock and

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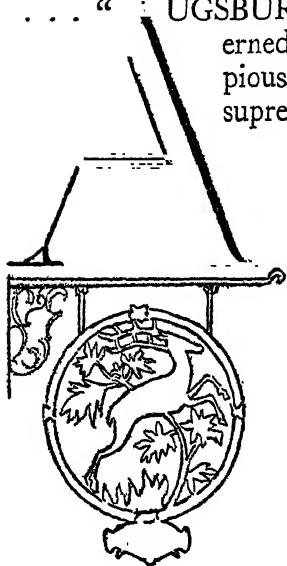
filed on board the vessel. The return sail was made in a welcome silence, and when we gained the shore and made for our train, we felt as though we had been through a grotto on a scenic railway. Königssee is a lake of unusual beauty and impressiveness but, as for us, we decided that we preferred our lakes less encrusted with excursion features.

That night we were back in Munich once more, ready in the morning to start for the medieval cities to the west and north of the Bavarian capital.



VI. RICH METROPOLI OF THE PAST

... "UGSBURG is beautiful, rich and well governed; Regensburg is rich in sanctuaries and pious memories. . . . In Suabia, Ulm is supreme in municipal beauty." . . . So, in the middle of the fifteenth century, describing the cities of Germany wrote Æneas Sylvius.



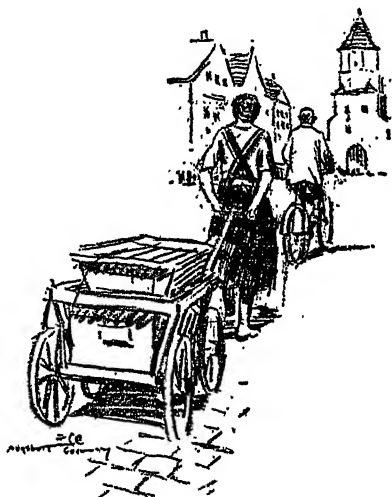
Today so much of the past remains that it is easy to re-create, in the imagination, the past glories of these cities of brilliant commercial attainments in the Middle Ages. These were towns of the very first rank, free imperial cities, owing allegiance only to the head of the empire, their prosperous guilds and merchant princes bringing to the inhabitants luxury and renown.

Augsburg, for all its reputation in medieval days as a great financial and commercial center, appeared to us on first acquaintance to have lagged behind in banking progress. The broad street into which you emerge from the railway station is a thoroughfare of modern times, occupied by hotels and commercial establishments. An imposing bank stands on one of the corners, and we entered it for the purpose of cashing a travelers' check or two, a process usually of a routine nature. Signing our checks we handed them to the cashier for payment, expecting to do no more than affix our signature to the customary voucher and promptly receive the currency. But we were mistaken. After waiting ten minutes or more, we inquired the reason for the delay. Thereupon our passports

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were requested. Another long wait ensued. Once more, this time with some exasperation, we demanded action. At this we were ushered into the manager's office, "Herr Direktor" everyone obsequiously called him, invited to sit down and submit to an examination. Had we in our pockets any letters to identify ourselves? we were asked. As though our passports with photographs affixed and the matched signatures on our checks had not been enough! We had letters, however, and produced them but informed "Herr Direktor" that he was carrying identification to an absurdity and, if he preferred not to make the payments, to return our checks immediately so that we might betake ourselves elsewhere. At this our honesty appeared to be established and the money was paid forthwith. This incident shows perhaps Augsburg's isolation from the current of foreign travel as much as it does the stupidity of the bank's officers. Augsburg is relatively little visited by travelers from abroad, not being one of the conventional high spots of German travel.

From the year 1268 until 1806, when it became a part of the kingdom of Bavaria, Augsburg was a free city and knew no master, rendering allegiance only to the head of the empire and securing his protection upon the payment of a yearly fee. It was one of a large group of important cities strong enough to withstand the domination of reigning lords and ambitious enough to maintain its freedom and prosperity in a disorganized land split into dozens of conflicting states and scores of factions. In these free cities of the empire centered the wealth and culture of the nation.



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In time there came to be three score such cities, which, surrounded by walls and moats, were little principalities in themselves. Their ramparts oftentimes enclosed gardens, vineyards, fields and even bits of forest, and, on occasion, they acquired possession of remote castles with which to protect their highways. Frequently they extended their boundaries beyond their walls to include neighboring villages and districts. Until the fourteenth century the cities were haphazard communities, the streets were unpaved and such a thing as drainage did not exist. Fresh streams of running water were in many places introduced into the streets, but at best the thoroughfares were indescribable in their filth, accounting in a measure for the prevalence of disease and pestilence in that day. So informally were the streets regarded that pigs, for instance, were allowed to wander at will and doubtless helped the sanitary conditions even if they added to the mire. Such a nuisance did they become and so flagrant were the encroachments on the public thoroughfares that in 1387 Frankfort prohibited the building of sties in the public streets and, in 1410, Ulm decreed that swine must be locked up except between the hours of eleven and twelve! Refuse of every sort, not excluding dead animals, was allowed to collect and was removed only on special occasions.

While lawlessness prevailed in the sparsely settled country during the Middle Ages, order was maintained in these strongly fortified cities and there trade and wealth took refuge, prosperity and happiness characterizing the life of the citizenry. The government of these towns was first in the control of the patrician families, but gradually the rich merchants and landowners managed to gain a share in the administration of affairs and, finally, the commoners, organized into guilds, were admitted to a place in the council. A fair share of democracy thus prevailed. This representative government, however, did not prevent an exacting measure of paternalism or the passage of sumptuary laws, although much of the legislation was of distinct benefit to the people. Every article bought or sold was subject to the inspection of

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the authorities. Bakers whose bread was deficient in quality were, without ceremony, ducked in water, fraud was sometimes punished by death, and for lesser deceits men were flogged, publicly mutilated or exposed in cages to the scornful view of their fellows. Personal extravagance was frowned upon to the end that the people would not live beyond their means. At weddings, for example, the number of guests was limited. In Frankfort, in 1450, the number was fixed at twenty; a century later fifty guests were permitted, exclusive of spinisters, foreigners and servants. A restriction even was placed upon the cost of wedding presents and in Rothenburg, Nuremberg and Ulm they were, at times, totally forbidden, prohibitions which, unfortunately for this age of high living costs, have since been repealed. Württemberg in 1400 enacted an ordinance that members of the immediate family might give such presents as they chose but that, in the case of others, the gifts of married couples should not exceed a cost of seven shillings, and those of widowers, three shillings. In Frankfort nearly a century later a rich patrician obtained the consent of the city council to make at a certain wedding as large a present as he would have done had his wife been alive. To curb extravagance in dress, brought on by civic prosperity, rules were laid down governing the wearing apparel of the various classes. In the gay fourteen hundreds Frankfort provided that servants and apprentices might not wear "colored shoes with points or beaks," and Regensburg decreed that none but the authorities might appear in silk, satin or damask. Women were halted in the street and sent home for wearing longer trains than were legally permitted, the forerunner no doubt of the abbreviations of women's apparel in this year of grace.

No influence in the democratization of the people, as they emerged from the feudalism of the early Middle Ages, was more potent than that exercised by the Guilds, those powerful organizations composed of the artisans in the various trades. The members were divided with almost military exactitude into masters, apprentices and servants. These guilds held almost a monopoly of trade in their various spheres and

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grew to possess in the councils of the cities a political power so great as to equal, if not supersede, the old patrician families. The modern labor unions, whatever may be said of their arbitrary methods in the economic life of today, hold no such dominance as that enjoyed by the guilds of earlier centuries.

The guilds were organized on a commanding scale, wielding absolute power in their respective fields. In the middle of the fifteenth century, for example, Lübeck numbered, within its population, seventy different guilds; in Cologne there were four score, and Hamburg possessed no fewer than one hundred. In Augsburg the guild of weavers boasted a membership of nearly seven hundred and fifty. So absolute was their control that no workman who was not a member of a guild could pursue his trade. These organizations provided all the raw material used, determined the rate of wages, regulated the quantity of production and tested the finished product of their members. Moreover, their influence was not confined to the industries of their calling; as paternal institutions, they governed the social and religious welfare of their members as well. Brotherly love, fidelity and mutual helpfulness were among the tenets of their creeds. As stated by an early writer "the labor leagues and associations are formed to the end that the whole life of the members may be ordered according to Christian discipline and love." The rules prescribed the relation of master and apprentice, directing the master to assume toward his apprentice the place of the parent, requiring that "he shall lodge, feed and care for him day and night, and shut him in with lock and key"; to see that he is honorably brought up, that he attends church, and, should he be "wanting in the fear of God and in obedience, he shall punish him severely; that does the soul good; the body must suffer pain that the soul may prosper." The unfortunate among the members were given succor out of the general treasury of the guild. "Who does not help to bury his deceased brother and does not pray for the salvation of his soul has broken the word he plighted at his entry into the guild," is the terse manner in which, in one of the articles, this provision is made.

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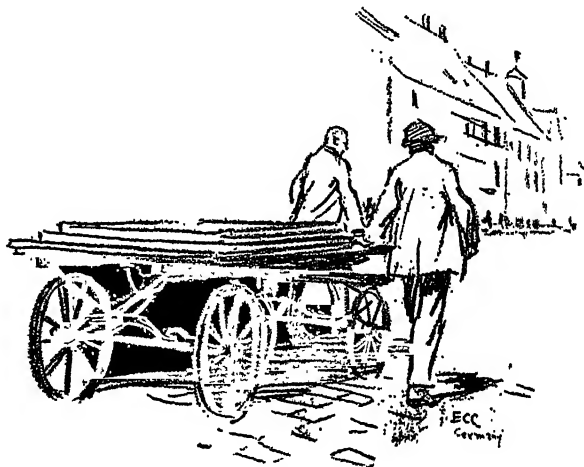
The spirit of the guild permeated every activity of its members' social life. Each guild had its patron saint, its own altar, and sometimes its own chapel, in the cathedral, where worship was held and masses said for the living and the dead. The members were bound by vows to minister to each other in love and sorrow; lodges were maintained in different towns where members of other chapters on their journeys might be sure of free hospitality; festivals were provided for entertainment, and, in time of war, the members marched forth together, forming a separate division in the army. Hospitals and prisons were conducted and private courts meted out punishment to transgressors. Even matrimonial affairs were regulated. A decree of 1459, to cite one instance, provided that the wife of a master must be of honest and lawful birth and of German origin.

As time went on these organizations, allied in one common purpose in their struggle for democracy, challenged the authority of the knights and princes, and in almost every case came out of the struggle victorious. In this way many of the cities became free imperial towns; and out of these democratic towns, in time, grew the great Hanseatic League.

The broad highway which, adorned with beautiful fountains, runs through the center of Augsburg, strikes the keynote of the city. For this thoroughfare, in width more like a boulevard than a street, was the old Roman road, running directly to Venice and Rome, and was the direct route through central Europe. Thus Augsburg ever since 1268, when it entered the lists of free imperial cities, grew to be one of the great centers of traffic between Northern Europe, Italy and the Levant. The abounding prosperity that came to it in this way and the staggering wealth of its citizens are reflected today in the refinement of its streets and the beauty of its architecture. A glowing city of the Renaissance, it bears the stamp of a patrician community. Much less picturesque than it is polished, it possesses a dignity and an elegance that was never the heritage of cities far quainter and more colorful. Its streets are adorned with fountains fashioned of bronze by the master sculptors of their day.

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At the height of its prosperity its captains of industry, the Fuggers and the Welsers, rivaled in wealth and power the Medici of Florence. Three of its women, daughters of commoners, Clara von Detten and Philippine Welser, of merchant families, and Agnes Bernauer, the beautiful daughter of a barber, were married to princes. Here, the momentous Diet of 1530 was held at which the famous Augsburg Confession was presented to the emperor, Charles V; here, Hans

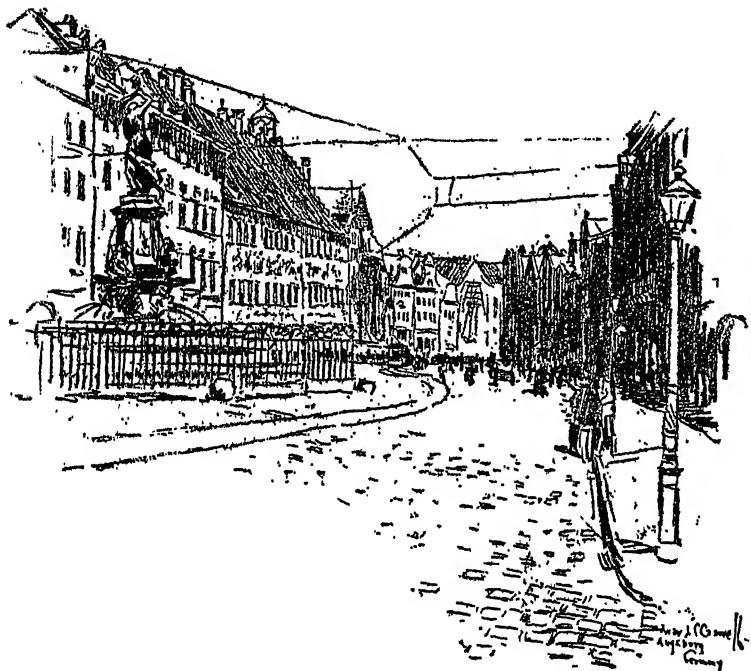


Holbein the Elder flourished in the late fifteenth and early sixteenth centuries; and here, after taking the city in 1632, Gustavus Adolphus intended to establish the capital of his projected Swedish-German empire.

Augsburg is most famous, perhaps, as the seat of the Fuggers, that amazing family which rose, within the space of a century, from the estate of poor weavers to that of the richest merchants of Europe, becoming the friends of emperors and replenishing the depleted coffers of Maximilian I and Charles V. The story of their rise reads like a tale from the Arabian Nights. Ulrich Fugger, the son of a weaver of Graben, nearby, settled in Augsburg about 1367. Adding the

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business of merchant to that of weaver he amassed a fortune, leaving it to his sons who greatly extended the business. To three sons of one of these brothers, born between 1441 and 1459, fell the family business. They were men of great resource and vastly increased the family wealth, becoming



The streets of Augsburg are adorned with bronze fountains made by some of the first sculptors of the Renaissance. Beyond the fountain in this picture is the old Fugger Palace

bankers for the Hapsburgs. Their operations were multitudinous. They developed silver mines in the Tyrol and copper mines in Hungary, and throughout Europe conducted an extensive trade in spices, wool and silk. They made huge loans to Maximilian I, who pledged as collateral the county of Kirchberg, the lordship of Weissenborn and other lands, and

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in addition granted them many privileges. The florins of Jakob Fugger, called "the Rich," contributed largely to the election of Charles V to the imperial throne, and his nephews, Raimund and Anton, who were born at the end of the fourteenth hundreds and inherited the direction of the family enterprises, maintained close relations to Charles and brought the family fortunes to the zenith of their glory. They loaned the Emperor, who was King of Spain as well, large sums of money, they worked his quicksilver deposits at Almadén, his silver mines at Guadalcanal, and conducted some of his great landed estates. In 1530 the Fuggers were created Counts of Kirchberg and Weissenborn, obtaining full possession of the lands held under the mortgage of Maximilian. Four years later they were given the right to coin money. The new world having recently been opened up, they pushed their trade in the Americas. Their business was organized on a world scale. Their agents and emissaries at home and overseas regularly sent news letters which kept them intimately in touch with trade conditions and political developments everywhere, giving them the service of a modern news bureau and enabling them to outwit their rivals in taking advantage of trade opportunities. During the Diet of Augsburg, in 1530, Charles V became the house guest of Anton Fugger, who is reputed to have astonished the Emperor by lighting a fire with an imperial bond for money due him. At this time the total wealth of the Fuggers was estimated to be 63,000,000 florins, and Anton's personal fortune, at his death in 1560, is said to have totaled 6,000,000 florins besides great holdings of property in Europe, Asia and America, colossal sums of money in those days.

There is still plenty of evidence of those golden days of the Fuggers. On the broad Maximilianstrasse, in the heart of the town, stands one of the old residences of the family, occupied even today by one of its descendants, a house of immense length, its steep roof punctuated by many dormer windows. The façade of this long and simple mansion is covered with frescoes which depict the rise of the Fuggers in Augsburg, beginning with the arrival of the poor

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weaver's son with a pack on his back and culminating with the entertainment of the Emperor. The adjoining building, now the principal hotel of the city, was also one of the Fugger palaces. You may climb its marble staircase, stand before its Renaissance fireplace or sit at tea in its garden court and fancy yourself back in earlier times, a guest of a great merchant-prince. The Fuggerei, situated in the lower part of the town, is another memorial to the wealth and philanthropy of this illustrious family. A small community in itself and closed by its own gates, this collection of more than one hundred trim, gabled cottages, with a church to cater to its spiritual needs, was established in 1519 by Jakob Fugger to provide, in perpetuity, model houses at moderate rentals for the poor of the city. This miniature village has survived the centuries; it is like a modern spotless town and is occupied by indigent Roman Catholic citizens who enjoy the houses for nominal rentals.

In the Augsburg of today there are many echoes of Luther and the Reformation.

The Church of St. Anna, founded in 1321, belonged to the Carmelite monastery in which Luther was a guest when, in 1518, he refused to recant at the summons of the papal legate Cajetan. After his last stormy interview, upon hearing that he was to be seized and sent to Rome, he fled on horseback through a postern gate at dead of night, clad only in his monk's cowl. In the predecessor building of the Rathaus before an inlaid table which is preserved in the Town Hall today, the great reformer stood for examination by the Pope's emissary. And the Bishop's Palace, opposite the cathedral and now used for government offices,



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is the edifice in which the Augsburg Confession was presented to Charles V. In summoning this important conclave to meet in April, 1530, nine years after the memorable Diet of Worms, it was the Emperor's announced intention to offer a fair hearing to all religious parties in the empire. Four religious leaders, among them Luther and Melanchthon, were appointed to prepare a statement of the Protestant doctrines. This declaration of faith was formulated by Melanchthon at Augsburg and sent to Luther who, still under the ban of the empire, remained at Coburg. Here, in this moment of peril, he wrote his famous hymn — "A Mighty Fortress Is Our God." On May 11 Luther returned the statement to Melanchthon with the message that he himself "could not tread so softly and gently." On the 25th of June the Protestants presented this Confession of Faith which, famous as the Augsburg Confession, has always been regarded as the corner-stone of the Protestant faith.

The Rathaus is a Renaissance building of 1615, its main distinction being its magnificent "Golden Hall," modeled after the Doge's Palace at Venice. This great assembly-room, one of the finest in Germany, takes its name from the profusion of gold used in its decoration. It is not only remarkable for its distinguished proportions and embellishment but for the fact that its ceiling is held in place by more than a dozen great chains concealed above so that no pillars mar the interior. In this apartment all the great social functions were held and in it, in later times, the Kings of Bavaria were crowned. In one of the adjoining rooms, a counterpart of the one before which Luther is said to have stood, is the table on which Charles V signed the Peace of Augsburg, granting religious liberty in Germany.

We arrived at the Rathaus just as its Golden Hall was being closed for the luncheon period. The custodian was on the point of departure but, when he learned that we were making a study of the German cities, he unlocked the doors, showed us through the apartments and pointed out their treasures with as much pride as if they had been his own property. Before departing he asked us to sign the register

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of special guests. When we left it was well past the noon hour. Bidding him good-bye we proceeded down the street but, before we had gone many steps, we were joined by this enthusiastic antiquarian who had run after us to point out the Fugger palace down the street. Conducting us through the hotel he showed us the fireplace, the court and other



distinctive features of this luxurious residence of Augsburg's most illustrious citizen.

Almost in front of the Rathaus is one of the many great fountains which grace the streets of the city. Augsburg is famous for these exquisite street ornaments and might almost be called the "City of Fountains." The most notable stand on the broad Maximilianstrasse, two fashioned in bronze by Adrian de Vries in 1599 and 1602 and the other by the Dutch master Hubert Gerhard, in 1589. Throughout

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the city you will encounter many fountains of sculptured stone and wrought metal, full of grace and beauty.

It is now more than two centuries since the extensive fortifications which circled Augsburg were dismantled and converted into promenades. Some of the ancient towers still remain, stalwart guardians of the city's liberties, but, where the walls once stood, tree-bordered promenades delight the pedestrian, and the old moat cradles between its grassy banks a stream of running water. Like most German cities Augsburg is well supplied with parks and esplanades.

At the end of the noble Maximilianstrasse rises the old collegiate church of St. Ulrich whose lofty tower dominates the city and offers to the visitor, who has the strength and endurance to climb to its beetling summit, a panorama of rare splendor. Its most notable interior feature is the wrought-iron screen of 1712 which, with its graceful arabesques of leaves and flowers, stretches across the edifice, separating the nave from the vestibule. The German churches are rich in these elaborately wrought enclosures, excelling the churches of any other country in this respect. At the foot of the slope on which St. Ulrich's stands, is a maze of narrow streets harboring a medley of venerable plaster and timber houses. In another city this huddled collection of timbered dwellings would strike a note of quaintness and singularity but here, beside the dignity of Augsburg's more classical architecture, it seems characterized by meanness and squalor, making it appear detached and not an integral part of this rich metropolis of the past.

The early weavers of Augsburg builded even better than they knew, for the city maintains its heritage of other times and even today is the chief seat of the textile industry in South Germany. More than 10,000 people are employed in its cloth, cotton goods and linen mills, weaving with power-driven spindles which, had they been possessed by the Fuggers, would have made them rich beyond compare. Machine works and other manufactories outside the gates help Augsburg to maintain its important position in the commercial structure of Germany.



Dormer-windowed, half-timber houses of the sixteenth century rise sheer above the sides of the tiny river Blau where it passes through Ulm

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An hour by rail almost due west of Augsburg and seventy-five miles from Munich, Ulm lies on the Danube, a town little known to travelers of this age yet illustrious in the annals of its country. We had heard of its cathedral whose spire is the tallest in the world, and of the streets which have changed but little with the centuries. We found it a town after our own hearts, a place of such quaintness and medieval splendor as to be unsurpassed by any cities we had visited, save Nuremberg and Rothenburg.

When you have crossed the Danube into Ulm you have left Bavaria on the other side and have entered Württemberg. Not that this makes any difference in the country and people, for the division is merely an imaginary line. Ulm is a terminal river port, the head of navigation for vessels of modest draught. This commercially strategic situation and the fact that it became a free imperial city as far back as 1155, account in part for its rise to a position of great affluence among the towns of Germany. Ulm, a city of the people, attained the summit of its prosperity during the fifteenth century, after the guilds had established their ascendancy over the nobles, ruling a district of three hundred square miles with a population of 60,000 people.

It is pleasant to relate that Ulm is far from being a tourist town and is thus a delight to the antiquarian. We became aware of this shortly after our arrival there. Strolling into the city from the railway station, by some magic we were drawn to a bridge over the tiny river Blau, which courses through a corner of the city on its way to join the Danube and furnishes power for a grist mill and other minor industries. It must have been magic because, spread before us, was a silhouette sheer out of the past. Fringing the edges of this energetic stream is a group of singular buildings of commerce, dormer-windowed, half-timber houses of the sixteenth century adorned with balconies and boxes of bright flowers, and little platform verandas hanging over the stream. The artist stopped in his tracks, took out his materials and set to work. Almost immediately we were the center of a crowd of happy loiterers who assembled to watch opera-

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tions and to calculate from our language and appearance, the country of our nationality. Visiting artists, it was clear, were a rare occurrence, for in no other place had we attracted such a gallery.

This vista along the diminutive Blau is one of many equal in quality but diverse in kind. In the old quarter of Ulm the crooked streets fall away to the Danube and along them the timbered dwellings have overhanging stories, unaltered from the time of the city's glory. At every turn the singularity of medieval craftsmanship greets the eye, many of the streets admirable stage settings.

At the intersection of the streets, as in Augsburg, are many fountains. These are not the bronze masterpieces which give such a richness to the Bavarian city, for Ulm could boast of no citizens with swollen fortunes like the Fuggers, but they are effective creations in painted wood, sculptured stone and wrought metal. The shafts in some cases rise out of clusters of bright-hued flowers set within the basins. Ornamental signs project from the shops, bearing quaint conceits of the artists, grotesque figures, coats of arms and scrolls glowing with color and gold, such as these lesser merchants have used for hundreds of years. And everywhere there are window boxes containing the reddest of geraniums, fuchsias and other blossoming plants enlivening the ways. Here is abundant evidence of the proverbial gaiety of the Württembergers.

The lion of Ulm is its early Gothic cathedral. Rising in solitary grandeur from the center of its wide plateau, it lifts its massive shoulders high above the sloping roofs of the city and its soaring spire into the high heavens. You get your first glimpse of the cathedral's majestic tower almost the minute you descend from the train. Through the middle of the street leading from the station you see it rising over the rooftops squarely in the skyline. Its great open spire, climbing to a height of 528 feet, makes it the loftiest ecclesiastical structure in the world, outstripping by thirteen feet the twin spires of Cologne.

After Cologne, this is the largest Gothic church in Germany, capable of holding 30,000 people. The exterior of the

Rich Metropoli of the Past

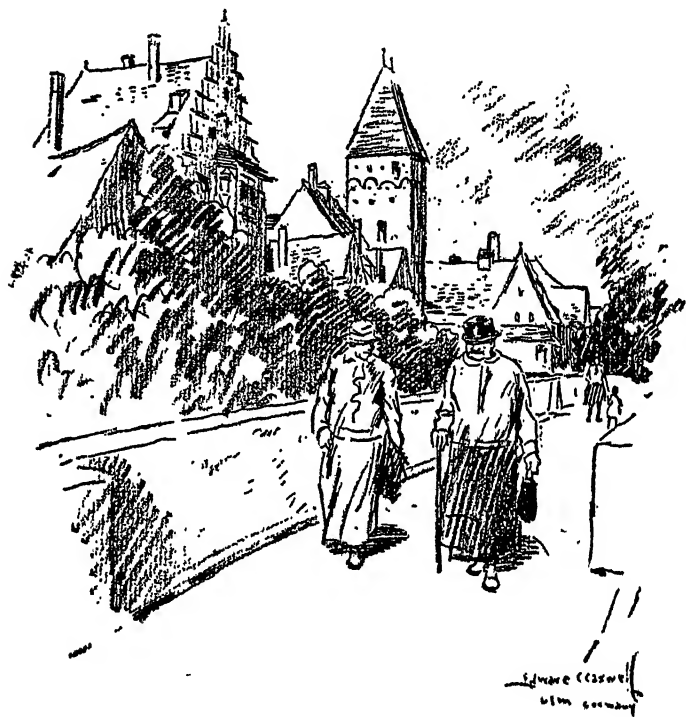
cathedral is its greatest glory, the tower giving it a supreme note of distinction. Ulrich Ensinger, the third of the cathedral architects, began this tower in 1392, and it was completed as far as the top of the spire base, 230 feet above the level of the square, a century later. In this incomplete condition it remained for four centuries. Then, fifty years ago, spurred on by the finishing of Cologne Cathedral after its centuries of incompleteness, the citizens added the octagon and great open spire after the plan, which they found in the archives, left in 1478 by Matthäus Boblinger, the eighth of the original architects. The height of this tower is accentuated by the cathedral's isolation in the middle of a spacious plaza with not a building of any consequence in the neighborhood. Standing in the square below and looking up to the lofty platform at the summit of the spire the people there are only faintly visible. The scaling of the tower is an excellent test of the lungs and heart, not to mention that of the ambulatory muscles. People possessed of ambition, but lacking in determination, will stop when they have climbed the 382 steps to the platform at the base of the spire; the more energetic and persevering will push upward an additional 168 steps and reach the platform of the octagon; but it will remain for the stout-hearted, with the cry of *Excelsior!* on their lips, to scale the final steps of the 754¹ and reach the circular gallery almost at the apex of the spire, attaining the breathless height of nearly 500 feet. If you achieve this feat you will be rewarded with a marvelous view of the sloping roofs far below, of the Danube coming out of the distance and disappearing into space, of its little tributaries flowing like slender threads through the city and, if the day be very clear, of the tumbling outlines of the far distant Alps.

The cathedral, alas! is a Protestant church, without the color and interest of shrine and image. The stately nave is a lofty one but its vaulting of plaster lacks the majesty of one fashioned in stone. There are many artistic treasures within the church, however. Its high altar of 1521, its carved *sakramentshäuschen* rising to a height of eighty-five feet, a haunt-

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ing symphony in chiseled stone, its fifteenth-century choir stalls, its colossal organ of nearly seven thousand pipes, all are worthy of their setting.

The Ulmers showed rare civic foresight in converting the



Ulm has converted the retaining wall along the Danube into a promenade. In the middle distance is seen the old defense tower that leans nearly five feet out of perpendicular

top of the Danube's retaining wall into a public promenade. This sturdy bulwark of masonry flanks the river like a military rampart amid the trees and gardens of the riverside houses and forms, with its parapets, an unrivaled walk for pleasant days. On one side the swift current of the river

Rich Metropoli of the Past

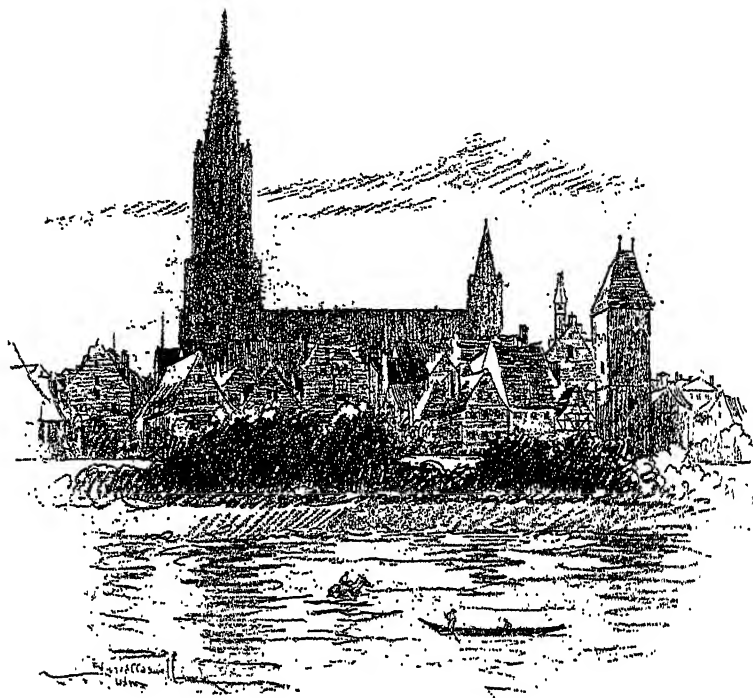
within its grassy bank; on the other, across the greenery of their gardens, the houses which edge the city, steep-roofed, and gabled, bearing the impress of time. In their midst rises the Metzgerthurm, a grizzled old defense tower, leaning like that of Pisa, nearly five feet out of the perpendicular. Commanding so strategic a view, this promenade lures the indolent at all hours of the day and the more industrious late in the afternoon, offering at all times a panorama of action.

On the opposite side of the town, far from the river's edge, a sector of the old town walls remain and on it, in curious fashion, tiny houses have been built, as though land in the neighborhood was a costly article. These are cottages of the working folk, survivors of earlier days when the top of a rampart was a good place of residence.

During our stay in Ulm the artist discovered a photograph of the city showing the cathedral rising over the city with the river in the foreground. The composition being so excellent he insisted on making a sketch of the town from a similar angle. One hot afternoon we set out on a tour of exploration to find the point of vantage from which this photograph was taken. When we had tramped the city from end to end and were half dead with fatigue, we decided to cross the old bridge over the Danube and try the view from the Bavarian shore. This brought us to the magic spot, to the great satisfaction of the artist. Tired after our long quest we flung ourselves on the shore and gave ourselves up to the enjoyment of the scene before us. Late afternoon had come, the work day was almost over and along the gently rising bank of the river groups of people here and there were amusing themselves. A flock of geese waddled along, taking occasional fright at the passers-by but settling down again to their aimless wanderings when the danger had passed, clacking to each other their observations on the turmoil of this nervous world. Down the river a number of youths were bathing; plunging into the swirling stream, they were carried by the sweep of the waters to the other side. Women and children, at gossip and play, loitered by the waterside. By and by a

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decrepit wagon drove up to the river's edge and, coming to a halt, its youthful driver disengaged himself from the seat and proceeded to unhitch the horse. Mounting the back of his steed, the venturesome lad led him into the stream. The



The majestic spire of the cathedral of Ulm is most impressive when it is seen from the Bavarian shore of the Danube

horse picked his way slowly but, urged on by his rider, finally reached deep water. There, the swift current swept his feet from under him, and he and his cargo, paddling towards the center of the river, were carried downstream toward the arches of the old bridge which spans the Danube some distance below. Before reaching the bridge, however, the horse

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grounded and was driven ashore; then led back to the starting point to repeat the performance. By this time, attracted by an undertaking so momentous, groups of people had assembled at the riverside and on the bridge to watch developments. It was evidently the intention of the lad to navigate his amphibious charger down the middle of the river and through an arch of the bridge, a nice feat in the



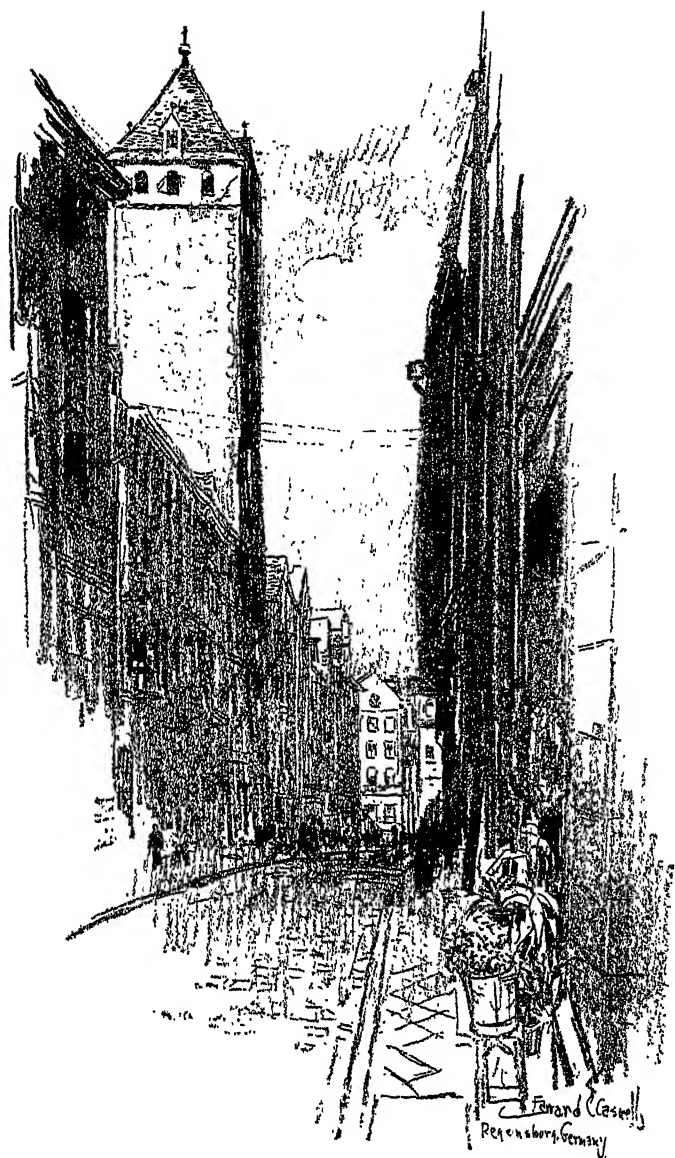
swiftly moving current and one not without danger to horse and rider. But the boy, failing to achieve his objective in the first attempts, missed his opportunity altogether. For, just as he was embarking on his journey for the third or fourth time, a constable hurried along the shore and with much expostulation ordered the intrepid youth to abandon his enterprise. The arm of the law gloriously prevailed. The crest-fallen horseman returned to the shore, hitched his charger once more to the wagon and drove off, leaving the nondescript crowd deep in gossip over this stirring occur-

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rence. The artist likewise resumed his work and before dusk he had recorded on his tablet the profile of the city, with the Danube flowing in the foreground, the promenade wall, the row of gabled houses and the mighty cathedral, which rises over all like a monster protecting the city's destinies.

In the annals of German song and story Ulm is remarkable for being the place in which the *meistersinger* persisted longer than in any other town, his ancient craft lingering into the lap of modern times. This line of artisan-minstrels followed long after the knightly *minnesingers*, those lyric poets of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, who sung at the courts, of love, of the spring and of valorous deeds. The *meistersingers* were organized into guilds and, as a trade, practised the art of composing lyric poetry and singing in the cities, rendering songs which were without the simple impulsive tenderness of the early *minnesingers* but reflected the pious disposition and blunt good sense of the burghers. The *meistersingers* flourished in southern Germany, chiefly: first in Mayence where their formal, poetic glorification of woman marked the transition from the troubadour to the city minstrel; then later in Strassburg, Ulm and particularly in Nuremberg where, under Hans Sachs, the cobbler-poet, they attained the height of their fame. This form of minstrelsy played an important part in the life of the German towns during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, the *meistersingers* preserving, without text or notes, the traditional lore of their craft. While the *meistergesang* reached its culmination in the sixteenth century and can hardly be said to have outlived the seventeenth, yet in Ulm twelve of these indomitable singers were alive and pursuing their art in 1830. Nine years later, however, the four survivors formally transferred their insignia and guild property to a modern singing society and thus wrote the closing chapter of the *meistergesang* in Germany.

Regensburg was slightly east of our line of march, but we included it in our itinerary in order to catch a glimpse of the strange defense towers which rise from its old



In spite of Regensburg's former eminence in the early world of commerce and art, it has none of the architectural brilliance of the sister cities of Bavaria. It was distinguished by its high residential defense towers, a few of which remain

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patrician houses. Nowhere else in Germany, and rarely in other lands, have these domestic campaniles been preserved.

In the early Middle Ages Regensburg occupied as relatively an important place in the history of industrial art, particularly for the Romanesque period, as Nuremberg enjoyed in a later epoch. In those times it was one of the most flourishing and populous cities of southern Germany and the focus from which Christianity spread over the adjacent country. An early Celtic settlement here was known as Radespona, or, in Latin, Ratisbona, giving it its present English name of Ratisbon, which the Romans subsequently made their chief center of power on the upper Danube. In the seventh century an abbey was founded here, a century later the bishopric was established, and in 1245 it became a free city of the empire, its commercial importance so increasing that it became the chief seat of trade with India and the Levant. During this period the boatmen of Regensburg appear in sacred history as facilitating the Crusaders on their journeys down the Danube. Such are the historical roots of Regensburg.



In spite of the city's eminence in the early world of commerce and art, it has none of the architectural brilliance of its sister cities of Bavaria. It is drab in appearance and lacks the gaiety of demeanor which distinguishes other Bavarian towns. Save for a number of venerable churches, public buildings and a few narrow lanes, there is little singularity in its streets and even the bright-hued flowers displayed so lavishly by the householders of other cities are absent here. Owing to shifting of the trade routes, Regensburg, even before the Reformation, lost its commercial importance and it is likely that because of this the artistic splendors of the Renaissance failed to find their fruition here as they did in

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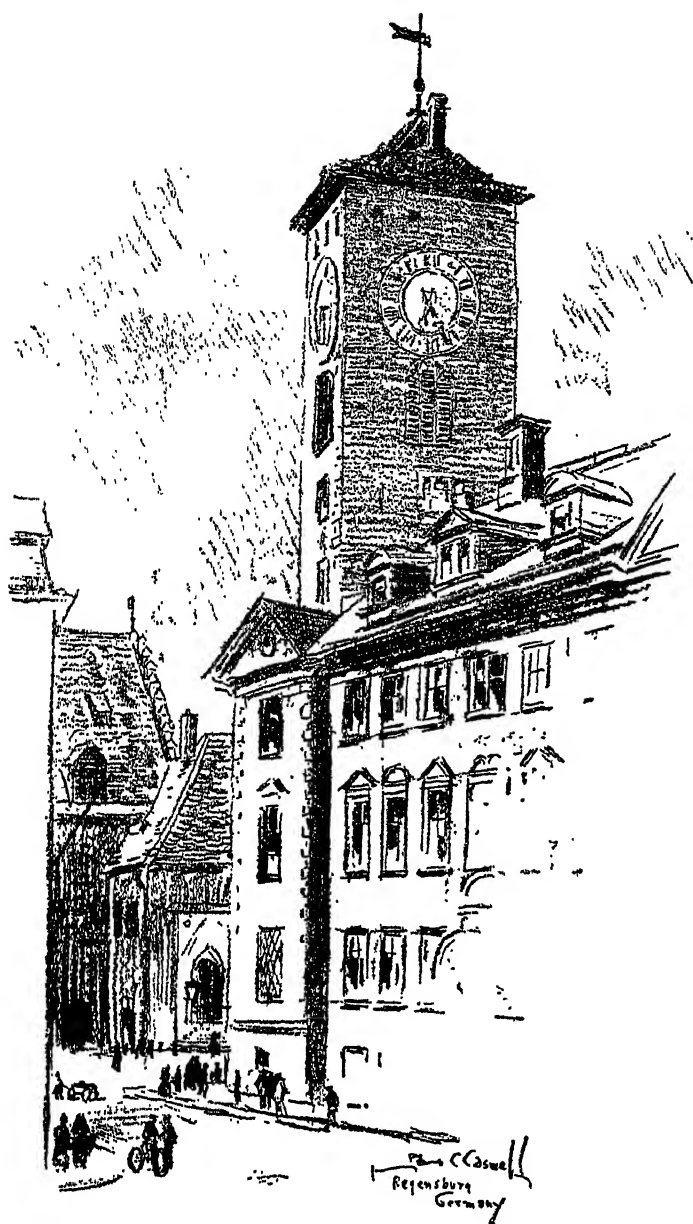
other towns which increased in wealth and power during that period. But Regensburg has strong competition in its neighboring cities and if it fails to qualify as a picture town it is, perhaps, because of the lustrous qualities of its neighbors as much as the paucity of its own treasures. Even its defense towers are few in number, but such as there are they give to Regensburg its greatest individuality. In San Gimignano, in Italy, and in a small town on the Riviera alone these campaniles have survived the centuries.



In those far-off days when every man's hand, among the rich and powerful, was against his neighbor these tall, loop-holed towers of heavy masonry were built as a part of the patrician mansions and to some of them private chapels were added. So fortified, they could withstand a siege of long duration and not only give protection to their owners, but could provide the city with a system of interior defense and storehouses for treasure. To-day the few that remain rear their heads high above their environment, of no value in this prosaic age

save as milestones in the progress of military architecture and in the justice administered by man.

Regensburg, like its sister cities, is endowed with a cathedral which, though relatively small, is the chief Gothic edifice in Bavaria. It was begun in 1275 and was three centuries in building, its vaunting steeples like those of Cologne and Ulm not being erected until modern times. Several other time-honored churches and the oldest abbey in Germany, dating from the early Middle Ages, are woven into the fabric of the town, but none of them had, to us, the interest of the Schottenkirche which, built in the eleven hundreds, derives its name from the monastery of Scotch-Irish Benedictine monks, "*Scoti*," to which it was attached. Its principal



The time-worn Rathaus of Regensburg vividly evokes the spirit of medieval days

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doorway is embellished with grotesque sculptures of men and animals symbolic, seemingly, of the redemption of souls from Satan; and above are figures of Christ and the Apostles, ready, perhaps, for all emergencies.

The most picturesque building is the old Rathaus with its fine Gothic façade, steep-pitched roof, graceful portal, exquisite oriel and colorful clock tower. It is historically important too, for here the imperial diet of the empire met from 1663 to 1806 and when in session it was the custom of the emperor to stand in the oriel window and show himself to the people assembled in the tiny square below.

The finest view of medieval Regensburg is seen from one of the islands in the Danube, lying opposite the city. In the foreground is the patriarchal stone bridge erected in 1135 which leaps the river in sixteen graceful arches. This was greatly admired in the Middle Ages. Astride the roadway of the bridge stands a medieval clock tower flanked on either side by sturdy steep-roofed buildings; and, rising in the background, looms the Gothic cathedral, its lacy spires thrusting themselves far overhead. The ramparts of Regensburg have disappeared along with other obsolescences of a perverse generation and only a tower or two remain as a symbol of former civic strength. Their place has been taken by shaded promenades and alluring gardens so that the worthy burghers of today, on warm summer evenings, may escape from their narrow streets into the greenery of the esplanade. The German likes his open air and the promenades which contribute so much to his enjoyment of it. During the warm days of summer he has a curious habit of shaving his head and, with a happy disregard of the appearance of cranial bumps and wrinkles, enjoys its resultant comfort. When walking in the



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streets he usually carries his hat in his hand or hangs it on a clip attached to his waistcoat so that he is quite unencumbered by headgear. This flaunting of convention seems an excellent idea, but for my part I decided that, before adopting this coiffure, I should have an X-ray taken of my head in order to see how, denuded of hair, I would appear before the world. Having viewed thousands of heads rampant with nudity, at no time was I tempted, it must be confessed, to adopt the German method of summer hairdressing.

Crowning a tree-clad promontory on the Danube, six or seven miles from Regensburg, Germany has established its Hall of Fame. Out in the open country high above the river and far from the haunts of men, King Ludwig I of Bavaria erected this impressive Greek Temple dedicated to the men of the empire who have made history. The Walhalla, as it is appropriately called, is a reproduction of the Parthenon, built of unpolished marble, and from the river you ascend to it over a stately marble staircase. Within its hall of gold and colored marble repose the busts of Germany's illustrious dead through all the ages. More than one hundred of these memorials record the achievements of the makers of history in the Fatherland; with them are sixty-one marble tablets dedicated to those of whom no portraits can be found, and a scant three to the memory of men whose names even are unknown but whose achievements have placed them among the immortals. One of these three, impressive in its simple tribute, is inscribed: "To the Unknown, the Architect of Cologne Cathedral." Wagner, strangely enough, has never found a place in this gallery of the great because of his supposed malign influence over the mad King Ludwig.

Because of its superb isolation and the purity of its marble, the temple of Walhalla is visible for miles over the wide Bavarian plain. Standing amid the Doric columns of its platform, a vast panorama spreads itself before you, stretching into the great distance until the green earth melts into the blue horizon. On days of high visibility the Alps can be seen thrusting their tops faintly above the skyline. Below, through the limitless floor of the plain, a checker-

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board of farms, flows the rushing Danube, appearing, as it winds in the great distance, like a sluggish stream. And by its side the road, marked by symmetrical rows of trees, leads over the countryside and across the border to distant Vienna.



VII. PICTURE TOWNS OF BAVARIA



IN the ancient kingdom of Franconia, now a part of northern Bavaria, there lies, within a radius of twenty-five or thirty miles, a group of ancient walled towns, probably the most picturesque in Europe. Of these four cities, Nuremberg, Rothenburg, Dinkelsbühl and Nördlingen, one of them — Rothenburg — is, without doubt, the least spoiled medieval city on the Continent. The charm of these cities lies not so much in their situation or in the mere age of their buildings or yet in their historic associations. Other cities in Europe are more romantically set, possess buildings of greater antiquity, occupy a more eminent place in the annals of history. The distinguishing features of these Bavarian towns are, rather, a mellow beauty as distinguished from great splendor, a quaintness of architectural design, a color and gaiety of building and street that is the embodiment of the artistic expression of the Middle Ages.

The largest of this illustrious group is Nuremberg. It is a full-fledged city and has been for centuries. The others are provincial communities in spite of the fact that they were all free imperial cities of the empire enjoying the privileges of independent states. In the Middle Ages, Nuremberg occupied an important place in the artistic and commercial world. At the beginning of the sixteenth century it was, like Augsburg, one of the principal marts of trade between Germany, Venice and the East. During the long period of its ascendancy the artistic development of the city was accelerated by some

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of the greatest masters of stone sculpture, wood carving and brass founding; in painting and engraving a brilliant galaxy of artists contributed to its glory, the most illustrious of whom was Albrecht Dürer, born there in 1471; and in the artistic handicrafts — cabinets, pottery, iron work and goldsmithing — a half dozen men vied with the greatest of their



The loitering stream, which flows through Nuremberg with every attribute of leisure, creates pictures of rare enchantment

time. Nuremberg was a seat of learning too, and took an active part in the Reformation.

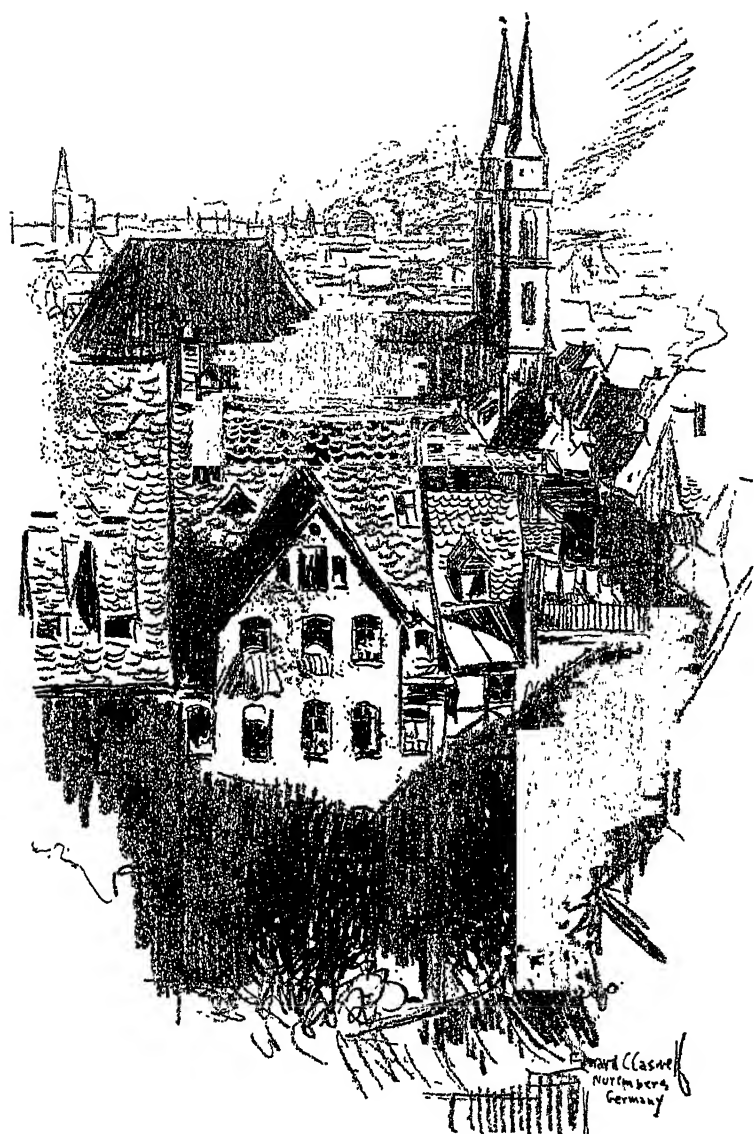
Today, old Nuremberg, as distinguished from the newer city which, with a singular lack of obtrusion, surrounds it, is instinct with the atmosphere of its brilliant past. Everywhere you turn the beauty and harmony of its earlier life expresses itself in church, in patrician house, in artisan dwelling, in sculptured fountain and in city wall. From 1127, when it

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successfully defended its liberties against the troops of the Emperor, until 1806, when it became a part of the Kingdom of Bavaria, Nuremberg succeeded in maintaining its independence. Throughout this long epoch the patrician families held the reins of government, though occasionally the artisans got the upper hand. The guilds, strongly knit together and exercising a tight control over their members, wielded no small influence in the affairs of the city.

Once you leave the main thoroughfares of Nuremberg the hands of time turn backward to the Middle Ages. Almost every street offers vistas of old, gabled, red-roofed buildings enlivened with the bloom of growing plants. It is amazing, in the Bavarian cities, how universal is the love of flowers. Here they adorn the windows of almost every house. Even the modest dwellings of the townsfolk display in their windows pots of gaily flowering geraniums and fuchsias which, in their exuberance of color, seem to call a greeting to the passer-by. The loitering stream which flows through the town with every attribute of leisure, in benevolent conspiracy with old bridges, gabled houses, door-yard gardens, flowered balconies and city walls, creates pictures of rare enchantment. Although modern buildings have elbowed their way among the patriarchs and present-day commerce has struck discordant notes, an ordinance now compels the disturber of things as they were to make the new buildings conform to the style of the old. During the last fifty years, the city has grown from more than eighty thousand to nearly four hundred thousand people, and therefore it is to be wondered at that so much of the old remains untouched. The new quarter of fine residences, hotels and public buildings is, for the most part, outside the walls of Alt-Nürnberg and, to the casual observer at least, never seems to become a part of it. Shut out by rampart and moat, it is like a city apart, and the visitor is scarcely conscious of its existence.

The massive walls, which once completely encircled the city, rose to a height of more than twenty feet, measured nearly five yards across and were dominated at intervals by huge square towers. With the invention of gunpowder, these



The terrace of the castle at Nuremberg commands what is almost a bird's-eye view of the city and from it the red, peaked roofs stretch away down the slope in serried ranks, punctuated, here and there, by spire and tower

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fortifications were strengthened by circular forts manned with cannon. To add to the discomfort of the enemy, a great, dry moat thirty feet deep and ninety feet wide paralleled the bulwarks. Along the covered gallery of these ramparts the visitor may walk, for only in places have they been removed and the moat filled in to suit the convenience of modern traffic. The gigantic moat, where it still exists, is now a grassy sward serving in part the utilitarian purpose of truck garden and orchard. Emerging from this wall, in the upper reaches of the city, rise the remains of the ancient castle, a fief of the early Hohenzollerns, occupied by Emperors Conrad III and Frederick Barbarossa and so beloved of Charles IV that, in his Golden Bull of 1356, he decreed that every succeeding emperor should hold his first diet in Nuremberg. In the Pentagonal Tower of the castle dating from the eleventh century, you may take the measure of man's inhumanity, for in the torture chamber are displayed gruesome instruments used in those days, including a copy of the "Iron Maiden," a hollow figure studded with iron spikes into which the victims were thrust to be slowly impaled as the sides of the figure almost imperceptibly came together.

The terrace of the castle commands what is almost a bird's-eye view of the city and from it the red, peaked roofs stretch away down the slope in serried ranks, punctuated, here and there, by spire and tower. Atop these steep-pitched roofs are regiments of ruddy chimney pots, some of which, I feel sure, have been smoking with the fires of the Nurembergers since before Columbus discovered America.

The market folk have seized a lordly spot in which to hold their morning event. There are in Germany few more effective squares than the Hauptmarkt over which, in the warm summer days, these animated merchants of both sexes set up their awnings and huge striped umbrellas and display their wares. From one side of the square rises the exquisite Liebfrauenkirche, a Gothic church of the fourteenth century, its façade rich in sculptured detail, its outline softened with graceful pinnacles. In the center is the Neptune Fountain, a copy of the original completed in 1669 but never erected in

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Nuremberg; it was sold in 1797 and set up in the Peterhof near Leningrad. Here also is the so-called Schöner Brunnen erected before the year 1400, a superb Gothic pyramid of

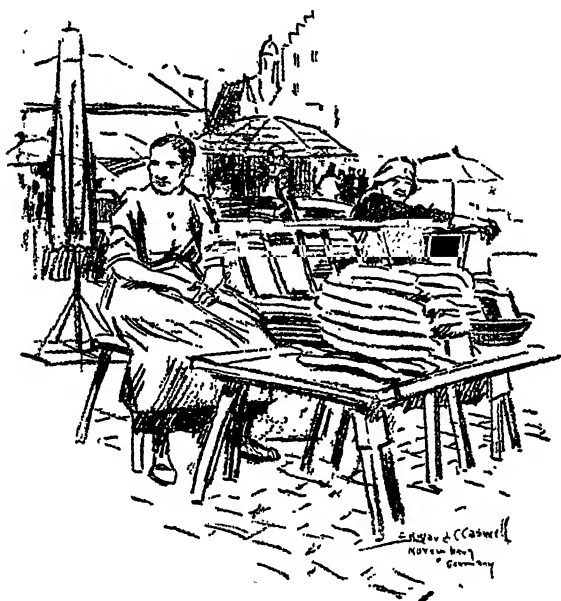


In the market, merchants of both sexes set up their awnings and huge striped umbrellas and display their wares

sculptured stone adorned with figures of the seven electors of Germany and the nine heroes of Christian, Jewish and pagan history. Flanking the square are buildings in which

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retail and wholesale trade has been carried on for centuries. This market apparently is one of specialists, no trader exhibiting any great variety of wares, and it is well feminized, for women are almost exclusively the sellers. At separate stalls grain, vegetables, eggs, cheese, fruits, poultry, and other edibles are sold, and massed about the Neptune Fountain are great banks of flowers to satisfy the demand of the



householders for the decoration they so lavishly use. We were much intrigued by the market folk who, while disposing of their merchandise, gossiped with their customers and neighbors. Young and old alike, they were types to record, and the artist, a supreme opportunist, took full advantage of the occasion. Concealing himself behind any obstacle that presented itself, including my own not too meager form, he sketched them in rapid pencil strokes as they chatted and sold or sat at ease surveying the moving panorama, all unconscious that they were being sketched to illustrate this

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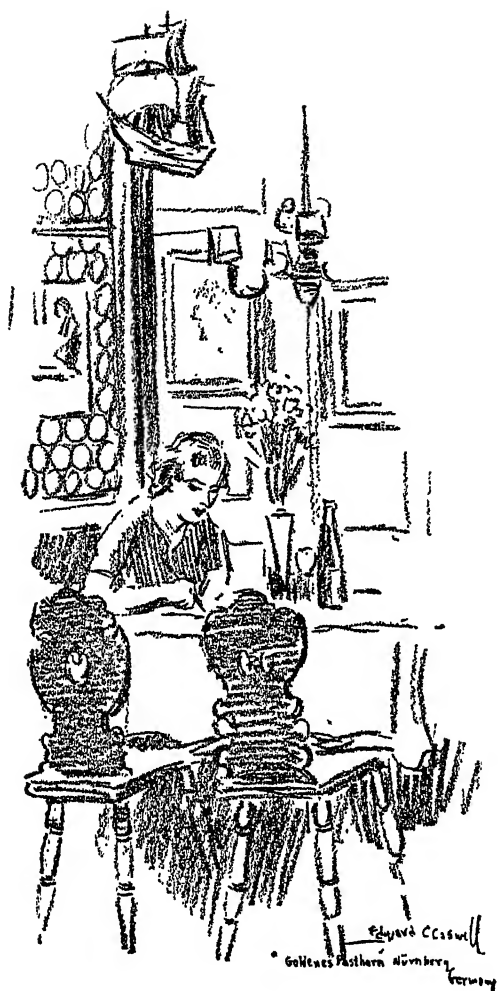
book. Equally shameless was I in the use of my camera, as I stole upon them unawares or, pretending to be engrossed in another direction, I would watch my quarry out of the corner of my eye and, as they rose to wait on a customer or were deep in gossip, I would swing my camera into range and, before they knew it, record them on my film. I was egged on to this wretched performance by the intriguing artist who coveted my photographs for their record of his models from which to put the finishing touches on his own pictures in case his unsuspecting subjects moved away or discovered his ne-

farious designs and shifted their positions before he had completed their portraiture.

In a nearby square adjoining the venerable Rathaus, is an old restaurant with leaded windows which maintains itself in the spirit of former times. We were attracted to it because of its exterior demeanor; it occupies a house which might have been the headquarters of one of the smaller guilds.

We found its interior in complete harmony with the outside aspect, dark paneled walls, huge smoke-blackened beams, heavy oak tables and long benches set against the walls. Hanging from the ceiling were ship models and chandeliers and other relics of the past, and the walls were adorned with old prints and strange mementoes collected by generations of proprietors. This inn has been a hostelry since 1495 and in proof of its long and honorable career, our host showed us a time-worn register of people and events, a huge tome which set forth its unbroken line of proprietors during the centuries. Of such stuff is Alt-Nürnberg made.





*The inn near the Rathaus in Nuremberg has been a hostelry
since 1495*

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Of toys and metal ware, lead pencils and beer, in the manufacture of which Nuremberg is famous, you see nothing at all with the exception, of course, of the quaffing of beer, which flows freely everywhere in the new Republic, just as it did in the old Empire. Nuremberg is the chief commercial and manufacturing city of southern Germany, but to the visitor this is never manifest. In all the times I have been there, I have seen no evidence of the many mercantile activities that undoubtedly flourish. Presumably these worthy but unattractive enterprises cling to the outskirts of the newer



town and are found only by the diligent seeker after materialistic things. But of old churches and public buildings, of patrician houses resplendent in the glory of the Renaissance, of museums, of houses of the immortals, such as those of Dürer, the many-sided master, and of Hans Sachs, poet, *meistersinger* and cobbler, of fountains and courtyards and painted dwellings there are not a few. They will keep you occupied and happy by their enchantment, and when you have gone your way they will leave an indelible impress on your memory. This magic sorcery had laid its hand on us, but

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the call of Rothenburg from over the hills broke the spell and, reluctantly, we responded, only to become enmeshed in the web of an even subtler charm.

Of Rothenburg it is difficult for me to write. So perfect is its picturesqueness and so poignant its homespun beauty, that the greatest restraint is necessary in avoiding the extravagant use of superlatives. Rothenburg is, all things considered, the most exquisite gem in Europe's diadem of medieval cities. It is a flawless picture of the Middle Ages.

As if in a deliberate attempt to keep modernization away from this city of the centuries and maintain its serenity, the railroad station is situated fully a mile away. As you make your approach along the highroad, before you rises a covered rampart over which are seen the pointed towers and gabled houses of the city. You enter by the strangest of gates, the very embodiment of the days of chivalry. First there is a toll gate, then a moat, followed by an arched bastion, then another moat and finally a tall gate tower. Since nothing frowns in Rothenburg, these gates are mellow and colorful and inviting. The umbrous rampart of the city, the dark red of its roof and tower and of the houses enclosed within it, give an air of genial warmth. Indeed, this color and gaiety of demeanor is characteristic of the city, which derives its name from the castle of red sandstone which first stood watch over the city. Rothenburg, in English, means Red Castle. The ruddy sandstone found in the neighborhood has been used in walls and houses and gives its predominant color to the city.

Pursuing your way through the gate and on towards the market-place, you presently come to an old street fountain enlivened with flowers and then to a high gateway with bastion and clock tower which served as prison and jailer's house until 1730, a relic of the earliest walls pulled down in the thirteenth century when the town extended only to these limits. Rows of red-roofed gabled houses of plaster and half-timber, glowing with vines and flowered plants, rise on either hand. At length, having passed under the second arch-



*Gilded clock towers of venerable gateways in Rothenburg
terminate thoroughfares which are faultless sets for a medieval
opera*

Picture Towns of Bavaria

the focus of its being. Within this historic square the stirring events of the town's history took place. Here homage was done to many emperors from Conrad and the great Frederick Barbarossa in the twelfth century to Gustavus Adolphus in 1633; here an Imperial Diet was held at which Holstein was given by the Emperor to Christian of Denmark; here were the headquarters of the Peasants' Rebellion at the beginning of the Reformation; and here Tilly, the commander of the Imperial Catholic Army, was received as conqueror.

One side of the square is occupied by the Rathaus, the older part of which was erected in 1250. The front portion was destroyed by fire in 1501 and seventy-five years later was replaced by the beautiful Renaissance structure which graces it today. On the adjoining side stands the old Rats-trinkstube, or Drinking Hall, built in 1466 and now doing duty as the post office. Associated with this building was the most famous event in the history of the town.

Rothenburg had early espoused the cause of the Reformation and, in the Thirty Years' War, lay in the path of the Catholic forces under their famous commander, Tilly. Although the burghers fought with magnificent bravery, Tilly captured the city. His leaders demanded its destruction, but the women and children, it is said, clung to his horses' hoofs pleading for mercy. "Let the dogs live," proclaimed the commander. The burgomaster and councilors, however, were immediately condemned to death. Some delay occurred in carrying out this sentence. In the meantime, the Emperors' huge goblet, filled with old vintages, was brought forth to regale the victorious generals. Under its mellowing influence, Tilly's good nature so increased that he promised to spare the city if one of the senators could empty in a single draught the huge goblet before him. Burgomaster Nusch, undaunted by its three and a half quarts, stepped forward to make the attempt. He drew a long breath, and with one mighty ingurgitation the wine disappeared, and the town was saved.

In commemoration of this robust achievement, there is performed by mechanical figures each day at noon the mem-

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orable drama of the *meistertrunk*. The locale of the play is high up on the gabled wall of the Drinking Hall where two leaded glass windows appear. In the square below a great



assemblage gathers to watch the figures perform. A hush of expectancy overspreads the scene as a clock in a nearby church chimes the hour. The windows fly open and there appears in one the figure of General Tilly in repose and in the other

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that of Burgomaster Nusch grasping the illustrious goblet. The head of the burgomaster goes slowly back, the great mug is raised to his lips and drained to its dregs, to the satisfaction of the general who never takes his eyes from the performer. Then the goblet is lowered once more, the windows snap back in place, and the figures retire to repose in seclusion until the following day.



Every Whit-Monday since 1881 the drama of the siege of Tilly's forces is enacted by the townsfolk, the besieging army, the city's defenders, the generals, burgomaster and senators all clad in the costume of the period. How much of this romantic story of the redemption of the city is fact and how much is legend it is difficult to say. A few years ago, the ancient minute book kept by the town clerk of the period

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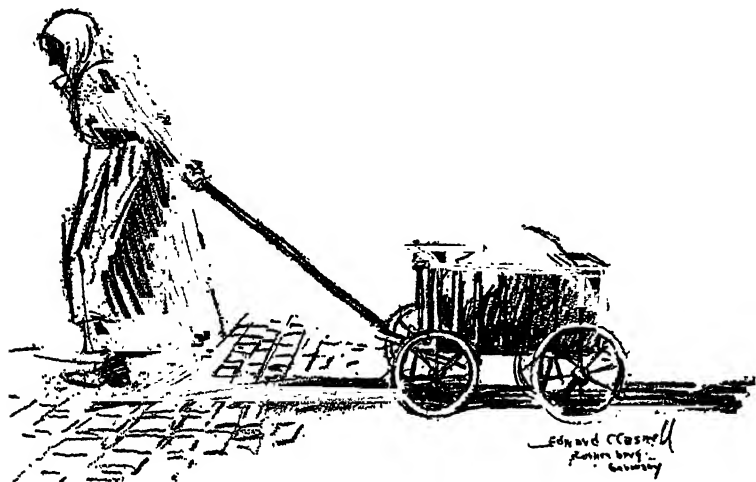
suddenly appeared in Munich and was offered for sale by an antiquarian bookseller. The proprietor of the principal hotel in Rothenburg, a collector himself, quickly seized this prize and it now reposes in a glass case in his hostelry. He is authority for the statement to us that the episode of the *meistertrunk* is chronicled in the pages of this contemporary volume substantially as it is told here and as it is generally believed. Whether the clerk of the city was guilty of romancing for the benefit of posterity is not known, but if the truth has been accurately recorded, then the burgomaster who drank almost a gallon of wine in a single gulp is entitled to the glory of being the savior of his city.

The galleried walls which offered such stout resistance to the Imperial Army stand today almost exactly as they did at that time. Save for a few short gaps where the top has crumbled away they completely surround the irregular contour of the city. The pavement on the top is rough and worn, for the watchmen of the guard in times of peace, and the stout defenders in periods of conflict, have left their indelible mark. The weather-beaten roof supported by timbers that are mossy and deeply seared is doing duty today, softened into a thing of mellow beauty by the processes of time. The covered promenade on top of the wall is protected on the outside by a parapet in which occasional loopholes appear and in places towers and immense bastions. Stairways from within rise to the gallery through trap doors. Here and there houses have been built against the ramparts, and the towers which defend the corners are occupied as living quarters. From the summit of the wall stretch away cohorts of sharply pitched roofs, set at every angle. Mossy and weatherbeaten, they blend in every shade of red, brown, and gray. Directly below, the yards of the houses close by are given over to household industries, such as the washing of clothes, or have been converted into miniature barnyards convenient of access to the owner but undeniably lacking in the qualities of hygiene. Through the loopholes in the walls you look out upon open country and thriving farms. Wheat is harvested almost at your feet. Rothenburg, you see, has

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not increased its population in centuries, and the boundaries of the old town provide sufficient room for its citizenry today.

There is hardly a street or a corner in Rothenburg that does not reflect the picturesqueness of a bygone century. Graceful old fountains and the gilded clock towers of venerable gateways contribute to the symphony. Only the people are modern and yet, while clothed in the garb of today, their tasks are performed in all the simplicity of earlier times. Women are seen pushing wheelbarrows of merchandise



through the streets and drawing miniature wagons loaded down with fagots gleaned in the fields and woods. Farming implements are carried to the nearby meadows on the shoulders of the workers, dreamy oxen pull rattling carts and men in caps and work aprons lead horses to their watering troughs. Labor is an honorable occupation in Rothenburg.

Not the least of Rothenburg's charms lies in its striking lack of self-consciousness. In spite of its distinctive loveliness, there is not the slightest evidence of conceit. Nothing appears on dress parade. Everything is allowed to crumble and show the aging hand of time, yet curiously enough, nowhere is there any air of neglect. Every building is put to

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use as though it were not a priceless relic of another epoch. The walls and towers provide homes of security if not of comfort, and the buildings of greatest historic interest are in daily use. Except for a trifling fee required of those who ascend the Rathaus tower and enter its dungeons, admission charges are unknown. You can wander at will and enjoy the treasures so lavishly displayed. And to the multitude of visitors who pass its threshold during the year, the townsfolk pay not the slightest attention but go about their simple tasks oblivious to their presence.



An extraordinary view greets the visitor possessed of enough energy to climb the hundred and ninety odd steps to the summit of the old Rathaus tower, which is entered by a splendid Renaissance portal. From this commanding height, you look down on the city as from an aeroplane, upon orderly ranks of steeply pitched roofs and stalwart shoulders of Gothic churches, upon the circumscribing walls and the unbroken country beyond them, upon the rim of the hill which terminates the city to the west and the slender Tauber which winds its way through the deep, green-carpeted valley. To the south is clearly seen where the earlier town had its end and where the ramparts were stretched out to include a long



Old gate towers, into which picturesque houses of the Middle Ages have been built, are a feature of Rothenburg

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slender strip of land on a spur of the hill occupied, chiefly, by a rambling group of buildings and a huge fortified gateway of four entries constructed in the form of the figure 8. This group comprised a mill, having a set of five millstones worked by sixteen horses, which was built in 1516 to supply the town with flour in times of siege, and the Hospital, a community of buildings erected during the fourteenth, fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, consisting of a hospital, almshouse, poorhouse, parsonage, plague house, brewery, bakery, stables, barns, and gardens. In the Middle Ages the Hospital was an ecclesiastical and social institution endowed with many farms and forests. The citizens of Rothenburg, sensible of its great value to the city, on many occasions besought the Emperor Albrecht to permit its inclusion within the walls. For a long time he refused because of the increased difficulty of defending the town. Finally succumbing to the importunity of the burghers, he exclaimed in exasperation, "Your town already looks like a nightcap — well, this may be the tassel." The ramparts thus were extended to include the grounds of the institution and the addition was dubbed the "Nightcap's Tassel," and to this day it is so called, *kappenzipfel*.

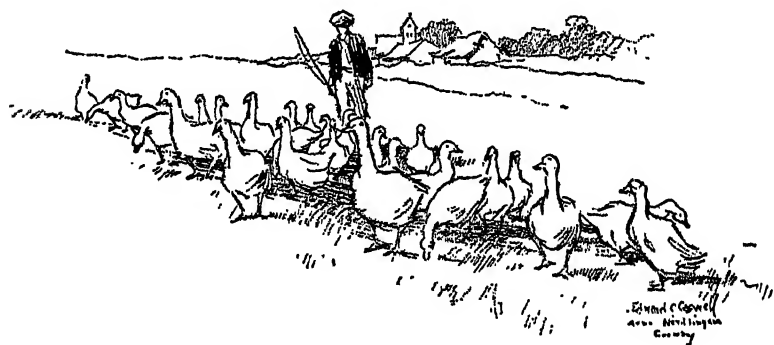
There is abiding beauty in this ruddy town by the Tauber basking under the genial midsummer sun which shines so clearly in this smiling country of Franconia. There are few places where one can be so completely transported from the feverish present to the enchanted realms of past centuries. Never had the magic of any city so woven its charm about us.

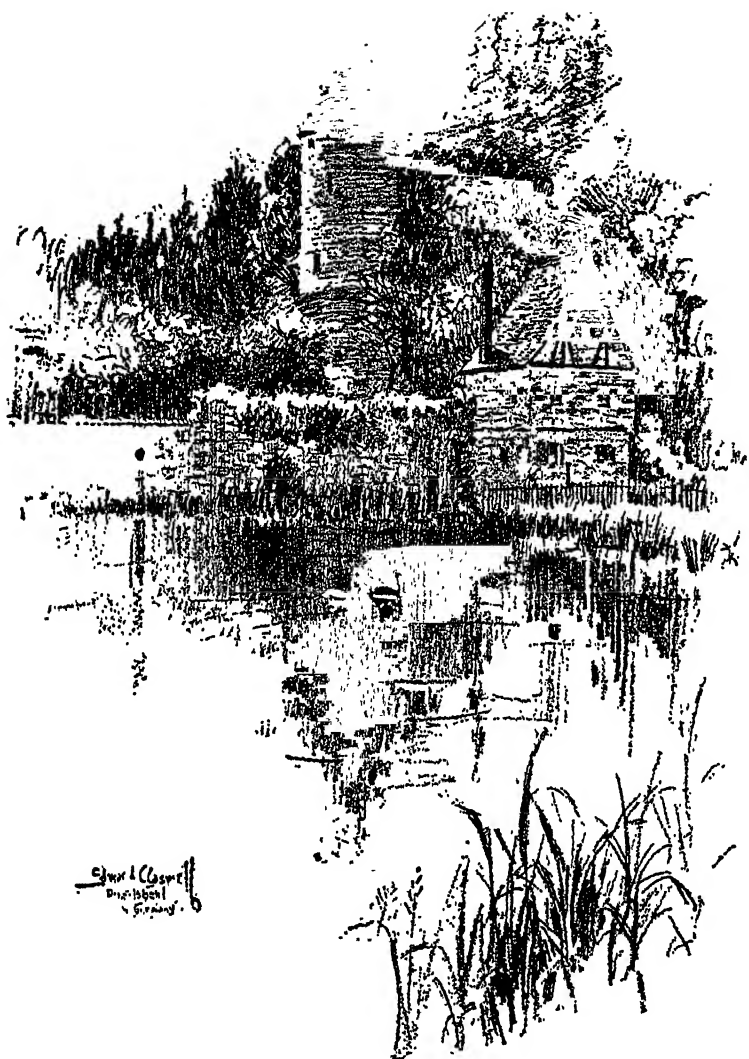
We set forth for Dinkelsbühl under a summer sky across which clouds of fleece drifted lazily. The pleasant rolling country through which we passed glowed under the shimmering rays of the sun which added to the landscape an air of prosperity undoubtedly possessed by it. Comfortable farmhouses sat amid smiling fields and tiny villages squatted in the folds of the undulating hills. The harvest was in full swing and whole families gleaned the wheat and gathered the hay, taking full advantage of the sunny weather. The stalwart women greatly outnumbered the men and their

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bright calico dresses and white kerchiefs gave vivacity to the open meadows. Great flocks of white geese in charge of diminutive gooseherds roamed over the pastures, and we made frequent stops to take close-up pictures of them. As, inconsiderately, we stirred them into unwonted activity, they would waddle off with heads high in the air in pursuit of their leaders, and the gooseherds, drowsing on the grass or standing in idle contemplation, would be galvanized into life. But good-naturedly the boys rounded up their turbulent flocks in order that we might photograph them, wondering at the same time why anyone should want to take pictures of anything so commonplace. As we penetrated well into the country we encountered boys who spoke one of the dialects of the district and did not appear to understand German at all. The coins which they received for their trouble pleased them greatly, for seldom did such unexpected fortune come their way. We hesitated to stop and photograph at close range the gleaners in the fields, for it seemed an unwarranted intrusion but, whenever we mustered up courage to do so, we were regarded with the utmost good nature and treated with courtesy.

After two or three hours of such halting progress, we beheld in the distance the towers of Dinkelsbühl and presently rolled over a moat and under a soaring gate tower into the town. The lunch hour was at hand, and we drew up before

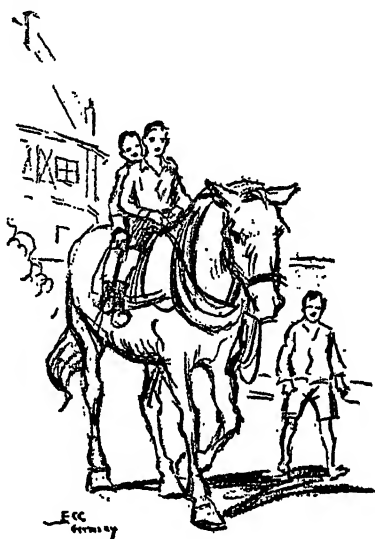




On the unruffled surface of the moat at Dinkelsbühl are reflected the towers which still protect the ancient walls and the swans which glide over it with infinite grace

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the door of the hotel. Tables were spread on the pavement in the open air, within an enclosure of plants and flowers. Before us opened out the principal square, and across the roadway towered the walls of the immense church, the most stupendous building in the city. In the provincial towns of Germany outdoor dining is held in much favor and our patronage was always bestowed upon the inns where we could sit at ease and enjoy our repast in the shaded coolness of the street, watching the desultory life of the hour. The noon hour in Bavaria, be it said, is given over to leisure and rest, and as a rule the public street enjoys a privacy almost as great as that in a private domain. In this instance our view extended over the square to the extremely broad thoroughfare which ran from it to the farther gate of the city. Across this street, which is more like a plaza, the people straggled as they might have done in olden times, ignoring the sidewalks, if indeed there are any to this day.



Dinkelsbühl is a miniature Rothenburg, not so large and hardly so perfect in its display of medieval glory. But that, of course, is little disparagement, for there is but one Rothenburg. In one particular, however, Dinkelsbühl outshines its more perfect rival; it is partly surrounded by a moat, the waters of which are derived from the tiny river Wörnitz which flows sluggishly past the walls. On its unruffled surface are reflected the swans which glide over it with infinite grace and the towers which still protect the ancient walls. Unlike Rothenburg, the city is set in a flat basin, its founders securing protection in its moats and its ramparts. These have

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been so well preserved that you still enter and leave the town under towered gateways which have stood guard for five hundred years.

Along any of the streets of this free imperial city you may glance back through the centuries into the colorful fifteen and sixteen hundreds. They are bounded by gabled and frescoed houses and here and there great half-timber structures rise to a height of six stories. The townsfolk display an out-



ward show of religion, for some of them hang crucifixes over their doorways and one house at least exhibits on its façade a crucifixion figure of heroic size. Driving through the country that morning we had noticed this custom of the rural Bavarians of affixing to their church walls these realistic symbols of their faith. Also, many of the old-time patrician houses conceal, in the rear, courts and finely carved galleries quite unsuspected from the unpretentious street fronts.

The church is quite as singular as the town. It was begun in 1448 and was fifty years in building. The tower rises



Master Dachsbund was sitting on his haunches begging in an attitude that was at once dignified and amusing

Picture Towns of Bavaria

nearly two hundred feet in the air, surmounting an immensely high edifice which is considered the finest Gothic church of its type in southern Germany. Immense windows of clear glass light the interior, and the church, without aisles, is like a vast hall. By the side of the altar stands a marvelously sculptured *sakramentshäuschen*, or receptacle for the host, a feature of many of the Bavarian churches. This Gothic receptacle, a tower of intricate sculptured stone, was wrought in 1498. Yes, Dinkelsbühl is a convincing picture of the remote past.

Our departure from this toy city concerned itself with a dachshund, as Teutonic a canine as ever walked on four short legs. He was a happy little dog and, with his sleek black and brown coat and his engaging manner of friendliness, was a personage to be recorded on my camera film for the later use of the artist. Accordingly, I watched my chance and snapped him as he walked with as much dignity as he could muster around a small cart which his mistress was loading with bags of grain. As we were about to depart, his master arrived and bade us pause while his protégé posed in proper fashion. A moment or two later young Master Dachshund was sitting on his haunches begging in an attitude that was most dignified and, though he did not know it, most amusing. And so we photographed him. Bidding the group good-bye, we strolled down the street to the city gate. As we reached there we were arrested by the sound of hurrying feet and a summons from the dog's mistress. Our picture was going to be such a nice one, she said, would we kindly send her a print when it was developed. Her dog had never before sat for his portrait.

In little more than an hour, through a changing panorama of farm lands, we rolled under an immense gateway which pierced a sturdy rampart, and we were in Nördlingen. We had expected to find a city with the warmth and color of the others, but in this we were disappointed. The streets and houses are drab and gray, redeemed from tiresome monotony by a scattering of time-worn, half-timber houses, steep roofs, and quaint vistas along the slender stream which

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courses through a corner of the town. Evidently the color of the soil is different here and produces masonry of a more somber aspect. Even the roof tiles are not so red and, in many places, give way to slate and other dark materials. The glowing color with which we had been living the previous days would have made any city seem pallid where color and architectural art had not been used with a lavish hand. One feature that held no disappointment was the magnificent city wall. The town, viewed from aloft, appears to describe an almost perfect circle and these ramparts, erected in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries and punctuated at regular intervals by huge gate towers, circumscribe it completely. It seems almost incredible that they have suffered no breach. Even the uncompromising forces of modern commercial progress have been futile against them, although it is only fair to say that this ancient free city has not added to its population from the time of its greatest eminence. There stand the galleried fortifications, almost as perfect as in their prime, distinguished by strange defense towers quite unlike anything in the neighboring cities. Huge, round, lofty bastions surmounted by cupolas, they must have been difficult nuts for any investing force to crack. In the excellence of their preservation, these walls have few equals in Europe.

Nördlingen, for a city of its size, seems strangely deserted. Though its citizenry numbers more than eight thousand the streets are lonely, disturbed by little activity of trade. This may be partly due to its agricultural inhabitants who are engaged in the fields during the day. Or the population of the city may have shrunk from former times so that it fits but ill into the space it occupies. It is true, in any event, that a certain percentage of its inhabitants are farmers who set forth each morning to till the soil and harvest the crops. Their going out and coming in is a strange sight, for they are a singular race of people. It is not clear from whence they came or why they have never become amalgamated with the other inhabitants of the district, but it is evident that they are a people apart, for they are loutish in appearance and seem to deserve their reputation for stupidity. Clad in long



The ramparts which completely surround Nördlingen were erected in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. They are punctuated at regular intervals by huge, round, lofty bastions surmounted by cupolas

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black smocks and low, flat-crowned derby hats, the men present an outlandish sight.

Like every self-respecting town in the ancient land of Franconia, one heritage of Nördlingen is a mighty steepled church. Situated so near the center of the city as almost to be its hub and capping a piece of rising ground, it thrusts its stately tower almost three hundred feet above its environ-



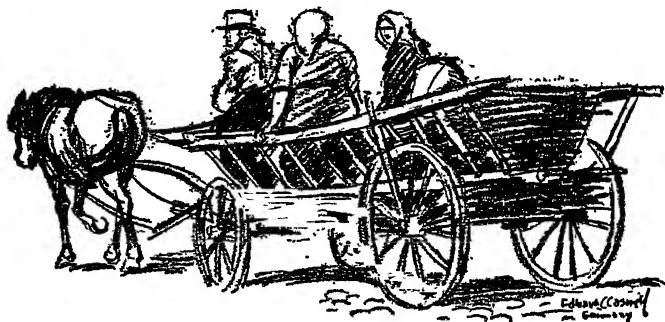
ment. Following an interesting old custom, a night watch is still employed to guard the city. One member of the watch patrols the streets and another stations himself on the lofty platform of the church tower. On the stroke of each hour the watchman below calls to the one above inquiring if all is well, and through the intervening space the reply is given to relieve the anxiety of the one below. This somewhat superfluous ceremony is, in part, a perpetuation of an historical

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celebration. In 1441 the city was saved from invasion by the timely warning of a swineherd that one of the city gates had been left open by a traitor. From that time to this, the watchman in the tower each night repeats the cry by which the swineherd sounded the alarm.

Within this church is one of the finest Crucifixions in Germany. Adjoining the high altar this exquisitely modeled fifteenth-century figure hangs on its cross. The body is sculptured from a single piece of wood and is painted with such startling realism and fidelity to detail as to have every appearance of reality.

Our farewell to Nördlingen was made in the late afternoon. We had entered a shop to make a purchase and while so engaged a bystander, overhearing our conversation, inquired of us from what city of the English-speaking world we came. Our questioner, it developed, was a retired merchant who spent the summer months each year in this, the city of his birth. His home was, he told us, in a suburb of our native city, and indeed he was in the habit of playing golf at the club of which we were members. We had seemed so far removed from the throbbing world that we fancied ourselves in a remote and little visited city completely passed by time, but this episode dispelled our illusions. In these days of swift transportation and universal travel, no city is remote, we realized, and all men are neighbors.



VIII. CITIES THAT ONCE KNEW LUTHER



OWN where the Würzburger flows." This venerable song, conjuring up happier days, kept insistently ringing in our ears. Baedeker was responsible for tickling our memory because he states that "the industrial products of Würzburg include printing machinery and beer." Be that as it may, Würzburg found a place on our itinerary because it was on our way, and we thought it worth the slight delay it would take to investigate its much vaunted flow of beer. In any event, we cannot forgive Baedeker for devoting nearly ten pages of space to this dreary city. Coming from

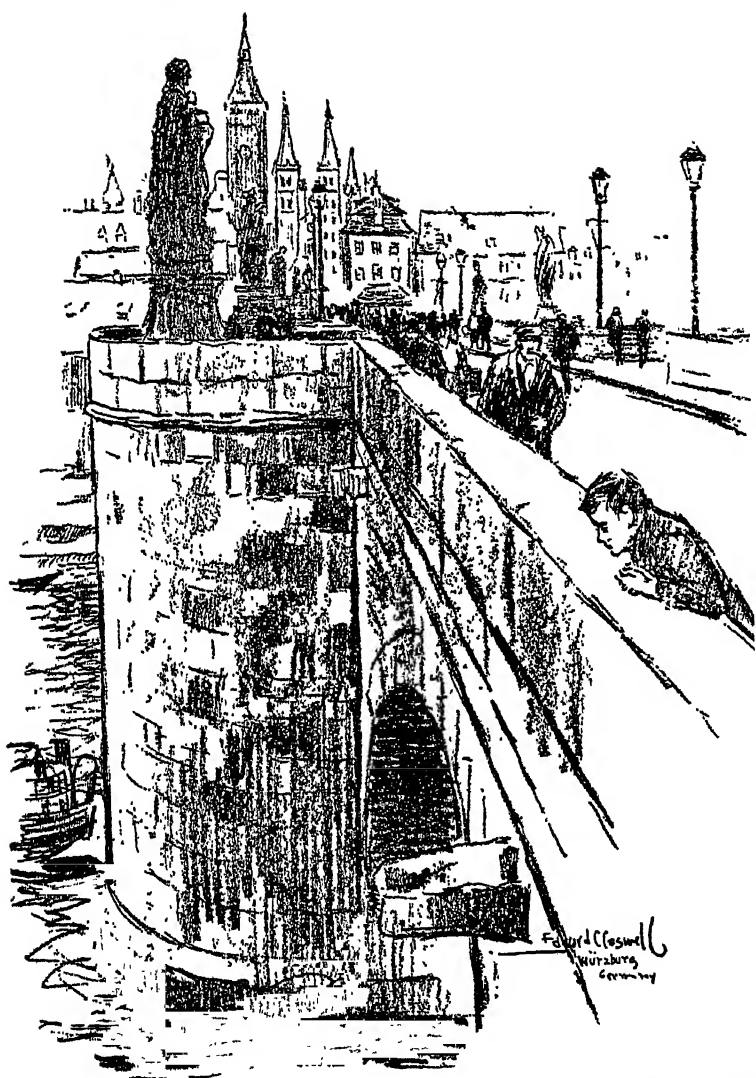
the sparkling towns of the Bavarian hills we found it a startling anti-climax, a city so dull and colorless as to defy enjoyment. It has few picturesque streets and houses, its churches are inartistic, and there appears to be a lack of restaurants and cafés to brighten the cheerless thoroughfares. The cathedral, an uncompromising Romanesque structure, is a jumble of baroque decoration within, and an adjoining church possessed of a baroque sandstone façade projecting above the roof, is full of tawdry statuary. It was a strange passion, that for rococo adornment, which seized the imagination of men when it first came into fashion. In many churches, fine Norman and Gothic interiors were torn away and replaced with baroque decoration. In Würzburg they went to extremes in its use and succeeded in destroying the harmony and beauty which once characterized these time-honored buildings. It is diffi-

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cult to understand taste which would substitute for a style which is graceful and has the dignity of repose one not only out of harmony with the exterior but inherently distracting. The Würzburgers, for all their reputed skill in the art of brewing, cannot be regarded as adepts in architecture.

Würzburg possesses a fine eighteenth-century palace, the former residence of the prince-bishops which, in our eyes, went far to redeem the artistic shortcomings of the churches. The single feature of the city which we consider noteworthy is the old arched bridge over the river Main, adorned by extraordinary statues of heroic size, which line both sides of its roadway. Viewed from either end, these rows of complacent saints standing on their respective balconies are as impressive as they are unusual and are no doubt objects of inspiration to the thousands of people who daily cross this busy artery of traffic. Under the central span of this bridge a concrete sluice carries the main current of the river. In the late afternoon, when the day's work is done, venturesome swimmers make their way through the placid waters of the river edge, climb the concrete coping of the runway and plunge into the impetuous current. In a moment of time they pass under the bridge, fighting to keep on the surface of the water and, hurtling along the mad cataract, are tossed, finally, into the sedate current of the stream. Crowds stand and watch, from under the protection of the saints, these hardy swimmers in their daring pastime.

My happiest recollection of Würzburg is, I must confess, of a little antique shop at one end of this bridge. We discovered it on our first approach to the span and were enticed within by its window display of ancient treasures. Here I found a small Christ figure from an early crucifix which had preserved the integrity of its form for upwards of two hundred years. In the shameless fashion of the collector I bargained for the coveted prize. Not coming to terms, and in any case not wishing to be burdened with a package, we departed, stating that we might return later. We were informed by the girl in charge that if the shop were closed when we came, we might find her in her home opposite. Returning after six,



*The old arched bridge in Würzburg which spans the river Ma
is adorned on both sides by statues of heroic proportions*

Cities that once Knew Luther

we did find the shop closed for the night, but discovered the fair custodian at the window opposite keeping watch for us. In a moment she came, a compromise price was agreed upon and we carried off the prize. This figure, as I write, hangs on my library wall against a background of old velvet, reminding me of the gracefully arched bridge, of the saints that keep watch over it, of the little shop at its threshold and of Würzburg the city of meager beauty.

Our visit to Erfurt, too, was in the nature of an experiment. We had almost been dissuaded from going there for we were told it was merely a dull commercial town, with nothing but a cathedral to offer the traveler. This, perhaps, was true, but the offering, we found, was quite sufficient, for the cathedral is one of the most satisfying in Germany. Besides, this was Luther country; the great reformer spent several studious years in the university and monastery there.

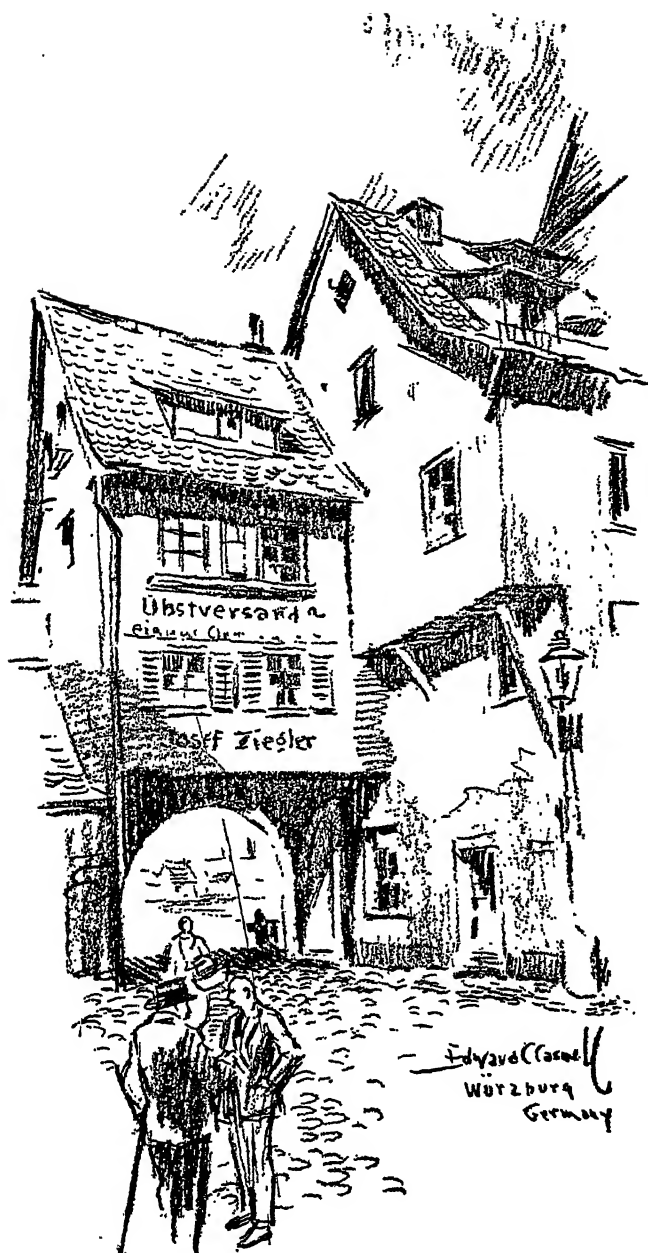
The city itself, which is the largest in Thuringia, really has little of note to attract the visitor. Its modest houses opening upon streets which have never achieved distinction are almost unrelieved. The Gera River encompasses the main part of the city and a tiny arm of it winds through the principal section. Along this hemmed-in waterway are found the few picturesque corners which redeem the others. It is to the parent stream that the city owes its name and, in deed, its existence, for in early times there was a ford here hence the word *furt* in its cognomen.

The cathedral was our objective and to it we made our way. We found it woven into the most striking feature of the city, the Friedrich-Wilhelmsplatz, a vast square which serves the very useful function of market-place. The cathedral, which was begun in 1154, rises from a shoulder of the hill flanking the *platz*, its projecting choir, in all its Gothic beauty, elevated on vaulted stone foundations, which have their root in the plaza below. Thus it virtually overhangs the square. The ascent to the portal is made on a great stone staircase which flanks the vaulted foundations and strikes a note of graceful elegance. You can imagine Luther as a student climbing these stairs, as he afterward ascended the

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Scala Santa in Rome, filled with zeal for the work of the Church. Viewed from across the square, the cathedral stands in impressive majesty, rising from its environment as though its founders, taking eminent pride in their achievement, deliberately elevated it to the gaze of men, as the serpent was raised in the wilderness above the marching hosts of Israel. In setting and architectural splendor it is not surpassed in Germany. Its exterior, marked by tall slender vaulted windows, is highly decorative and vies in beauty and purity with the best in Gothic ecclesiastical architecture. The interior is disappointing, however, because of its relatively small size and its seeming disproportions. The unusually small nave is little larger than the well-dimensioned choir. The absence of aisles is partly responsible for its severity and lack of intrinsic interest. In the middle of the fifteenth century the nave was altered into a late-Gothic Hallenkirche, a church resembling a hall. The partial, and sometimes total, elimination of aisles characterizing this form of structure was a development of North German architecture especially in the Baltic cities of the Hanseatic League. In Erfurt Cathedral not only are the aisles practically absent but the choir, instead of being flanked by radiating chapels, terminates in a straight gable-wall on the order of the most austere Calvinist chapel.

Across the broad flight of steps from the cathedral stands the thirteenth-century church of Severi surmounted by slender pinnacles which pierce the sky. The ensemble makes a most impressive church grouping. Both the cathedral and the church were often attended by Luther during his term of residence there which began when he entered the university in 1501. His father, a miner of Mansfeld in the Harz Mountains, had leased and operated several small ore-smelting furnaces owned by the Count of Mansfeld, and in contrast to his poverty of earlier days was at this time in comfortable circumstances. Martin had exhibited remarkable gifts, so he was sent to school, first with the Franciscans at Magdeburg and later to Eisenach where some of his mother's kindred lived. His father was anxious for him to study law and rise in the world. But in the university library the



The oldest section of Würzburg is found along the waterfront by the river Main

Cities that once Knew Luther

inquiring youth found a Bible, which changed the course of his life. Delving into its truths he resolved to devote himself to the religious life and on completion of his studies at the university entered the Augustine monastery in Erfurt in 1505. Here, it is recorded, he frequently swooned because of the conflicts he fought with his own conscience. As he himself said, he "suffered such great and hellish pain as no tongue could tell and no pen describe." This monastery, now a reformatory and orphanage, contains Luther's cell, but a fire visited this historic building fifty years ago and destroyed nearly every other relic of the reformer.

We arrived in Erfurt on Saturday morning and on reaching the *platz* below the cathedral found ourselves in the middle of the weekly market. It was a throbbing mart of trade where the week's supply of foodstuffs for this very considerable city was offered for sale. The townsfolk thronged the lanes between the open stands and the covered stalls improvised for the occasion, studying the offerings and judging values. Most of them carried baskets on their arms and many of the women appeared with large square wicker containers strapped to their backs in which goodly supplies of provender were carried home. Poultry had every appearance of being a favored article of diet, for an abundance of nicely plucked geese were displayed and coops of chickens and pigeons awaited their doom. The buyers of Erfurt are canny folk and do not, as the saying goes, buy a pig in a poke. On the contrary, they reserve for themselves the liberty of examining the fowls on the hoof, as it were, and so determine their plumpness and edibility. Trap doors are lifted and the squawking or cooing birds are seized and examined with care. If satisfactory to the buyer, the victims are slain on the spot, their decapitation being effected with surprising deftness over a pail designed for this gruesome purpose. The market pulsed with life but it had its full share, if not more, of venerable crones who, giving scant attention to the wares, stood around and gossiped in happy indolence. From the terrace of the cathedral, a broad stone footway encircling the choir, the market spread itself out over the great

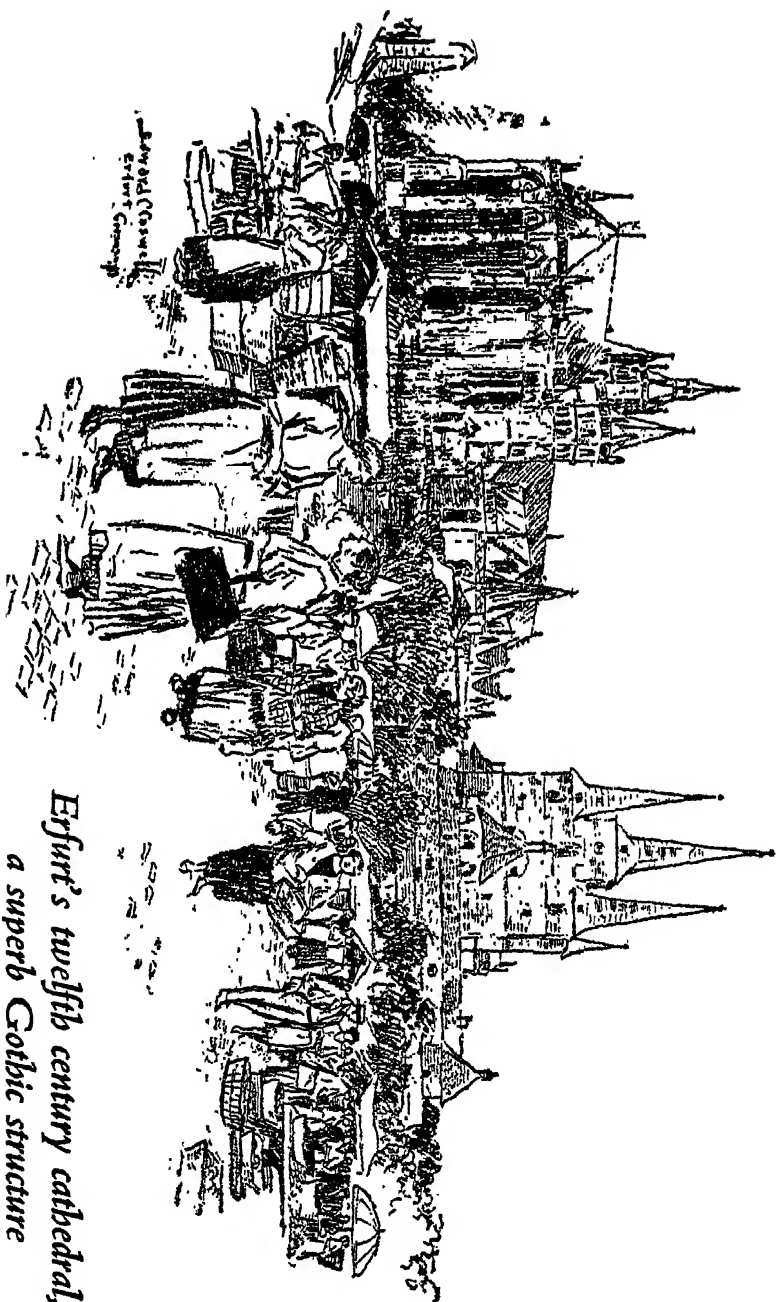
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square. The serried ranks of many-hued flowers, the variegated vegetables, the striped umbrellas and the multi-colored dresses of the market folk had every aspect of a futurist painting.

The most dramatic and momentous event in the long history of Germany was, without doubt, the Reformation and in that cataclysmal movement no German so affected the destinies of mankind as Martin Luther. We therefore came to Eisenach alert with interest, for here the fearless Augustinian monk lived and attended school, and here, in the castle on the mountaintop, he translated the Bible so that men might read for themselves and know its truths.

Eisenach lies in the ancient kingdom of Thuringia, a few hours by rail from Erfurt, on the northwestern margin of the great Thuringian Forest. Surrounding it are prettily wooded slopes and, capping a steep mountain spur overlooking the town, rises the castle, the Wartburg, dating from the end of the eleventh century. The city is not large, but it is amply laid out and, as you enter it from the railway station, gradually unfolds itself along a strip of flat ground following the contour of the sharply ascending hill. Neither is there especial picturesqueness of street nor pronounced suggestion of medievalism. In its long, narrow form, in its mountain environs, and in its general aspect it is not unlike Heidelberg.

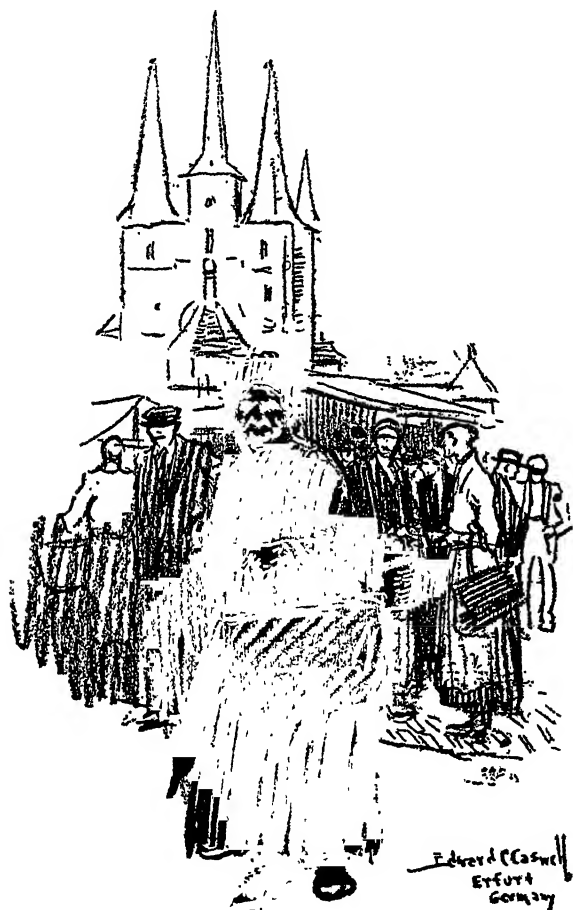
The focus of historic interest is the Markt, a broad stone-paved square in the heart of the city where, in the morning, a lively market is held. On one side stands the former residence of the ruling prince, now occupied by the municipal administration, on another the old Rathaus, and on an island in the center rises the Gothic Market Church. A few steps away from the square, on one side of the Lutherplatz, stands the Lutherhaus, a venerable half-timber house of generous proportions, one of the finer dwellings of its time. Here Luther lived as a lad in the home of his patroness, Frau Ursula Cotta, who took a fancy to him as, with his companions, he sang from house to house begging for his meals. He had come to Eisenach at the age of fifteen as a "poor student" and was taken into a hospice, given a schooling



*Erfurt's twelfth century cathedral,
a superb Gothic structure*

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without cost, and allowed the privilege of begging his bread. For three years, in the home of his benefactress, he



The weekly market in the great square in Erfurt is a throbbing mart of trade

pursued his studies diligently before entering the university at Erfurt. The house, with its decorative gabled façade is, and has been for many years, a *weinstube* but in spite of this

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it has suffered very little alteration. A little cubicle overlooking the side street was Luther's bedroom and, adjoining



Many of the shoppers in Erfurt market appear with large square wicker containers strapped to their backs

it, his modest sitting-room which has been unaltered since the days when he studied and worked there.

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The proprietor evinced great interest in our visit and led us down the time-worn stone steps to the wine cellar, liber-



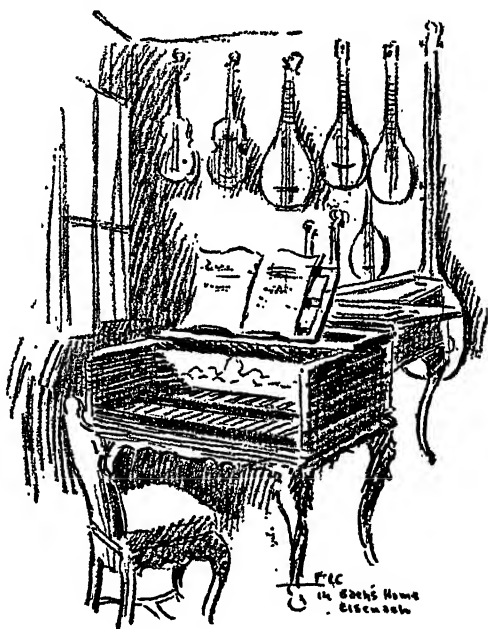
In this venerable half-timber house Luther is said to have lived while he attended school in Eisenach

ally stocked with fine vintages, and up the creaking stairway to the huge attic under the steeply pitched roof. Looking up

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to the roof within this cavernous space, one realizes that the building has been little altered, for it bears the mark of centuries. The tiles on the roof are so loosely laid that the light and the rain and snow beat in, and one wonders how it holds together. It is eloquent testimony to the stability of the hand-wrought workmanship of medieval times.

If Luther resided in this house he enjoyed the advantages of a patrician home as it must have numbered itself among



the more pretentious houses of the city. There appears to be some doubt about Luther's residence here, some very recent historians being convinced that the house in which Frau Cotta really lived was at 50 Georgenstrasse, not far away. For a very long time, however, the claim of the Lutherhaus has been unquestioned and, for an equally long time, the rooms on the second floor, containing prints and other Luther souvenirs, have been regarded as the authentic living-quarters of young Martin. At all events, the house is a fine old

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dwelling of the period and if Martin never enjoyed its hospitality he must have passed its door a multitude of times.

Nearly two centuries later Johann Sebastian Bach increased Eisenach's fame. Bach was born in a house on a neighboring street. His father was organist of the church in the middle of the Markt and his family had been eminent in music for nearly two hundred years. The house is now a museum of musical instruments and of souvenirs of the illustrious composer, but the little room in which the boy was born, containing his cradle and curtained four-post bed, remains as it was at the time of his birth.

But Eisenach's *pièce de résistance* sits enthroned on the wooded mountaintop distantly overlooking the city. The Wartburg shares with Wittenberg the distinction of being associated with the most dramatic events in Luther's tempestuous life. For to this mountain stronghold he came after defying the vested authorities of Church and State at the Imperial Diet of Worms and, during that anxious year when he hid from those who sought his destruction, he translated the Bible.

It had been but little more than three years since Luther nailed on the door of his church at Wittenberg his famous ninety-five propositions or theses which questioned the validity and efficacy of papal indulgences and asserted, among other things, that God alone had the power to forgive sin. This protest against the universally accepted powers and practices of the Holy See had, of course, been brought about by the state of corruption into which the Church had fallen. Henderson, recounting the depravity of the times, says: "The evils in church and state were crying for redress. The popes of the last half of the fifteenth century whose deeds were soon to be trumpeted throughout Germany were making for themselves a record for shamelessness that has never been surpassed. Their names have become a byword for hideous depths of crime. Paul II . . . was so fond of jewels that he would appropriate them if he could obtain them in no other way . . . Innocent VIII filled the Vatican with his sons and daughters. . . . Innocent's death involved that of

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three young boys whose blood the doctors were transfusing into his own veins. If a climax were possible, it was reached under Alexander VI Borgia. . . . Of the innumerable murders laid to his charge, two at least are conceded even by his defenders to rest on strong evidence. The last scene in his career was a supper at the house of a rich cardinal, where he and his son Cæsar partook by mistake of poison they had prepared for their host. Julius II chose his name in memory of Julius Cæsar, and took the field in person; while Leo X openly expressed an intention of enjoying the Papacy while he had it, and is quoted as saying that the 'fable of Christ' had been very lucrative.

"If the German people as a whole troubled themselves little about the orgies that went on at Rome, there were plenty of examples at home of wicked and worldly priests and members of religious orders. We hear of cardinals who went to masked balls; of bishops making war and using the ban and interdict for their own personal advantages. Archbishop Gunther of Magdeburg read his first mass in the thirty-fifth year of his pontificate, while Robert of Strassburg never read one at all. The lower clergy paid blackmail to the higher for liberty to evade the law of celibacy, and in turn took their share of the profits of wine shops and gambling resorts."

Pope Leo X, the patron of Raphael and Michael Angelo, conceiving the idea of rebuilding St. Peter's on a magnificent scale determined to raise the necessary funds through the widespread sale of indulgences. Several centuries before, the philosophers of the Church had formulated the ingenious idea that the popes, who successively held the key of St. Peter to the rights of the Church, possessed enormous potentialities for power and gain in the surplus good works of Christ, Mary and the saints, and that these might be sold without stint to all who desired remission of sin. One pope declared that if the people were aware of the abundance of absolutions heaped up in St. John Lateran they could venture to sin a great deal more! Another pope granted forgiveness for as many years "as it rains drops of water in a single

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day." A glimpse at the handkerchief of St. Veronica procured the beholder remission of sins for fourteen thousand years; and by listening on Saturday to a mass in St. John's the communicant's mother could be freed from Purgatory. Alexander VI promulgated the order that those who said an *Ave Maria* before the image of St. Anna, mother of the Virgin Mary, and acknowledged the immaculate conception, should acquire thereby remission of deadly sins for ten thousand years and of ordinary sins for twenty thousand years.

Relics were collected and vended for the value of their virtues in the defense against the penalties of iniquity. "Nicholas Muffel brought together enough to procure him remission for 246,000 days; he was eventually hanged at Nuremberg for stealing public funds, a part of which had doubtless gone toward increasing his hoard. The collection of the Saxon elector, Frederick the Wise, could boast of more than 5000 members consisting of the skulls, the bones, the hair of saints, the different objects with which Christ came in contact at the time of his passion, the skin of the face of St. Bartholomew, drops of the milk of Mary, bits of the rod of Aaron, of the burning bush, of the hay and straw on which the Christ-child lay — enough in all to give absolution for half a million years. Yet even these did not equal the treasures of Archbishop Albert of Mayence, who possessed eight entire bodies and nine thousand particles, not to speak of wine from the wedding of Cana, manna from the wilderness, a sample of the earth from which man was created and a pair of nether garments once worn by Thomas à Becket.

"A peculiar feature of the period was the formation of numerous brotherhoods for the heaping up of good works, which could be drawn on in time of need. Membership in the association of the Eleven Thousand Virgins at Cologne could be gained by repeating eleven thousand prayers. Regular ledgers were kept, and this particular brotherhood could show at one time a balance of 6000 masses, 3500 whole psalters, 200,000 tellings of rosaries, the same number of *Te Deums* and 10,000 times 63,000 Lord's Prayers and *Ave Marias*."

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Considering the demoralized state of Christendom it is small wonder that progressive minds were losing faith in a religious system which permitted such flagrant evils. The



The Wartburg is one of the most romantic castles in Europe. It was here that Luther was hidden after his appearance at the great Diet of Worms

Church was rapidly forfeiting its influence with the people and as a result they, in turn, were infected with political restlessness. All that was needed, therefore, was a torch like

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the flaming words of Luther to ignite the tinder of discontent which was so ready to be kindled.

At this juncture, when intelligent men were meditating a reform of the Church at some undetermined future time, an indulgence was proclaimed in the diocese of Mayence. John Tetzel, a Dominican monk and a famed peddler of indulgences, pressed his trade with peculiar impudence. Boasting that through the sale of his indulgences he had brought more souls to heaven than had all the Apostles by their preaching, he came to a town in the neighborhood of Wittenberg where, at the university, the professor of theology was Dr. Martin Luther, monk and priest. The flagrant hawking of these indulgences, offered on a sliding scale according to the applicant's ability to pay, was as shocking to the intelligent mind as one of Tetzel's well-known sayings that as the money clinked in the box the souls flew out of Purgatory. Against the effrontery of this traffic Luther began to preach until, finally, on All Saints' eve in 1517 he formulated his famous protest and nailed it to the door of the Wittenberg church.

The ninety-five theses contained in the Wittenberg protest, to the surprise of Luther himself, flew over Germany and through western and southern Europe as well "as if scattered by angel's wings" and the doubt that had been slumbering in men's minds was speedily galvanized into life. So great was the revolt against the intrenched order of the Church that Luther was summoned by Pope Leo X to appear first before a cardinal for examination and again later before another of his high emissaries.

To all demands for his recantation, Luther remained obdurate. Finally, in 1521, he was commanded to appear at a great Diet to be held at Worms, called by Charles V, the King of Spain who had been elected Emperor of Germany a short time before. To that city of the Rhine Luther proceeded under a safe conduct granted by the Emperor and guarded from harm by the imperial herald clad in full armor and bearing the double eagle of the royal house. Crowds of people flocked to see the monk who by his fiery

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preaching had rocked the spiritual foundations not only of Germany but of all Europe, and his journey became a triumphal tour. So great were the throngs which flocked to hear him that the churches were unable to hold them all and the reformer was obliged to preach in the open air. In Weimar, being warned that he was on his way to be burned in the manner of John Huss, he replied, "Though they should kindle a fire all the way from Worms to Wittenberg, the flames of which reached to heaven, I would walk through it in the name of the Lord and enter the jaws of this Behemoth and break his teeth." Later, as he approached the city, a messenger from a high official of the Saxon Elector cautioned him not to enter Worms. "Go and tell your master," he replied, "that even though there should be as many devils in Worms as tiles on the housetops, still would I enter it."

The Diet, a vast and brilliant assembly of electors, nobles and prelates, presided over by the Emperor, had gathered to consider important questions of Church and State, and vied in splendor with the great Council of Constance held a century before.

Luther never quavered before the august assembly, but in great eloquence flung defiance at his foes. At length, to the demand that he give an unequivocal answer as to whether or not he would recant, he replied in fearless challenge, "Yes, I will give you one and it is this: I cannot submit my faith either to the pope or to the councils, because it is clear as the day that they have frequently erred and contradicted each other. Unless, therefore, I am convinced by the testimony of Scripture or by the clearest reasoning and unless they thus render my conscience bound by the Word of God, I cannot and I will not retract, for it is unsafe for a Christian to speak against his conscience. Here I stand, I can do no other. God help me! Amen! "

It was with the quoted words of these last two sentences, it may be noted here, that Woodrow Wilson closed his memorable address to the Congress of the United States in April, 1917, solemnly recommending the nation's entry into the World War.

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Thereupon the ban of the Empire was placed on the reformer to take effect after the twenty-one days reserved in his safe conduct had elapsed, and the following day Luther started for home. As he drove through the Thuringian Forest on his return journey to Wittenberg, his carriage was set upon by a company of armed men and he was seized and carried off through Eisenach to the old castle of the Wartburg. Luther had been warned that this might happen, for his old friend and staunch defender, Duke Frederick the Wise, Elector of Saxony, alarmed for his safety, had determined to spirit him away and keep him in voluntary concealment. In the seclusion of the castle he resided for nearly a year as "Junker Georg." At first his disappearance caused much alarm, but gradually his friends were relieved to know of his safety.

This period of retirement was far from being an idle one for Luther. Disguised as "Squire George," he adopted the life of a country gentleman and ventured forth in the surrounding hills, but most of his time was devoted to writing and to the translation of the Bible. The Scriptures had been previously translated, but not directly from the original tongues and never in the clear, forceful style with which he clothed them. Here, in the Wartburg, may be seen the unchanged room in which Luther lived during that epochal period and carried on his important work.

In situation, appearance and historical associations, the Wartburg is one of the most romantic castles in Europe. Founded in 1070, and for two centuries the residence of the Landgraves of Thuringia and the Margraves of Meissen, it is one of Europe's finest secular buildings remaining from the Middle Ages. It crowns the summit of a steep mountain spur whose roots are in the town below, the ascent being through thickly forested slopes. Nothing could be finer than its lofty situation. Standing on the roof of the watch tower which rises from a corner of the castle yard and at the prow of the descending slope, we looked out over a panorama of extraordinary sweep and beauty. To the southeast the Thuringian Forest tumbles away for nearly a hundred miles. In

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another direction, seen over the summit of a lower hill, the town of Eisenach straggles along the floor of the valley out into the wooded slopes. On every hand fields, precise in outline and brilliantly colored by the harvest, interleaved the billowing hills of pine and fir. As we stood on this high eminence drinking in the glory of the prospect we were buffeted by the exuberant wind, and squalls of rain beat upon us while in the distance clouds of mist threw gauzy veils over the somber mountains.

The castle itself satisfies every notion of what a medieval stronghold should be. Long and rambling, it occupies the full summit of its lofty knoll. Entrance is made through an arched gateway, part of an immense half-timber structure which contains the living rooms of the *schloss*. Red-roofed and vine-covered, this mellow half-timber building with its graceful oriel window possesses to a singular degree the flavor of the past. Beyond, on the opposite side of the yard, a long, gallery-like wing ends in the Romanesque palace whose foundations were laid at the end of the eleventh century.

The interior, divided into living-quarters, festal halls, galleries and stairways, gives the visitor a graphic picture of the life of the period. There are vaulted chambers where festivities were held, and stately halls where minstrels sang. The setting of Wagner's *Tannhäuser*, which dramatizes the *Sängerkrieg*, held here for the first time in 1207, is taken from the *Sängersaal* of the palace; and the room of St. Elizabeth, daughter of King Andreas II of Hungary, who was married at fourteen to Landgrave Louis the Clement in 1221, is also notable because of the legend of Elizabeth which has become a part of it. Elizabeth, who died at twenty-four, beloved for her good works, was canonized four years after her death. The former Kaiser was fond of coming to the Wartburg each year and spending a few days in residence there. The rich mosaics embellishing the room of Elizabeth were his gift to the château and it is characteristic of its royal donor that among the group of medieval figures represented, he himself is depicted in the costume of a medieval knight.



At the castle of the Wartburg, Martin Luther made his translation of the Bible. At the right of the picture is seen the historic stain which is said to have been made when Luther hurled his ink bottle at the devil

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Of course, the memories of Luther give to the castle its greatest significance and the room occupied by "Junker Georg," in which he translated the Bible, is the most eagerly sought of all. With windows facing the eternal forest, it remains today altered but little, if any, since the period of its greatest glory. The chamber, which is small and simply paneled in native woods, contains Luther's four-post bed, his straight-backed chair, his footstool, a part of a whale's vertebræ, the desk at which he sat and worked on the Scriptures — and the ink stain! Spattered ink, to repeat the legend, indelibly marked the wall when Luther fancied that he beheld the devil coming to tempt him and, in contempt and hatred, hurled his ink bottle at "the ancient foe." On a section of plastered wall which serves as the background of the old porcelain stove, the stain is faintly visible. The plaster, however, has been almost entirely chipped away by souvenir hunters and nearly every trace of this dramatic episode obliterated. One cannot help wondering how many times in the course of the centuries the plaster and the stain have been renewed! Skeptical cogitations of this sort do not, however, detract from the reality of the scene. It is quite in line with the fearless character of the crusading monk that he should, in righteous anger, challenge even Satan himself.

Luther's room in the Wartburg enjoys an inspiring outlook over the everlasting mountains which must often, in



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the fears and fevers of the hour, have suggested the immutability of God. No more lordly prospect can be imagined and it may have been this magnificence of great physical forces that helped to keep his faith steadfast and his patience enduring throughout the year in which he labored there. On the day of our visit the wind and rain, blowing in gusts of mighty force, seemed to typify the indomitable spirit of the great religious leader. Up above, surmounting the roof on either end of the ancient palace, a stone lion and dragon keep watch, and on the tower rises a modern cross edged with electric lights.

Beholding all these things and remembering his own preservation from harm, well did Luther write:

*"A mighty fortress is our God
A bulwark never failing."*

IX. MEDIEVAL CITIES OF THE HARZ MOUNTAINS



NOWHERE in this book have I made it clear, I believe, that in our description of the German cities, art galleries have been more or less taboo. By this I do not mean that there are no great German galleries, but that art exhibitions are interesting to see rather than to read about and they have therefore been eliminated from our consideration of the salient features of modern Germany.

Singularly enough, it was an art gallery that lured us off the train at Cassel en route to the cities of the Harz. We had been told of this city's fine collection of old masters, in a gallery that is little known and seldom visited by travelers from overseas. Cassel was on our direct route, so we ventured to pay it a visit.

The city itself offers little to titillate the fancy of the searcher after the unusual. An important railway junction and a city of considerable size, Cassel is given over largely to the manufacture of heavy machinery and the like, and it bears every earmark of its profession. Its only things of note are the art gallery and the castle on the distant mountainside, one of the favorite summer residences of the ex-Kaiser.

The picture gallery we found to be as described, housing a remarkable collection of pictures for such a relatively small and unimportant city. Cassel was formerly the capital of the Electorate of Hesse and it is to Landgrave William VIII,

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who flourished in the middle of the eighteenth century, that the city owes its art treasures. Prior to his accession to the chair of state he had been governor of the Netherlands and in this way built up the gallery's magnificent canvases of the Dutch masters. Some of the pictures carried off to Paris during Napoleonic times have never been returned but even without these paintings the collection is a remarkable one — a score of Rembrandts, seven portraits by Frans Hals, and pictures by Rubens, Jordaens, Van Dyck and others of lesser note. It is worthy of mention that not far from this gallery stands the old Museum Fridericianum, built under Landgrave Frederick II in 1769-79, containing the Provincial Library where, for fifteen years beginning in 1814, the brothers Grimm, Jacob and William, of fairy-tale fame, were librarians. This library contains nearly three hundred thousand volumes and 4500 manuscripts including mementoes of the Grimms. Fronting the museum, in the center of the Friedrichsplatz, rises the statue, erected in 1783, of Landgrave Frederick II who, during the Revolutionary War, loaned 12,000 of his subjects to England for the prosecution of the war in America. These Hessians who fought against the Colonies in many engagements, notably at the Battle of Trenton, where Washington defeated them, earned for their master a fee of \$22,000,000.

Clinging to the side of a sharply rising slope, in the middle of a stately park and overlooking Cassel, stands the palace of Wilhelmshöhe formerly the summer residence of the princes of Hesse. The plain on which the city rests is a flat one and from the castle three miles distant is spread a vast panorama of the city and the surrounding country. This was a favorite summering place of the ex-Kaiser and for a month or two each summer he occupied it. It possesses some historic importance from the fact that within its walls Napoleon III was a prisoner of war in 1870-71. Jerome Bonaparte, King of Westphalia, the King of England and other monarchs have also been guests of its royal masters.

The *schloss*, built less than one hundred and fifty years ago, is a ponderous building in the classical style, without any



Wilhelmshöhe Castle at Cassel, the former residence of the electors of Hesse, was one of the favorite summer residences of the ex-Kaiser. Here Napoleon III was a prisoner of war in 1870

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architectural interest. As is usual in such royal establishments, the Empire style prevails in the furnishing and decoration, carrying with it an abundance of gilt mirrors and rococo embellishments, the chairs, stools and settees holding no semblance of comfort. Over our shoes, as is the custom, we slipped great felt slippers and glided over the faultless hardwood floors of one room after another. This castle resembles all others of its ilk. One room opening into the next, a row of chambers fronts one side of the building and another row faces the other, each having but one exposure, typical of all palaces built in the French manner. As we slid over the polished floors of endless rooms each almost exactly like the other, I restated my decision previously arrived at that if I were king I would have one room constructed with light on two or more sides, amply furnished with a deep, soft carpet, easy chairs, shaded lamps, books and our favorite magazines where we could spend quiet and comfortable evenings. Kings, I concluded, built themselves a dozen palaces because in none of them is there a place in which to sit and stay awhile. Any nation that wants a contented king should ponder this matter. Wilhelmshöhe in reality is an immense, dun-colored place with scores of rooms, banquet halls and state apartments and, if you go there and have any desire to see the rooms which were occupied by the former Kaiser and his consort, your guide will point them out, corner rooms on the south side, one directly over the other.

The park of the castle is a magnificent wooded tract of land studded with lakes and gardens and a fountain, one of the highest in Europe, its jet of water, one foot in diameter, climbing 167 feet into the air. Above the palace, on the wooded mountaintop, stands a grottoed building, two centuries old, from which a stream of water cascades down the slope over a series of artificial terraces. A colossal, thirty foot copper statue of Hercules surmounts a pyramid on top of the building. Hercules is so huge that there is room in his club for eight persons. Set in grounds of natural beauty this gigantic monument seems strangely out of place. It is remarkable only for its colossal size, its panoramic site on top

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of the mountainside, and the bad taste which caused its erection.

A seasoned traveler once declared that he preferred to investigate mountains from the foot, inns from the inside, and palaces from the outside. This observation as applied to palaces is an apt one and the traveler in Germany, as elsewhere, soon learns to apply it.



← E.C.C.
Ticket window
Germany

Leaving Cassel after an early lunch, we traveled north by train, and in the late afternoon came to the dark forests of the Harz Mountains, rising abruptly from the plain, and to Goslar, the gem of their diadem of cities. The Harz, lying well to the south of Berlin in latitude, is the northernmost mountain chain in Germany and the highest in the central part of the country. Yet, as mountain chains go, it is inconsequential in size, having a length of but little more than fifty miles and a width of not quite twenty. The Harz is a district of thickly wooded slopes of fir, fur-

rowed by tiny valleys and ravines in which little towns and simple villages nestle. The wild and somber character of the mountains has created a people of lively imagination and German folklore is rich in legends of the region. It is a land of fairies and witches and goblins, a kingdom of magic whose mountains have time and again opened revealing golden caves of jewels and gold, and a place in which good children of the mountain households are sometimes transformed into princesses. At one village called Mägdesprung, or "The Maiden's Leap," are the footprints of

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a giantess who once sprang across the valley, and at another point in the mountains, Rosstrappe or "Horse's Hoofprint," you can clearly see in a huge granite rock the impression of a gigantic hoof left by the horse of a princess who, pursued by a giant, leaped across the valley. In the center of the Harz, on the top of the famed Brocken, the loftiest peak in central Germany, the Devil holds court and on St. Walpurgis' Night, the eve of May Day, the witches dance. If you don't believe this, ascend the mountain, as do thousands each year, and among the tumbled blocks of granite



you will behold the Devil's Pulpit and the Witches' Altar. These legends of the Brocken Goethe has immortalized in *Faust*. Even in Goslar the powers of the air are at your command, for it is a well-known fact that if, at midnight, you knock three times on the lowest basin of the fountain in the Rathaus square the Devil will appear and carry you away through the air to his home in the Rammelsberg.

On the outskirts of the Harz there is a cluster of picture cities which in the quaintness of their houses betray the high imagination of the mountain people. Goslar, resting on the western rim of the range's saucer, is one of the most picturesque towns in Germany and is certainly to be ranked among the dozen most medieval cities in Europe. An ancient imperial town, beloved of the Emperors of the Holy Roman Empire, it probably owes its origin to the silver mines in the Rammelsberg, a mountain outside of the city, which were worked under Otto the Great in the tenth century.

As you emerge from the railway station you get your first glimpse of ancient Goslar in an immense bastion of the old wall, now part of a modern hotel. This huge bulwark of masonry was one of the hundred and eighty-two towers which once defended the city. Its size is indicative of its strength.

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One of its floors has been transformed into a banqueting hall and in its center is a table capable of seating forty people. In the opposite part of the city, its grim outlines softened by



As you emerge from the railway station you get your first glimpse of ancient Goslar in an immense bastion of the old wall which forms part of a modern hotel

arching trees, stands another, and the largest, of these colossal towers erected in 1517, so commodious that it was able to accommodate a thousand soldiers in full armor. At still another corner of the town, a product of 1443, rises the Breites

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Tor, a massive conical-roofed bastion which, with a smaller tower across the road, formed one of Goslar's strong defense gates. These elements of former strength, today but picturesque fragments from the distant past, emphasize the importance of the city in another age. Goslar was not only the favorite residence, in early days, of the Saxon and Salic emperors but later on, as a free imperial city, it joined the Hanseatic League and attained great heights of prosperity, reaching the maximum of its power in the early part of the sixteenth century.

Evidence of this abounding prosperity of the city and its once regal stature has survived the centuries, and is seen today in the character of its ancient houses. Large and imposing of exterior with richly carved façades, they are obviously the homes of one-time merchant-princes and patrician families.

Goslar, alas! is no longer a city of world consequence. It is but a provincial town, and commercially unimportant, its two or three business streets are composed chiefly of old houses fitted with show windows, giving to the thoroughfares a modern, commercial air. But in its other aspects the city glows with medieval color. Gabled half-timber houses with overhanging stories alternate with houses sheathed in slate. Half-timbered façades, decorative in themselves, are embellished with carved designs and sculptured figures painted in brilliant colors. On the crossbeams or over the doorways appear inscriptions referring to the house or quoting religious precepts. The guild houses and the greater residences, once occupied by merchant-princes and the nobility, with steeply pitched roofs, dormers and oriel windows, are a blaze of decorative splendor.

The buildings of Goslar strike an entirely different architectural note from those in the cities of the south and east whence we had come. In spite of the color which characterizes them, there is in their appearance a suggestion of the severity of the north. The setting of the houses on the streets, their rows of oblong windows, their panes which open out, are strongly reminiscent of the dwellings in the old Nor-

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wegian cities, and there was present much of the atmosphere of Bergen and Trondhjem although Goslar is the more colorful. It is singular that, in an inland city of Germany, there should be this similarity to maritime towns of the north and I could only attribute it to Hanseatic influence gained at a time when the northern cities were knit together in a close commercial union. This influence is no stranger, perhaps, than that canaries, subtropical birds, should be bred in the cold mountains of the Harz in the interior of Germany. The



small mining town of St. Andreasberg, not far from Goslar, is the principal center for breeding these songsters. I have never heard how such an exotic industry came to this district, but it is not unlikely that men from the Harz Mountains sailed the Seven Seas in vessels of the League and brought back with them these birds from the Canary Islands, or they may have learned the art in Italy where canaries were first domesticated in the sixteenth century. In breeding the "Harz Mountain rollers"

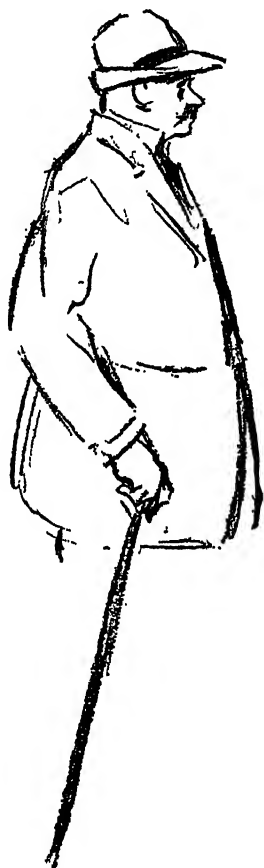
the mountain folk of the Harz have improved on nature both in their color — for in their wild state they are grayish brown — and in the quality of their song, for they tend to imitate notes they hear.

Being worthy of comparison with Rothenburg is high praise indeed for Goslar, and I am paying it that compliment. This city of the Harz, as an unspoiled medieval town, far from measures up to its Bavarian cousin, yet it may well be mentioned in the same breath, for it has retained its ancient buildings and flavor more than almost all the other German

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cities. Goslar hardly possesses the gaiety of aspect and mellow beauty of Rothenburg nor has it quite the picture-book quaintness of the oldest sections of Ulm. The red roofs and time-worn ramparts are missing here, there are fewer flowers at the windows, and the houses, even though they are brightly frescoed, are touched by the austerity of the north. Possibly the brilliance of Goslar is more mechanical. For one thing, it bears a self-conscious air, whereas Rothenburg is entirely lacking in sophistication. Goslar, reposing at the edge of the mountains, is a much-favored summer resort, and paints and refurbishes itself with meticulous care. While Rothenburg is the center of a farming community and is little influenced by modern folk and commercial stress, Goslar concerns itself with the business of the day and derives much of its support from tourist and holiday seekers. At any rate, every street has retained its houses of former centuries and the vistas along most of the thoroughfares are glimpses into the romantic past. Adding to the beauty of the town and creating many pictures of enchantment the tiny river Gose, little more than a substantial brook, saunters through its borders. Indeed it is to this river that the city owes its name, for the suffix *lar* is old Franconian for "home." Along this stream, inconsequential in commercial value but potent in beauty, are overhanging trees, tiny bridges, crumbling half-timber mills and dwellings of venerable aspect.

The most significant structure in Goslar is the Kaiserhaus



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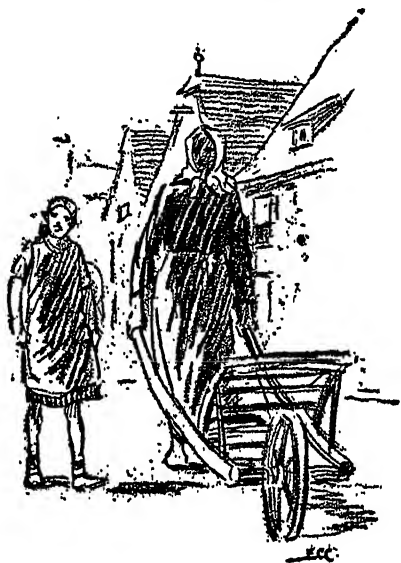
which is the oldest secular edifice and the largest Romanesque palace now standing in Germany. Built by the Emperor Henry III between 1039 and 1056, probably to replace an earlier palace, it was presented to the town, after being visited by a destructive fire, in 1290. It was so thoroughly restored fifty or sixty years ago that today it shows little evidence of its great age. Opposite, however, across the grounds of the palace, stands a time-scarred segment of the historic cathedral, instinct with the form and spirit of the past. This Domkapelle formed the north portal and vestibule of the Cathedral of St. Simon and St. Jude founded by Henry III, adjacent to his palace, in 1050 and torn down at the beginning of the nineteenth century. Even though the cathedral itself has disappeared, the grotesque figures of Saints Matthew, Simon and Jude, the Virgin and Child, two angels and Henry III and IV still stand, painted and patient, in their little niches over the doorway, guarding the few treasures within and giving their benediction to the passer-by. During the imperial days this cathedral, as befitted the church of the Emperor, possessed relics of inestimable value which attracted pilgrims from afar. The bones of ordinary saints, reposing in the reliquaries, were accounted of minor importance to the greater treasures of the chapter. Within the walls of this famous shrine reposed considerable portions of the



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bodies of Peter and Paul, arms of James and Bartholomew, the head and arm of Matthew, fully half of the apostle Philip, and a nail from the cross of Calvary. Alas! these relics have long since disappeared, long before the building itself was razed to the ground a little more than a century ago. Many of them were carried off during the wars of the Middle Ages or sold after the Reformation to replenish the depleted treasury of the Church. Only a few articles, possessing no miraculous powers, remain in the vestibule as the sole remnant of a departed glory.

The Gothic Rathaus still fronts the old public square, on the adjoining side of which the brilliant Kaiserworth, once a guild house, now does duty in the humbler capacity of an inn. Viewed from more modern buildings across the square these age-old edifices over the fountain in the foreground, a companion of their youths, paint a graphic picture of a Ger-



man city of the past. The arcaded Rathaus, of patriarchal mien, was built in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries; the Kaiserworth, steep roofed, dormer windowed, with arcades on the street and a façade adorned with statues of the German emperors, is almost its twin in years for it dates from 1494; and the fountain, built during the twelve hundreds, was placed in the center of the square in 1546. Contemporaries of Columbus, all!

If you are masculine in gender you will pay a visit to the chapel of the Rathaus, not for the purpose of seeing its Gothic carvings, or old books of the Gospels, or charters, or

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instruments of torture but for a glimpse, near the staircase, of the *beisskatze*, a sort of cage in which shrews were once incarcerated. There is no record of the resultant good from such deserved imprisonment, but that the *beisskatze* achieved its purpose is evident from the fact that it is exhibited today as an effective means of bringing relief to the sons of men.

Brunswick, an hour or more distant from Goslar, is seven times its size and of even greater age but has much less picturesque quality. Goslar is a town of moderate size, almost entirely medieval; Brunswick, on the other hand, is a considerable city whose modern streets are interlaced with thoroughfares taken out of Grimm's fairy tales. Diverse in size and present-day importance, they are cities of the same civilization and possess in their houses and churches a common architectural similarity. After the almost uniform picturesqueness of Goslar it is difficult to write of the less colorful Brunswick. That it has a charm of personality, however, there is no doubt. Some people regard it as one of the most magnetic cities of Germany. Its modernized buildings and commercial activity are omnipresent, yet they have not destroyed the ancient repose of the city or wrested from it the mellow dignity of time. Brunswick stands calm and serene, conscious of the splendor of its past yet not unmindful of the needs of the present. It is spacious and imposing. There is in it no sense of the hurrying, strident life of today though its people are alert to the commercial necessities of the time. Its age-old traditions of independence are being preserved.

Present-day Brunswick draws its inspiration from the time of its glory in the twelfth century under Henry the Lion, Duke of Saxony, and later as an important city of the Hanseatic League. It is said to have been founded in the ninth century by Bruno, son of Duke Ludolf of Saxony, after whom it was named; *wick*, its termination, being from the old High German meaning hamlet. It was not until Henry the Lion established his residence in the Burg Dankwarderode in Brunswick, and fortified the city, that it became a power among the commercial cities of Northern Germany.



The charm of Brunswick lies in its streets of old half-timber houses

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For a long time the town, singularly enough, was composed of five distinct municipalities, each protected by its own walls and gates and having its own council and Rathaus. Henry died in 1195 but the commercial stimulus given to the city during his reign led the citizens to join the Hanseatic League, in which it became a leading member a century later. Gradually it acquired almost complete independence and, practically unhampered by intriguing overlords, attained great prosperity, reaching the height of its power at the end of the fourteenth and the beginning of the fifteenth centuries.

All of this one-time commercial splendor is evident today in the churches and public buildings which remain from the time of the city's eminence. There is the Gothic Rathaus in the market square, erected in 1253 and rebuilt twice in the two succeeding centuries; the twelfth-century St. Martin's Church across the way; the Gothic Brüderkirche of 1451; the church of St. Catherine, probably begun by Henry the Lion; and St. Andrew's Church built under the same monarch; and the Romanesque cathedral founded by Henry the Lion in 1173 after his return from a crusade to the Holy Land. In the somber interior of the cathedral you will find Henry's tomb and that of Matilda, his consort; the recumbent figures of the illustrious rulers are masterpieces of Saxon sculpture. Time seems to have little significance in a church like this. The bronze and marble altar was presented to the chapter by the Duchess Matilda who, incidentally, was daughter of Henry II of England, in 1188 and the seven-branched candlesticks were executed by order of Henry the Lion and installed in his day. The cathedral and churches of Brunswick, like most of the religious edifices of Northern Germany, have little beauty of exterior, except the comeliness of simplicity, honesty and massive strength. Built of brick, these austere churches of the north usually possess a lofty front with soaring towers and a low nave almost unrelieved by adornment. As the cities came under the control of the people, these churches, erected by the burghers, expressed the democratic spirit of simplicity.

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The chief charm of Brunswick lies in its streets of old frescoed houses. Goslar gives one a foretaste of what is to be seen here, although the buildings of Brunswick are individually more imposing and more elaborately decorated. There are whole streets of these half-timber houses with carved and painted fronts which have suffered no change with the centuries. Gabled, with projecting upper stories, their cross beams sag and slant in such an incredible way that one wonders how they manage to keep from collapsing under the strain of the upper floors. Their distinguishing feature, though, is not so much their singularity of construction as the decorative quality of the façades. Their visible beams are covered with designs and figures of every sort carved by medieval workmen. Saints and angels vie with fish and mermaids; animals walk in solemn procession and the human race is caricatured in scenes as amusing, no doubt, to the artisan's mischievous imagination, as they are to the pedestrian whose walks are enlivened by such pictorial presentations. Many of them contain inscriptions of various sorts and dates of the fifteen and sixteen hundreds, denoting their green old age. If you are inquisitive enough to enter some of the portals of the ancient houses you will find courts of architectural distinction with galleries and carven beams and inscriptions selected through the fancy of the builders — droll sayings, aphorisms and pious injunctions which are more broad in their humor or pungent in their philosophy, perhaps, than those on the façade outside which undergo the scrutiny of every passer-by.

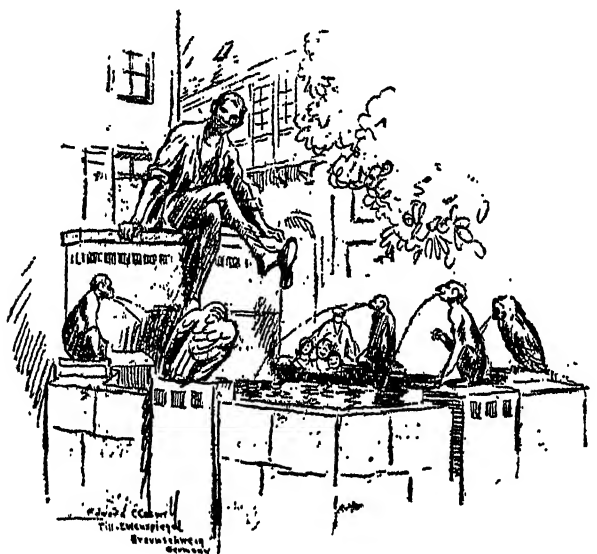
These old thoroughfares of Brunswick are devious in their wanderings and are devoid of any sense of order. The visitor becomes completely lost in their turnings unless he possesses a clear map and a good sense of direction. Yet in spite of this medieval characteristic, the streets are relatively wide and are punctuated by numerous squares and open spaces which add to the city's grandeur but make it seem less picturesque than many another town having narrow streets though fewer houses from the past.

Brunswick is much favored in natural situation for the

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narrow Oker, split into several arms, completely enfolds the city. In olden times great fortifications were built against this natural moat, but more than a century ago these ramparts were demolished and the space which they occupied was converted into gardens and promenades, among the finest in Germany.

Brunswick is the city of Till Eulenspiegel. The immortal jester was born in the province of Brunswick at the end of the thirteenth century or the beginning of the fourteenth.



Brunswick has erected a fountain to the memory of Germany's great legendary humorist and hero — Till Eulenspiegel

He came to the city of Brunswick as a baker's apprentice and here, it will be remembered, he baked gingerbread owls and monkeys with currant eyes, investing them with whimsical qualities that shocked his master. A peasant lad, endowed with a sense of philosophic humor, he wandered through life playing his pranks and practical jokes on whomever he met but with a naïveté and a lovable quality that endeared him

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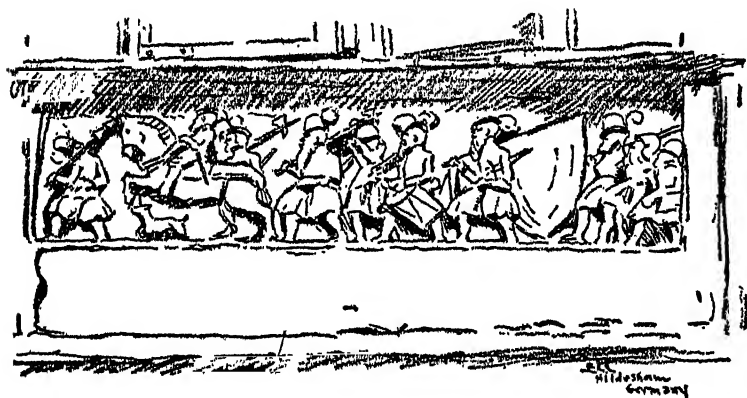
to the people. His wit and roguery was, as a rule, exercised on the innkeepers and tradespeople of the towns, but priests and noblemen were not excluded from his victims. In the sixteenth century his jests and practical jokes were collected for publication and became a popular German chap-book, the oldest edition of which was printed in Strassburg in 1515. In modern times Till's merry pranks have been made the subject of Richard Strauss's well-known orchestral symphony. Some years ago, in a little square in Brunswick, which is flanked by old half-timber houses little changed from Till's day, a fountain was erected to the memory of Germany's great humorist hero. Here, seated on the edge of the fountain you will find him, smiling in high good humor. With legs crossed, balancing a slipper on one foot, he faces a circle of his beloved owls and monkeys which, from their mouths, spout water into the basin.

For many years we had heard Hildesheim spoken of as an incomparable picture town and looked forward to our visit there with the greatest degree of anticipation, expecting to find a sort of northern Rothenburg. Instead, we found that through the intrusion of so many modern buildings the illusion of a medieval city is entirely lost, although unbroken streets of venerable houses stand today as they were in the Middle Ages and are, in themselves, unspoiled pictures of the past. Present-day Hildesheim is, really, a great outdoor museum of fine medieval houses and contains by far the finest collection of gabled and timbered dwellings in Europe. In all the cities of Germany there are no finer houses than these Gothic patrician homes of the Middle Ages, seven hundred of which still stand. Hildesheim, as compared to nearby Brunswick, was a city of greater merchants, and wealth flowed through its streets. Love of display and beauty was a part of the burghers' heritage from a group of prince-bishops who in early times ruled the destinies of the city.

Hildesheim is as much the city of Bishop Bernward as is Brunswick the creation of Henry the Lion. Although the city was founded in 815, two centuries elapsed before it began to show evidences of greatness. This was due to Bernward

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who came to occupy the bishop's throne in 993. Descended from an old Saxon family and educated in the monastery school at Hildesheim, he was drawn to the imperial court where he became tutor, and later friend and adviser, of the young Emperor Otto III. During his period at court he acquired skill in the art of diplomacy, and on many journeys through Germany and Italy with his royal master he acquired an appreciation of the art and architecture of these countries. This knowledge of art and statecraft he brought to Hildesheim upon his appointment as Bishop in 993. During the twenty-nine years of his office Bernward, as spiritual head, war-lord, diplomat and patron of the arts, shaped the destinies of the city and was responsible for the creation of its high artistic standards. He fortified the city, built several notable churches and introduced much that was fine in the arts, particularly in metal working. A number of magnificent examples of fine metallurgy, such as the sculptured bronze doors of the cathedral, a bronze column adorned with reliefs from the life of Christ, candelabra, a gold cross and other treasures, do duty in the cathedral today. Bernward was succeeded by bishops from other great families of Germany, and under their dominating leadership the city continued to grow in population and commerce, becoming one of the most important seats of Romanesque art in the



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land. These bishops, men of striking personality, became practically independent and were so powerful that they carried great weight in the history and destiny of the Empire.

The later political development of Hildesheim is similar to that of many other cities of the realm. As the diocese developed and grew in prosperity, the burghers gradually asserted themselves and eventually became so troublesome to the prince-bishops that in 1221 the Emperor was appealed to for help. Within thirty years from that date the citizens had so far completed their emancipation from the episcopal jurisdiction as to vest their affairs in a Council of their own which sat in the Rathaus, and the supremacy of the bishops, in the temporal affairs of the city, came to an end. Hildesheim became a free city of the Empire, it received municipal rights in 1249 and somewhat later joined the Hanseatic League.

It is interesting to note how, with the democratization of the city, its "monumental" epoch passed and that thereafter its architectural and artistic expression centered upon the houses and possessions of the burghers rather than on their public buildings. And since the brilliant houses of the citizenry constitute the present glory of the town, we can thank democracy for its contribution to our pleasure today.

In those days of increasing prosperity the affluent burghers of the free city lavished riches on their homes, seeking, through the employment of master craftsmen, to make them notable in their splendor. These Gothic half-timber houses flaunting on their painted façades finely sculptured friezes, carved beams, and quaint inscriptions bearing their dates of construction, are masterpieces of early craftsmanship. During this period, in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, when the city was expanding its trade and increasing in wealth, the processes of building were no longer carried out as in the Middle Ages, by a central guild whose stone masons and craftsmen were sent from city to city and from country to country erecting churches, cathedrals and public edifices; craftsmen settled in the more important towns where there

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was usually an abundance of work. Thus Hildesheim had its own wood carvers whose handiwork is so much in evidence. Though an important city, it had but twelve thousand inhabitants and the wood carvers were limited in number, making it possible to identify the hand of certain craftsmen in the various epochs of the city. All the larger and elaborately carved houses built about 1550, for example, show the hand of one man who is designated today as the "Early Renaissance Master."

Hildesheim possesses the oldest dated timber house in Germany over the portal of which is carved its natal year, 1418. The superb Butchers' Guild House, situated on the market-place, soars to a height of eight stories, four of which are in its immense gable. This is reputed to be the largest timber house in Germany. It was built in 1529 by the guild of the butchers to be their store and sale house and official headquarters, and their stalls lined both sides of the principal entrance. Pure Gothic in construction, it rises in an ecstasy of beauty, the supreme expression of Gothic art in domestic architecture. This ancient market square dates from the beginning of the thirteenth century and has preserved its form through the centuries, a striking presentation of civic glory. Here are the Gothic Rathaus erected in the fourteenth century and restored at the end of the nineteenth; before it stands a fountain of 1546; the Gothic Temple House of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries was the town residence of the von Harlessen family; the Wedekind House dating from 1598, and an imposing patrician residence of 1666. Not far away from the market-place, two remarkable residences adjoin each other: the Pillar House of 1623 bestrides the street supported in part by three upright pillars; and the *Umgestülpter Zuckerhut*, or Inverted Sugar-loaf, rises on a tiny island between two streets, the upper stories perilously overhanging the pavement. One projects above the other so that the top story covers double the area of the ground floor, an excellent idea in the utilization of diminutive plots of ground, even if precarious in appearance. The Municipal Pharmacy built in 1579, and containing a Gothic laboratory

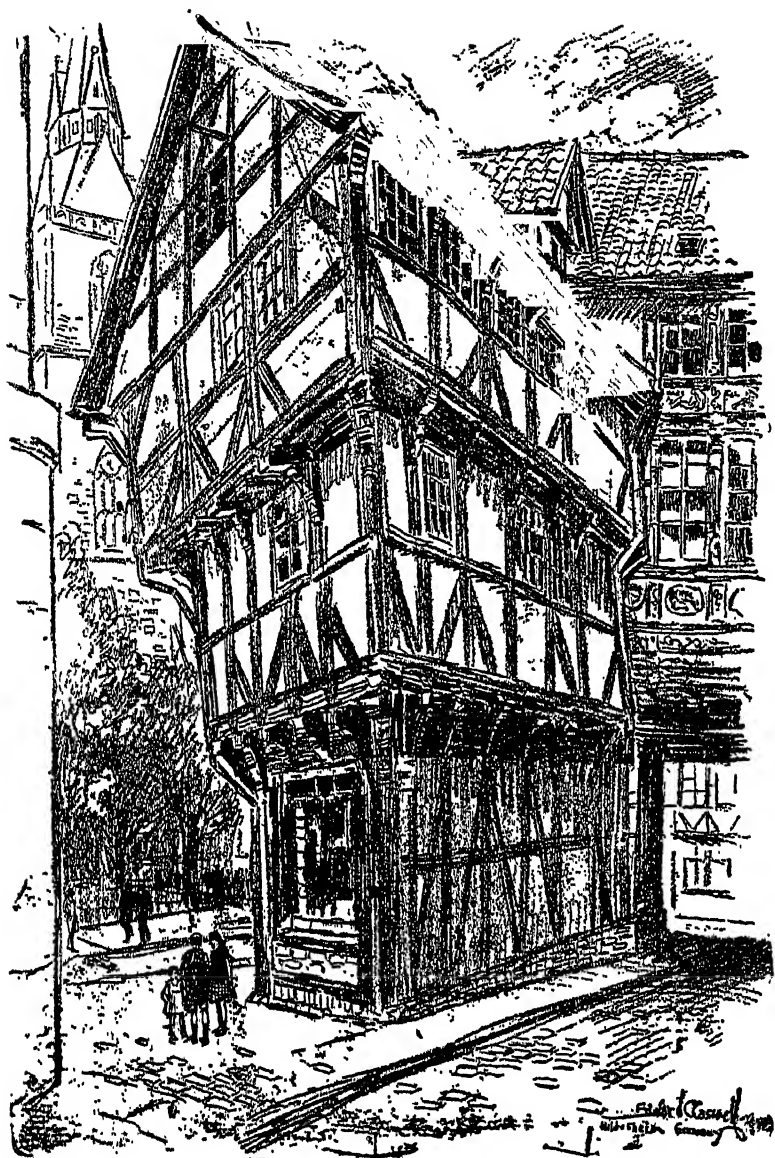
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with old vaulting, gives hospitality to the oldest pharmacy in Germany. It dates from 1318.

These old buildings of Hildesheim show with a rare degree of clarity the transition of architectural type. Renaissance succeeds Gothic and this, in turn, gives way to rococo which is followed by eighteenth-century. On the opposite corners of one street intersection you find houses of each of these types. Wandering up one street and down another, passing noble patriarchs which stand for the pride of ancient glory, threading narrow lanes flanked with tiny houses, carved and painted and flaunting inscriptions exactly like their imposing neighbors, you feel that you are in toyland. The fairies of the Harz have surely been at work here and long ago cast their spell over the destinies of Hildesheim.

The churches of Hildesheim, too, are eloquent of the city's former glory. St. Michael's Church, built in 1001 by Bishop Bernward, and the cathedral, begun shortly after 1050 by Bishop Hezilo on the foundations of an earlier cathedral, are the most notable. St. Michael's is one of the finest Romanesque churches in Germany; part of it has remained unaltered since the time of Bernward, the whole structure fortunately escaping the later craze for baroque which has ruined the interiors of so many of the early German churches. Enthusiasts for the Romanesque will delight in this edifice, and in the paintings on the flat wooden ceiling of the nave—they date from the thirteenth century and are the only work of their kind north of the Alps. Bishop Bernward, who has long since been sainted, reposes in the crypt of the edifice on which he lavished so much affection and treasure.

In all of Germany there are few more venerable churches than the Cathedral of Hildesheim. For, when Bishop Hezilo laid its foundations in the eleventh century, he placed them over those of an earlier church and the arches of this masonry form the crypt of the present building. It is a pity that the baroque fanatics were allowed their heads in the early part of the eighteenth century for they converted the interior into the gaudy fashion of the period, spoiling the stately Ro-



The so-called Inverted Sugar-Loaf with its narrow foundation and projecting stories is one of the most remarkable of the many Gothic timber houses of Hildesheim

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manesque with a coating of tawdry rococo. A few years earlier, in 1718, they had tried their hand on the exterior too, tearing down the Romanesque central tower and replacing it with one of baroque with gilt lantern. But the exteriors of the German churches as a rule have little beauty; the interest of the buildings themselves lies chiefly in their history and significance in the march of the nation's events.

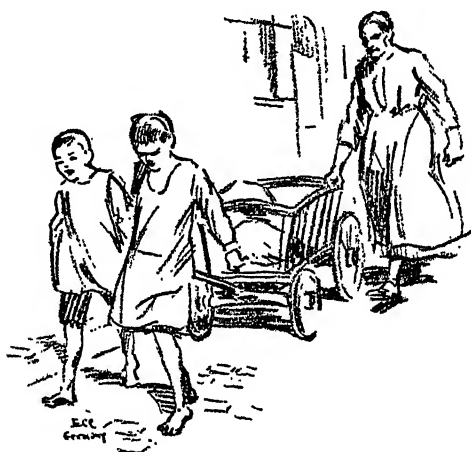
Legend has it that the golden tower on the cathedral was erected in 1367 to the Virgin Mary for her effective help in turning the tide of battle. The Hildesheimers were in frequent conflict with the surrounding cities and at that time were hard pressed by the army of Brunswick. Bishop Gerhard besought the intercession of St. Mary vowing that, if they should be victorious, he would erect in her honor a soaring tower that would thrust its golden steeple into the heavens. Stimulated by the thought of the Virgin at their head, his army put the Brunswickers to no uncertain rout and work on the tower was begun almost immediately.

Within this cathedral are many glowing examples of the early art of the city and of the art of other lands. Hanging in the nave is an immense chandelier of gilded copper representing the walls and gates of the Heavenly Jerusalem. This was presented by the founder of the cathedral and has been hanging in its place for nine centuries. Copies of it grace the cathedral at Aix-la-Chapelle and the hall of the Reichstag in Berlin.

The object of greatest attraction, however, is found in the garden of the splendid two-storied cloisters. Here, against the wall of the apse, clammers the famous thousand-year-old rose bush which has become the symbol of the city. It might more properly be said that this patriarchal plant expresses a symbol already existing, for Hildesheim's history begins with a legend of a rose, and this is how it happened. Ludwig the Pious, son of Charlemagne, staying one day at the episcopal residence of Elze, went forth to hunt in the nearby forests. Coming to the valley of the Innerste he came to rest and ordered that holy mass be read. Upon his return home the priest discovered that the holy receptacles had been left

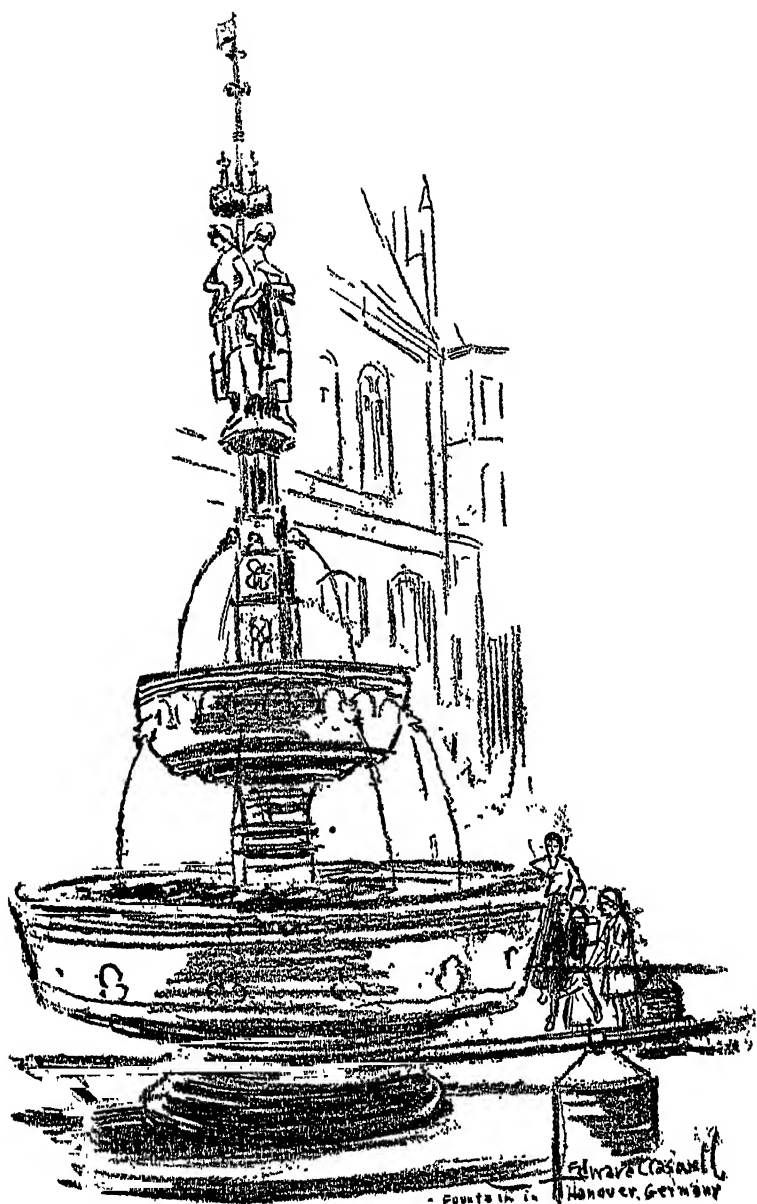
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behind. Hurrying back, he found the articles hanging on a rose bush where he had left them, but the branches of the rose had entwined themselves so firmly about the receptacles that they could not be liberated. The Emperor, perceiving that a miracle had been wrought by the Virgin as a sign, transferred the Bishopric from Elze to the site of his adventure, and the sanctified rose tree, chosen by the Virgin as her holy messenger, soon enfolded the walls of the church erected on the spot, as today it clammers over the apse of the present cathedral. The authenticity of the legend cannot, of course,



be proved, but it is a historic fact that Louis the Pious, in 815, did order the removal of the bishopric from Elze to Hildesheim. Neither is it possible to prove that the rose which flourishes so proudly in the cloisters has lived through a millenium, though Pater Elbers, a historian of two centuries ago, mentions it and an examination of its root indicates a ripe old age.

It was the Thirty Years' War that brought to an end the commercial eminence and artistic progress of Hildesheim. Besieged by its enemies during this conflict, the citizens pulled down a large number of houses to secure fuel with which



Hanover is, for the most part, a modern city; but it still possesses a few relics of the past like this graceful old fountain

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to keep warm and timber for other undertakings. Its population reduced, torn by religious strife, heavily taxed, prosperity vanished not to return until modern times. In the past fifty years the city has tripled in population and has large stores and busy streets. Unfortunately, the houses of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries were not designed to harmonize with the old and show the lack of taste for which those centuries are noted. But the streets of old houses and the churches and public buildings which remain enable the visitor to reconstruct in his fancy the glory which once was Hildesheim's.

Our next objective in this sequence of old cities was Hano-ver, and there we were to catch the aeroplane for Berlin. Hanover lies on the direct air route between London, Amsterdam and Berlin and is served by large and fast planes. This mode of travel is by no means a novel one in Germany which had seventy-seven lines in regular operation. Of all the countries of Europe, and of the world for that matter, Germany leads in passenger transportation by air. Not only can you fly on regular schedule between the principal centers of the Republic, but you can reach most of the cities of secondary importance as well. Even some of the resort towns, which have little commercial significance, are served on limited schedules. From points in Germany you can fly to almost every important city in Europe, a circle of the outlying places including London, Amsterdam, Oslo, Stockholm, Helsingfors, Moscow, Vienna, Constantinople, Rome, Paris and Madrid.

This service has long since passed its experimental stage. The German passenger planes arrive and depart on schedule time even under unfavorable weather conditions, and there is practically no pause in their operation. In 1926 the average regularity of flights equaled 98%. In the same year the daily mileage of the German air fleet totaled 25,000 which was increased in 1927 to nearly 35,000 miles. In 1926 the aeroplanes of these passenger lines covered an aggregate distance of nearly four million miles carrying 56,000 passengers, 50% more than were transported the year before.

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In two years of this transportation there has been but one fatal accident.

Not only is this extraordinary record due to a careful selection and training of pilots but also to a special aviation meteorological service maintained through its principal station in Berlin and seventeen substations elsewhere. Through this widely organized service the pilot of every aeroplane,



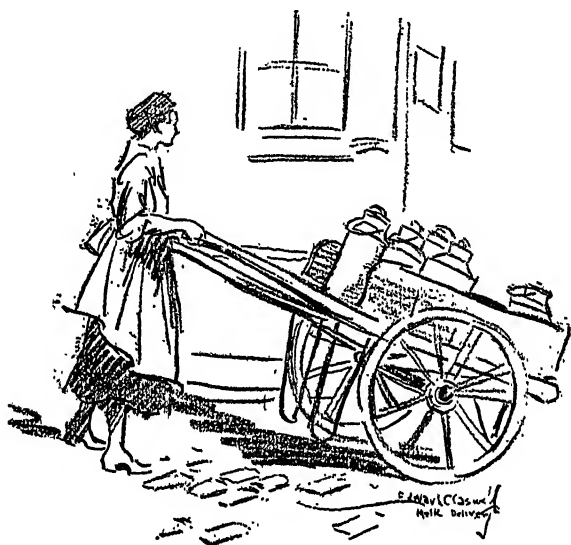
The passenger aeroplanes used on the numerous German air lines have commodious cabins

before he enters his cockpit to take off, is informed of the exact conditions he is likely to encounter on his flight. In six months more than five million words have been broadcast for the information of pilots. The pilots themselves are picked men. They are selected after the most rigorous tests and given the most intensive training in aeroplane operation. Indeed, so rigid are the requirements that some of the most experienced and successful war aviators and trick fliers have

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been refused passenger-pilot licenses. A large aviation field near Berlin is used for the schooling of pilots and here in a single day hundreds of training and test flights are made.

To insure the fullest measure of safety the various airports are supervised by aviation police under the control of the Federal Ministry of the Interior. These police officers, trained at a central flying school, see that traffic rules are properly observed and that the regulations governing the



restrictions in number of passengers and quantity of baggage are carried out.

Even the practicality of the taxiplane is being tested in the Fatherland. At one field a small plane is available at the rate of two gold marks a mile, little, if any, more than the rate for taxicabs in many cities at home. Special planes can also be engaged at fixed rates for the journey, and at the Berlin air port a tastefully decorated plane of light blue color is reserved for newlyweds in which to make their wedding-trips.

It was not long before we shook the dust of Hanover from

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our feet. For the most part, it is a fine, modern city with huge public buildings and a population of nearly half a million people. As befits a royal capital it is laid out on a generous scale, with broad streets and ample squares, attractive parks and splendid boulevards. The exception, of course, is the much circumscribed *Altstadt* where the streets are narrow and retain a meager picturesqueness in a few old houses and public buildings which are given an effective setting by the tiny river Leine which courses through the city. Now the capital of the Prussian province of Hanover, the city was formerly the capital of the Hanoverian Kingdom and here, for centuries, the Dukes and Electors resided, their palaces at present given over to the use of the people. It was the Elector George Louis, son of Ernest Augustus and of his wife Sophia, granddaughter of James I of England, who, in 1714, ascended the English throne and reigned as George I, founding the English House of Brunswick, or Hanover. The nineteen children of Queen Anne, his predecessor, all died in infancy or early youth, and the Elector of Hanover was the nearest in the line of succession. In 1837 William IV of England died without a direct heir and his niece Victoria came to the throne. Since Hanoverian law forbids female succession to the throne, that kingdom reverted to Ernest, Duke of Cumberland, the nearest male heir of William, and Hanover became independent of the English throne after more than a century of attachment.

The motorbus of the air transport company embarked us at our hotel and ten or fifteen minutes later we arrived at the aerodrome. This was to be the artist's first trip through the air and, filled with excitement himself, he was astonished at the calm and unperturbed manner in which the various air officials went about their business and the passengers prepared to embark. After we and our baggage had weighed in and our names had been signed in the register, the machine for Berlin was pointed out and we climbed aboard. It so happened that an international convention of air officials was going into session at Berlin and a large British biplane, which had flown from London with delegates, was that day tak-

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ing the place of the regular plane. It was, we were told, the largest civil aeroplane in the world and we had no reason to doubt the truth of this statement, for the cabin could comfortably accommodate twenty passengers. Two pilots and a conductor made up the crew.

A few minutes before the scheduled time of departure the engines were tuned up and, promptly on time, we took off, taxiing down the field, then imperceptibly leaving the ground and soaring into the air. In a few minutes we were clear of the city and in full flight over the open country. The patchwork fields opening out beneath us were interspersed with squares of forest, and streams with incredible wanderings ran like serpents across the countryside. Red-roofed villages, lifeless, like doll houses, passed under us, starting abruptly at the edge of the fields and ending with equal abruptness at the edge of others. Lakes that seemed tiny pools came into view. Clouds drifted across the sky, throwing shadows which, infused with life, raced across the meadows like phantom horses running a race. The sun, concealed behind a dome of cloud cast its rays across an intervening belt of blue, on banks of clouds hanging low in the sky, creating a silver halo around the horizon. The passengers, comfortable in deep, easy chairs, read their newspapers and magazines or, lulled by the drone of the motors, peacefully slept. The artist, now that some of the novelty of the enterprise had worn off, took out his tablet and sketched the interior of the plane and the passengers in front of him. The dials in the pilot's cockpit showed that we were traveling at the rate of eighty-five miles an hour at an altitude of 3000 feet. White bands ran with geometric precision through checkerboard fields. Large dots of black stretching away in straight lines, the rounded tops of trees, concealed long roads. Fields neatly harrowed with fine straight lines looked exactly like a butter patter. Height, blotting out irregularities and eliminating the trivial, makes everything below seem geometric and precise. Specks crept with astonishing slothfulness along the yellow roads. We flew over villages whose houses, like tentacles, attached themselves to the

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roads diverging from a common center. There is no sham in anything seen from the air. Pretense is swept aside and towns and villages show up exactly as they are and seem enormously unimportant in the gigantic pattern of the earth. Great square blocks of black forest appeared as solid as metal.


The mist suddenly closed out the distance and we flew in a world of our own, through a sun-brightened sphere of fleece. Wisps of mist, tenuous fragments of cloud, scurried past. Our view below opened up. Cattle in the fields looked like wooden markers. From this height every object seems lifeless, except the lazily revolving windmills which appear ridiculous in their fruitless turnings. Gradually we rose to 4000 feet. Cattle, from this altitude, were mere specks in the fields. We crossed a river, on the surface of which inert Lilliputian tugs drew toy barges. Then under the genial sun the mist about us disappeared and the horizon once more opened up. Ahead, in the distance, yellow fields, strips of forest and villages, like nursery blocks, all sprawled together. Over a yellow town we winged our way, an industrial town with high yellow smoke-stacks which, gleaming under the sun's rays, looked like soaring minarets. Then over patches of recently cut forest, the fallen trees of which looked like match sticks. Slowly descending, we flew at a height of 2500 feet, traveling at the rate of ninety-five miles an hour. Flocks of geese which dotted the fields looked like snowdrops on an early spring landscape. As we flew over farmyards chickens, imagining that a great hawk was upon them, scurried to cover in wild flight, but the geese remained quite unperturbed, stalking off with stately dignity in the wake of their leaders. So bright was the sun that the shadows of the cattle in the fields could easily be distinguished. At 2000 feet we passed over an immense lake covered with white-winged yachts which looked like butterflies, but we were low enough to distinguish people on their decks. Great numbers of houses flanking a multitude of streets told us that we were nearing our destination. Then a great rectangular field with long hangars came into view, and, with the nose of our plane set

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downward, we made a wide spiral and touched the ground, our wheels bumping on its uneven surface while we taxied across to the "station." With the aid of a strong following wind we had made a ground speed of 160 miles an hour and had reached Berlin in one hour and twelve minutes.

X. THE HEART OF THE GERMAN REPUBLIC

IF you are fond of big cities as such, the chances are in favor of your liking Berlin. In point of size it is the first city of the Continent, the second of Europe and the third of the world. In the old world it is over-topped only by London; in the new world, by New York. Berlin is the capital of the Prussian State and of the German Republic and, with its immediate suburbs, has a population of four million people. Unlike most other large capitals it is not only the political and cultural center of the nation but its commercial metropolis as well, besides being the largest industrial city on the Continent.



From a scenic point of view, the situation of Berlin has nothing to recommend it. Reposing in the middle of a broad plain and on the narrow river Spree, the city has no natural physical attractions. But if nature has been niggardly in withholding beauty it has compensated in commercial advantages. For, situated almost at sea level, on navigable waterways which stretch to the east and west and connect it with the distant North Sea and the nearby Baltic, the city certainly gains in commercial prestige what it loses in scenic beauty. Ships of seven hundred tons make their way through the navigable rivers and canals and, in company with the vast network of railways which center here, contribute their share in bringing trade to the capital. Each year, within the boundaries of Berlin more than twenty-five thousand vessels of

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all descriptions load and unload merchandise which is absorbed here or transshipped to other sections of the country. All of this may seem strange to the casual visitor who sees little evidence of this water-borne traffic; it is present, never-



*The Brandenburg Gate at the end of Unter den Linden
in Berlin gives access to the Tiergarten*

theless, moving silently through narrow and unobtrusive channels, a part of the commercial life-blood of the nation.

As befits a city of such importance in the political and economic life of a great nation, Berlin has been laid out on a scale of much grandeur. Even if there is absent the artistic loveliness of Paris or the ancient majesty of London, there

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is present an air of substance and even magnificence. Berlin is always the throbbing metropolis, never the provincial town. Of this you are immediately conscious in the endless number of streets, in the quality of their buildings and in the traffic of vehicles and people flowing through them.

Berlin has every attribute of a modern, progressive city, some of which are more characteristic of the new world than of the old. It possesses a subway system of more than twenty-five miles, almost ninety electric street-car lines, a dozen omnibus routes and thousands of taxicabs.

The soul of Berlin unmistakably lies in that brief length of street and square which begins at the Brandenburg Gate and ends at the Lustgarten. Few, if any, of the greater cities of the world possess a center striking such a staccato note as this, a focus which is so highly individualistic and expresses so thoroughly the spirit of the city. Beginning in graceful cadence at the Brandenburg Gate, a replica of the arch of Propylæa at Athens, framed against the greenery of the Tiergarten, and ending in a crescendo of mighty buildings surrounding the broad Lustgarten, Unter den Linden's broad esplanade has no rival for majesty in Berlin. A visitor with but half an hour in which to see the capital and that which is most characteristic of it, would inevitably be taken through the Tiergarten, under the Brandenburg Gate and along Unter den Linden to the center of the Lustgarten. Having seen that much of the city he would have beheld its most dramatic part and would have gained an unforgettable impression.

The wooded Tiergarten in the heart of Berlin is a remnant of the ancient domain of the castle and a part of the extensive forests in which the Hohenzollerns once hunted. In earlier times it extended to the castle itself but now nearly a mile of streets intervenes and despite the fact that, until the advent of the Republic, it was the property of the crown, it has to all intents and purposes been public property for a long time. Its ancient status was not dissimilar to that of the Bois de Boulogne in Paris and, indeed, in physical appearance the two pleasure grounds have distinct points of resemblance.

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The Tiergarten is considerably smaller in area than its French counterpart, but its acres which are two miles in length and half as much in width are thickly forested, and are intersected by lakes and streams which give it variety and beauty. It is crossed by innumerable paths so that every part is accessible to the public. The public knows it well and because so much statuary has been set up within its borders the Berliners jokingly refer to the park as the "See of Marmora."

This love of statuary was an inherent weakness of the Hohenzollerns. It manifested itself in the extraordinary rows of sculpture lining the Siegesallee, or Avenue of Victory, which cuts across the Tiergarten in its easterly end. From the soaring Column of Victory, which rises in the center of the Königsplatz before the hall of the Reichstag, to the Roland statue at the southern boundary of the park, this tree-embowered boulevard is flanked on either side with a succession of marble statues of the Prussian rulers. This royal line of Hohenzollerns was beneficently erected by William II at his own expense, but his judgment and good taste have often been brought into question. Thirty-two gleaming marble groups closely assembled on a short avenue, each group consisting of the figure of a Hohenzollern standing before a semicircular bench which is terminated by busts of two eminent contemporaries, the series is, to speak vulgarly, an eyeful. The effect is far from being artistic to say nothing of the lack of modesty which dictated the enterprise. The Berliners long since have dubbed the Siegesallee "The Avenue of Dolls." The former Kaiser, as is well known, had his own ideas in such matters and a full measure of determination to boot; consequently, the sculptors were handicapped from the start and little genius



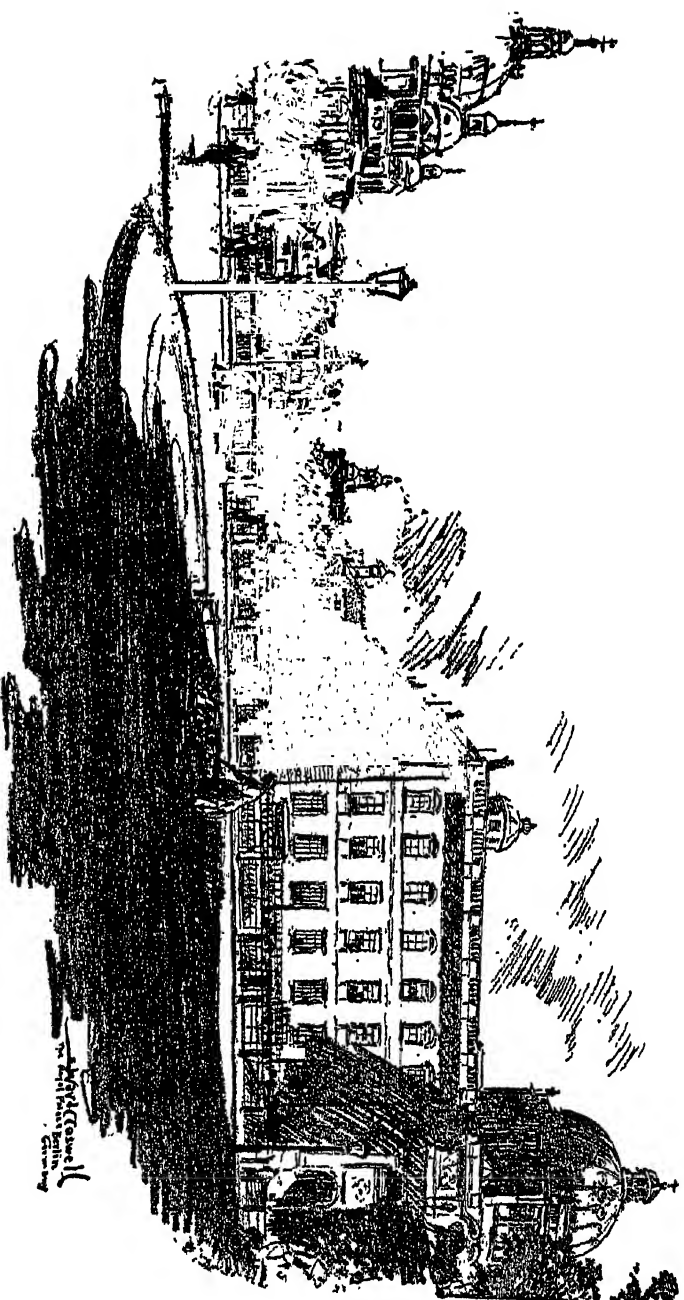
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is shown in the plastic art. Still, the statues in the Siegesallee have their uses, for the school teachers, it is said, take their pupils to the Tiergarten and teach them history from the chronologically arranged monuments.

The English equivalent of Tiergarten is "Animal Park" and, faithful to its name, an appendage of this famous park, the Zoölogical Garden, gives hospitality to one of the finest animal collections in Europe. Here also a band attracts large numbers of the populace on holiday afternoons and summer evenings, for nothing can be done in Germany without music. Beer and music—these are the things which never fail to amuse any assembly in the Fatherland. All in all, the Tiergarten with its pretty forest glades, its woodland streams, its placid lakes enlivened by water fowl, and its shrubs and flowers is an urban park of unusual charm.

At the edge of the Tiergarten, its corner resting on the bank of the Spree, stands the hall of the Reichstag, a florid Italian Renaissance building of modern construction, where the national assembly conducts its deliberations.

The two rows of lime and chestnut trees, which give significance to Unter den Linden's name, stop at the statue of Frederick the Great a short distance from the Lustgarten. From the Brandenburg Gate to this point, the magnificent esplanade, with its three broad roadways, is lined with hotels, restaurants, shops and public buildings. It resembles the Grand Boulevards of Paris in general appearance, although it is broader and not nearly so long. Where the rows of trees come to an end the street becomes a sort of plaza, on each side of which rises a group of massive but unrelated buildings—the state Library, the Palace of Emperor William I, the University, the Opera House, the Royal Guard House, the Arsenal and the Palace of the Crown Prince. Terminating this impressive array, over a slender arm of the Spree, lies the Lustgarten, originally a garden of the palace. Entering this immense square you are confronted by one of the most colossal groups of public buildings in Europe. To the right, fronted by a gigantic sculptured memorial to William I, rises the vast Royal Palace; to the left stands the Old Mu-



The palace of the Hohenzollerns was originally a castle on the Spree. In the fifteenth century it was converted into a palace and today, under the Republic, it serves as a museum

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seum, with the New Museum and the National Gallery rising in the background; and directly in front, seen over the trees in the center, looms the mighty modern cathedral. You are really on an island here, for to the northwest the river Spree splits into two channels which meet again a short distance to the southeast. Between, the distance is relatively slight so that, in earlier times, these channels formed a convenient moat for the castle. In these latter days they have lost their military usefulness, but from the standpoint of beauty they are effective. Save for a roadway on one side, the palace occupies the entire distance between them. As you emerge from the Linden the effect of this panorama is overwhelming and seems in its magnificence to typify the old indomitable spirit of the Empire. There is no harmony in the architectural scheme; the palace, mostly of the German Renaissance, is a combination of early and modern styles; the Old Museum with its Ionic portico of eighteen columns is Grecian; the cathedral is a modern example of the Italian Renaissance. The lack of structural harmony and the immensity of the buildings give an air, almost, of brutal flamboyance but for all that the effect is strikingly impressive. You are never likely to forget the focal center of Berlin.

The Palace is a vast rectangular building enclosing two spacious courtyards. The original building was a castle on the Spree erected by Elector Frederick II in the middle of the fifteenth century. Converted into a palace a century later and again extensively altered in the seventeenth century, it was not until 1852 that the dome, surmounting a chapel in the west wing and rising over the massive gate, was erected as the last of the important additions. Here the Electors of Brandenburg, the Kings of Prussia, and the German Emperors have resided. Directly opposite the immense portal, which with the dome above seems to unbalance the structure, is situated the gigantic memorial to Emperor William I, unveiled in 1897. A stone colonnade with Ionic columns serves as a background for a thirty-foot equestrian statue of the Emperor. The pedestal of the statue is guarded by figures of War and Peace and by four belligerent lions. Sculp-

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tured groups and bronze quadriga surmount the colonnade. Crowded into the narrow space between the castle and this arm of the Spree, known as the Kupfergraben, this extraordinary monument is too large for its space. Not only does it suffer from its cramped and poorly chosen setting but it is a flagrant vaunting of the Emperor's glory. The Hohenzollerns have always been overgenerous to each other in the matter of monuments.

In and directly adjacent to the Lustgarten are statues of Frederick the Great, Frederick William III and the Great Elector, besides which, not counting the startling array in the Siegesallee, there are, no doubt, many other memorials elsewhere in the city so that the people have not been allowed to forget their illustrious rulers. Alas, for the Hohenzollerns! the day of the commoner has come; the royal palace has been converted into a museum, and the era of monument building to hereditary monarchs is at an end.

The Berliners might have done better with the building of their cathedral. To have invested more than ten million gold marks in an edifice which is without distinction, save in its immensity, must be a matter of regret to every art loving citizen of the nation. In design the building is what is described as the developed Italian Renaissance and it is a product of modern times, having been completed in 1905. Its great dome and its four surrounding cupolas form a landmark which is a characteristic part of every skyline view of the capital. But neither grace nor beauty resides in this ambitious venture of modern architects. In justice to its designers it must be said that in this project they enjoyed the collaboration of the Emperor William II. He was responsible for many changes in the original plans it is said, and even went so far as to sign them, "Wilhelm, Architect." Having regard to the statues in the Siegesallee as well as to other architectural and sculptural achievements of his reign, it seems evident that the cathedral expresses, to a large extent, the taste of the former occupant of the throne.

In this section of the city there are many other public buildings and churches, and solid streets of business houses given

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over to wholesale and retail trade. The shopping district is near at hand; Leipzigerstrasse forms the principal longi-



Berlin's great cathedral raises its massive bulk beside the river Spree which flows through the heart of the metropolis

tudinal thoroughfare, and Friedrichstrasse the chief lateral one. These streets, and a number of others paralleling them, are lined with establishments, large and small, very much

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like shops elsewhere. They lack, however, the brilliance of the merchandise display shown in Paris, London or New York. The Germans do not seem to possess the genius of design; neither their windows nor the goods within them are particularly alluring. The itch to buy, generated by attractively arranged displays of dainty wares, is noticeably absent when you visit the German cities.

The Germans, as a rule, specialize in the manufacture of the more utilitarian articles of commerce, and the people, by inheritance and training, are buyers of staple articles, as distinguished from novelties and artistic productions.

Wilhemstrasse, which emerges from Unter den Linden and runs parallel to the Tiergarten, is the capital's street of officialdom for the German states. Containing in close proximity the British Embassy, the residence of the President of the Republic, the Home Office, the residence of the Minister of Justice, the Ministry of State, the Foreign Office, the Chancellery and the residence of the Chancellor, it is, for its meager length, the most highly concentrated government

street in the world. Fronting on the Tiergarten are avenues of imposing villas set in attractive grounds, and the adjoining streets and Charlottenburg beyond are the principal residential districts of the metropolis.

In Berlin as in other large cities of Germany there are immense beer restaurants in which great numbers of people congregate to spend their evenings over foaming steins of beer. Music is usually an accompaniment of the more serious



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business of drinking, but, whether there is supplementary entertainment of this kind or not, happy hours are spent in conversation over favorite brews. There are wine restaurants as well as *bierstuben* and there is a well-understood distinction between the two. The wine restaurant is of a nobler order. Bottled beer can be obtained, but wine is the accepted beverage and usually is served to the accompaniment of a full bill of fare. Beer restaurants, on the other hand, make a speciality of beer on draught and serve but little wine. The menu offered usually is in lesser variety and frequently is restricted to cold dishes. In the evenings, however, the *bierstuben* are patronized by people for indulging in a social hour over a few mugs of beer. There are several great beer restaurants in Berlin, the most famous of which has branches in Munich and one or two other cities. On any evening you may go to this Berlin establishment and, during the course of the hours, find an assembly of several thousand people in the process of being served with their national beverage. Beakers of all sizes are in use, ranging from one holding a quarter liter to a giant capable of accommodating ten liters. Only on gala occasions are the Gargantuan steins put to use, for a container of nearly ten quarts is hardly convenient to handle. Inability to manipulate these vessels does not, of course, restrict the individual consumption of the devotees. During the course of an evening you will observe a large number who re-



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turn their drinking vessels many times to be refilled, and there are some whose orders in the aggregate would occupy a large proportion of the giant tankard.

In the restaurants throughout most of the land, and in the hotels too, tipping is a simplified process. To cover such fees ten, or sometimes fifteen, percent of your total charges is added to your bill, and you are saved all further trouble in this direction. This system is both convenient and economical. To the waiter is allocated a definite portion of the bill, and he maintains his respect thereby. For the patron it is equally satisfactory for he neither underpays nor overpays and his gratuity, which is really no gratuity at all but, on the contrary, a recognized charge, is given ungrudgingly. In dealing with hotel servants this plan is the acme of convenience for the guest, eliminating the tipping of a long array of waiting and obsequious servitors. The recognized percentage added to the total bill is distributed equitably among the retinue and in the bargain amounts to less, usually, than the total of individually given sums. Tipping in the old-fashioned manner is such an annoying and burdensome task that it spoils much of the pleasure of traveling, especially if you are constantly moving about. In the few hotels where this collective feeing was not in use we usually left at the cashier's desk a sum equivalent to ten or fifteen percent of our bill, and this was distributed, we were informed, to the satisfaction of the recipients and certainly, we knew, to that of ourselves.

We had many amusing experiences in the restaurants of Germany. Our Teutonic vocabulary being limited, we were restricted, in the small restaurants and out-of-the-way places where English was not understood, to the few dishes which on the bill of fare were capable of identification. *Wiener schnitzel* was an old friend and because we were aware of its constituent ingredients we ordered it with abandon, never going wrong in doing so. But a sustained diet of even excellent *wiener schnitzel* grows monotonous. We had with us, to be sure, an English-German dictionary and the translation of a special list of dishes as well, but in the long and verbose menu encountered in most restaurants we found identifica-

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tion by means of translation or by reference to our list a very slow process. Moreover, sauces and special means of preparation gave to standard, unassuming dishes such qualifying nomenclature as to bewilder such novices in the language as ourselves. Accordingly we hit upon the happy expedient of selecting our dishes by chance. Deciding upon a plate whose



name seemed to strike a familiar note, or one that possessed a recognizable syllable, we would give our order and calmly await developments. Sometimes we got what we expected; more often the dish which reached us was a complete surprise. Our average was good, however, for like the hero in *The King's Breakfast* we were not fussy men and thus anything of a substantial nature satisfied us. But it must be confessed that at times we were served with viands which hardly suited the meal or the condition of our appetites at the mo-

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ment. On this account we finally abandoned with precipitate haste our speculative manner of selection. Arriving in Berlin one evening after our usual dinner hour and with ravenous appetites, we scanned the voluminous bill of fare and after much perplexity selected a dish which we thought to be a substantial one. This was a fatal mistake — it proved to be a fried and somewhat sour potato pancakes which, served on our order with a feeble lettuce salad savored with vinegar dressing, was as inappropriate as ices for breakfast.

Still, there were certain advantages in this scheme of ordering. In Goslar one night, in the hotel restaurant, that is imprisoned in a great circular bastion that formed a part of the ancient city wall, we had pursued our usual method of selection, adopted when there was no one present to act as interpreter. The hour was late and the room was filled with an animated throng spending the evening over food, wine and beer. We were on fairly sure ground that night as we had ordered certain dishes with which, in a measure, we were familiar. Presently the waiter returned with three heaping dishes of food which seemed even more ample than usual in a country where portions are abundant. We attacked the food with vigor, commenting upon the generosity of the portions and their surprising variety. When half through our repast, the proprietor, a jolly, rotund fellow, who had been attached to a large party of men at a nearby table (when he was not walking about greeting his friends in various parts of the room), came over to us and, chuckling with amusement, revealed the fact that the waiter had made a mistake and had brought us his supper with ours! The scanty remains in our plates showed him, alas, the baseness of our thievery.

From Berlin there are any number of ways of reaching Potsdam. The distance is so relatively short that the opportunity of seeing the palaces of the Hohenzollerns and particularly the favorite haunt of Frederick the Great should not be missed. It is, to be exact, but sixteen miles and can be traversed by either of two railway lines, by motorbus, or by a combination of rail and steamer, for at that point the Spree joins the river Havel which develops into a chain of

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elongated lakes. The waterways of the Havel, once the haunts of kings, are now the playgrounds of the people. They are easy of access, and holiday seekers come to them in great numbers to enjoy their facilities for sport and recreation. In summer, the waters are dotted with white-winged yachts and boats of every description, bathing is indulged in, the wooded districts are the Mecca of picnickers, and pavilions



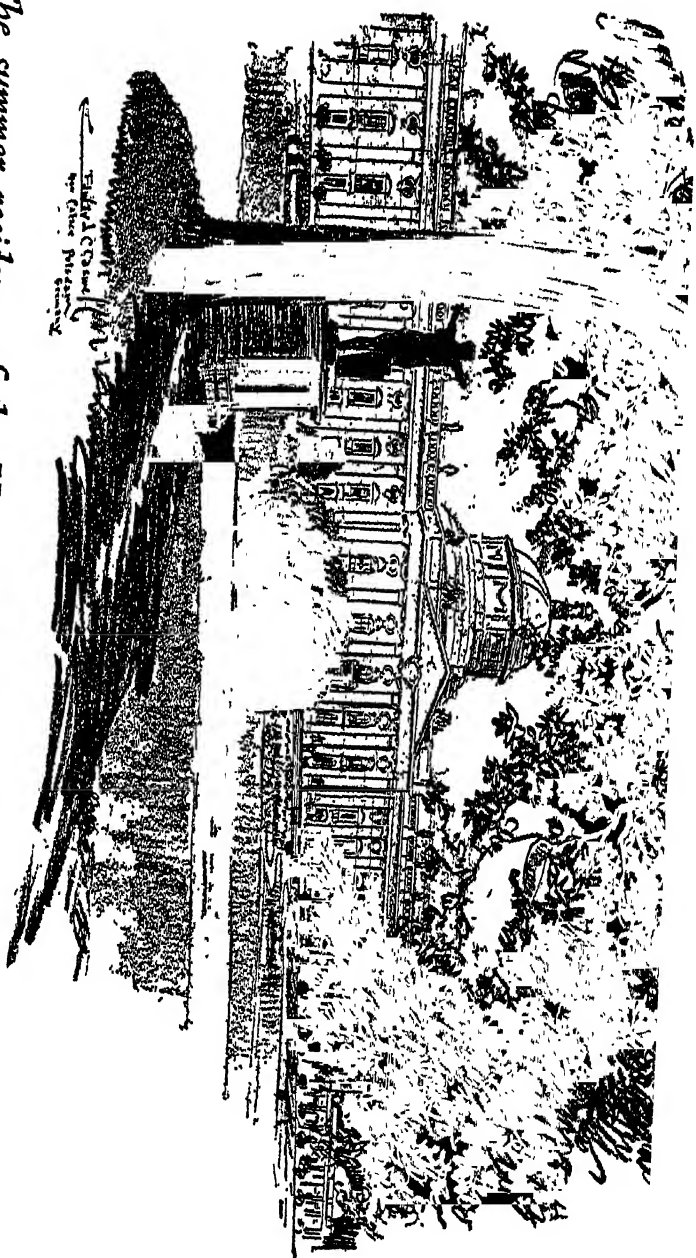
along the shore offer abundant means of enjoyment for the less energetic.

But Potsdam is especially significant for its association with the Hohenzollerns from the time of the Great Elector in the sixteen hundreds to the days of the recent war. Surrounding it, on the waters of the Havel, are royal châteaux, erected, from time to time, by the Kings of Prussia and the Emperors of Germany, including among them the marble palace occupied by the ex-Crown Prince as a summer residence. In the heart of the city itself, which is a town of sixty-

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five thousand people, stands the Town Palace built in 1660 by the Great Elector and reconstructed nearly a century later by Frederick the Great. This was the favorite residence of Frederick's father, Frederick William I, who through his genius in the organization and administration of his young kingdom did so much to pave the way for the achievements of his illustrious son. With Frederick the Great, more than with any other monarch, is Potsdam associated. Not only did he rebuild and occupy the old palace, but he erected the so-called New Palace, which, in a park of much beauty, adjoins the city and was the summer residence of the ex-Kaiser; and also Sans Souci, that tiny exquisite château which was his favorite residence and was never again occupied.

Potsdam in general appearance is not unlike a French city. This is due no doubt to the influence of Frederick the Great from whose time nearly six hundred houses remain. The Town Palace, situated in Potsdam proper on the banks of the Havel, is worthy of notice because it was the summer residence of a succession of Electors of Brandenburg and Kings of Prussia, to which dignity the electors advanced under Frederick III of Brandenburg, the son of the Great Elector, and grandfather of Frederick the Great. Elector Frederick III of Brandenburg thus became King Frederick I of Prussia. To the person unfamiliar with the constitution of the old German Empire and its component parts the distinction between elector, king and emperor may not be clear. From earliest times the Emperor had been an elective sovereign as distinguished from an hereditary one, chosen to occupy the imperial throne by the princes of the German states. As these electors increased their power they developed into kings usually through recognition as such by the German Emperor or by the sovereign of an outside power. The electors, very powerful in the affairs of the empire, jealously guarded their prerogatives and endeavored at all times to limit the power of the Emperor. Usually there was much intrigue connected with choosing the head of the state and it was the custom for the electors, or *kurfürsten*, frequently to ignore in their choice the son and heir of the late king for fear of establish-



The summer residence of the Kaisers, the New Palace at Potsdam erected by Frederick the Great, stands at one end of a spacious park

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ing a dynasty and making the throne an hereditary one. Next in dignity to the prince-electors came the dukes who were followed successively by margraves, landgraves, counts palatine, and many others of baronial rank; finally, in great numbers came the knights of the empire who, subject to no feudal lord, were answerable only to the king. In addition to these secular noblemen there was the spiritual nobility, consisting of archbishops, bishops, abbots and so on.

For many years the Town Palace at Potsdam has not been a royal residence. Sovereigns of recent generations have preferred the greater attractions of the New Palace which is set within spacious gardens and grounds away from the noise of the city. The Town Palace, or Stadt-Schloss, erected by the Great Elector in 1660 and reconstructed for Frederick the Great between 1745 and 1751, is a noble mansion in the classic style. Its richly decorated and furnished interior shows the good taste and creative faculty of the great Frederick and the double-doored apartment, containing a trap door through which the dining table could be raised and lowered, shows his faculty for invention in devising a means of maintaining complete privacy when dining with his councilors and intimates. When invasion was threatened by Napoleon the silver furniture of the library was painted black to masquerade as common stuff, but this precaution was unnecessary because the great Corsican allowed nothing to be distributed save the paintings and Frederick's desk from which, for a personal souvenir, he cut a strip of silk. In the middle of the street, outside the palace, stands the historic lime tree, the "Petition Linden," where the king's subjects, having pleas to make, waited for the just and kindly Frederick to receive their petitions. When the King failed to appear, some of the petitioners would climb the tree and, to attract his attention, wave their messages before the window of his chamber. Then he would come to the window. The Garrison Church, five minutes' walk from the palace, is an edifice now nearly two centuries old. This is a shrine of great consequence in the annals of the Fatherland, for here, in a vault behind the marble pulpit, lie the remains of Frederick William I and

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his illustrious son, Frederick the Great. Frederick, in his will, requested that his remains be interred with his favorite dog on the terrace of Sans Souci; obviously, however, posterity would demand a more appropriate spot for the tomb of one of its greatest heroes and his successor so ordered it. Napoleon came to this church in a spirit of reverence, and standing before the tomb with bowed head, paid this fine tribute: "If this one were alive I should not now be here." So profound was his admiration of Frederick, as the greatest warrior and administrator of his time, that he took from the wall above the tomb the sword of the man whom he so unfeignedly revered and carried it away. This, to him, was a trophy, as he declared, "more precious than all the treasures of the king of Prussia."

In a splendid park immediately adjoining the town and at the top of a series of terraced gardens stands the little palace of Sans Souci, planned by Frederick before the Second Silesian War and completed at its close, five years after he ascended the throne at the age of twenty-eight. From the time of his maturity Frederick and his father had been unsympathetic to each other. His father, a stern and uncompromising disciplinarian, a very great administrator, fond of his army, of the chase and of the robust society of his cronies, disapproved strongly of Frederick's distaste for these more masculine pursuits and his preference for art, music, philosophy and literature, and his devotion to French culture. Frederick wrote and spoke French fluently; it was the language he usually employed. German, which he despised as a language of bores, he never cared to master and spoke it incorrectly to the day of his death. The brilliant culture of the time of Louis XIV had not yet dimmed and from it Frederick drew his intellectual enjoyment rather than from the less refined civilization of Germany. The contempt of Frederick William for his son was outspoken and it seemed to many that the breach would never be healed but, grown to his mid-twenties, Frederick made a truce with his father and the relationship was a harmonious one until the time of the King's death. But underneath this love of the intellectual,

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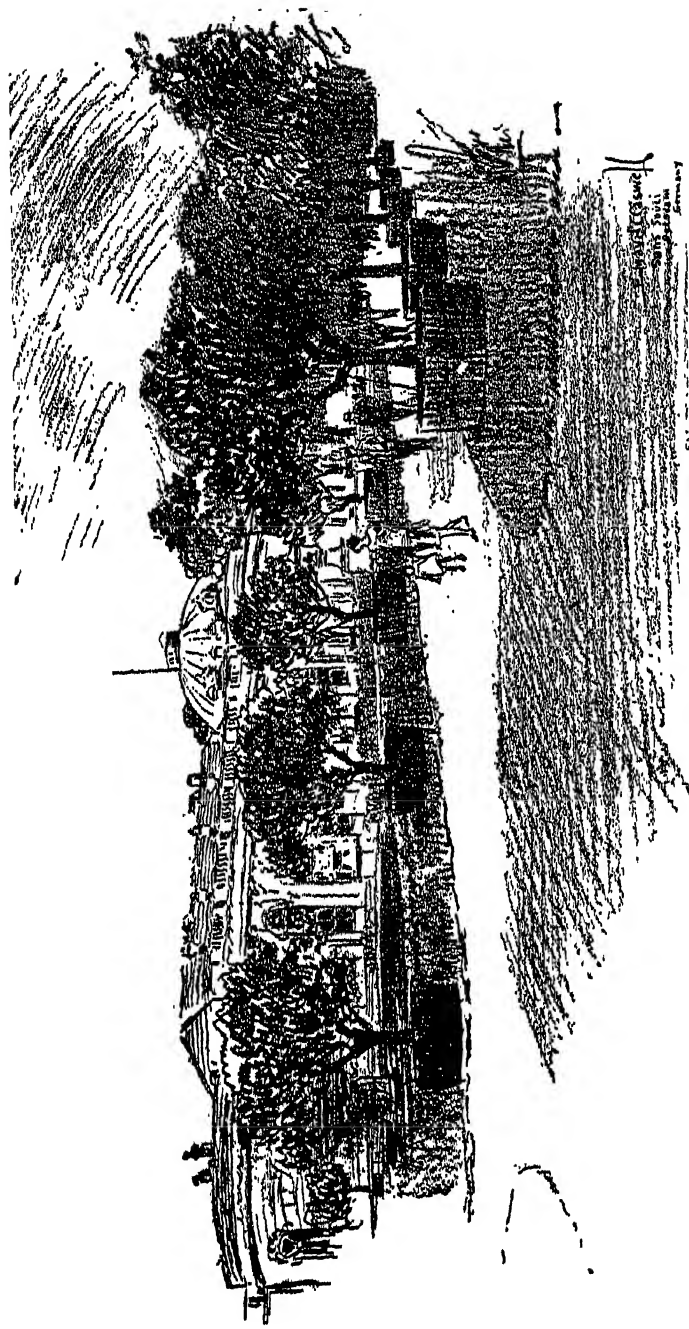
Frederick harbored a taste for military leadership and statecraft which surprised everyone but his most intimate friends. His ambition for the extension and power of the Kingdom of Prussia was not long kept unsatisfied. Immediately upon ascending the throne, with no other pretext than the specious one contained in the clause of a treaty two centuries old providing that the Silesian duchies were, under certain conditions, to have come under the sway of Brandenburg, he invaded Silesia in an attempt to wrest it from Austria. He was successful in this enterprise, as well as in the Second Silesian War in 1744-45 which he was compelled to fight to defend his conquests. At thirty-three, victor in two wars waged against a great power, he raised his kingdom to the first rank and became the foremost sovereign of his time. It was at the end of this second conflict that Sans Souci was built and subsequently occupied by Frederick as his favorite residence during the ensuing period of peace and rising prosperity. The enlarged kingdom of Prussia, energized by the enterprise and wisdom of its ruler, grew in economic as well as political eminence, and from his headquarters here Frederick plunged into the task of reconstruction and consolidation.

Sans Souci, built in the French style, is a tiny structure as palaces go, more like a villa than a royal residence, for it rises no higher than a single story and is built on a scale of no magnificence. Its gardens, which descend in terraces to the park and are laid out in the fashion of the French with formal planting, fountains and statuary, give it an environment of unusual beauty. The unpretentious rooms, decorated in rococo and furnished in the French manner, open into each other. Today they remain just as they were in the time of Frederick, for the palace has not since been occupied. His thirty-nine years' residence there hallowed it and it has been allowed to remain untouched, dedicated to his memory. Because of its size, it could only be attractive to a monarch of Spartan simplicity. Among other rooms in the palace is the one occupied by Voltaire during his long visits to the Prussian King. Frederick carried on a lively correspondence with Frenchmen of talent and brought many of them to Prussia

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in order to stimulate German art and thought. Voltaire came and lived at Sans Souci much to Frederick's delight, and between the two men a close friendship sprang up, although for a time it suffered a breach. The walls of Voltaire's room, the decorations said to have been designed by Frederick himself, are embellished with birds and animals; migratory birds symbolize Voltaire's fondness for travel, parrots his curiosity, peacocks his vanity, monkeys his lack of comeliness and squirrels his love of dainties. The toilet set is an interesting commentary on the cleanliness of the age, for its wash basin is little larger than a generous soup dish. In the music-room are Frederick's spinet, music stand and a flute sonata written by his instructor, indicating the King's passionate fondness for the flute, on which he was a skilful performer. In summer he was in the habit of arising at five in the morning and in the winter at six, engaging in the transaction of public business until eleven. At intervals he played on his flute as he reflected on matters of State. In this room, too, is the famous clock which the King was accustomed to wind daily and which, it is said, stopped at the exact moment of his death, twenty minutes past two, August 17, 1786.

We inspected the palace in company with a party of German tourists, guided by a man of serious mien and excessive dignity. But ten or fifteen minutes are consumed in going through the few rooms of the palace, and during his service our guide had probably escorted a thousand parties, reciting to them the same formula of explanation. In spite of his evident superiority and boredom, he was very dramatic when he pointed to Frederick's clock. "It was carried off by Napoleon," he proclaimed; then, with a significant pause but without emotion, "and it was brought back by Marshal Blücher in 1814"! The rooms open on a terrace from which enchanting views unfold themselves over the steep descending terraces, the park and the hills beyond. It was on this terrace that Frederick expressed a wish to be buried. "*Quand je serai là, je serai sans souci*," he said. ("When I am there I shall be without care.") Carlyle tells the story of the naming of the palace: "The name, it appears, came by accident. He had



At the top of a series of terraced gardens stands the little palace of Sans Souci, built by Frederick the Great and occupied by him as his favorite residence

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prepared his Tomb, and various Tombs, in the skirts of this new Cottage: looking at these, as the building of them went on, he was heard to say, one day (Spring 1746), D'Argens strolling beside him: '*Oui, alors je serai sans souci*' (Once there, one will be out of bother)! A saying which was rumoured of, and repeated in society, being by such a man. Out of which rumour in society, and the evident aim of the Cottage Royal, there was gradually born, as Venus from the froth of the sea, this name 'Sans Souci.'"

A picturesque windmill, situated on a bluff at the entrance to the palace grounds at the rear, strikes a note of exotic beauty. History relates that the King, who prided himself on his love of justice, and indeed carried out his pretensions in protecting the poor against the predatory, wished to buy this mill in order that he might include its grounds in the palace gardens. The miller obdurately refused to sell. "Are you not willing to sell at any price?" asked the agent of the King. "Don't you know that the King could take it and give you nothing if he so wished?" "Ah," replied the miller, "have we not courts of justice in Berlin?" Frederick was vastly delighted with this reply and the miller was left in possession of his property.

At the other end of the park ten or fifteen minutes' walk from Sans Souci, stands the so-called New Palace which was the summer residence of the ex-Kaiser as it had been of many of his predecessors. Frederick the Great planned it during the Seven Years' War in a spirit of bravado. After the peace of more than ten years which followed the Second Silesian War, Frederick and his kingdom were once more plunged into conflict. Austria, still smarting under the loss of Silesia, formed a confederation of the Continental powers with the avowed object of dismembering Prussia and reducing it once more to a comparatively insignificant state. Practically the whole Continent was pitted against this rising young power. Through brilliant generalship and able administration, aided, in the final stages of the conflict, by the unexpected withdrawal of Russia, Frederick held his enemies at bay. His little kingdom of five million people successfully defended

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itself against the combined forces of the great powers. Frederick knew both prosperity and adversity in this unequally divided contest. He gained many brilliant victories against superior forces and under difficult circumstances but he lost several important engagements and was plunged, at times, into the depths of despair through the almost complete exhaustion of his man-power and his treasury. It was during these trying times that Frederick began the New Palace at Potsdam to announce to his enemies that he was far from exhaustion and that he expected to remain the head of a great nation. He completed his gesture, for gesture it really was, within six years, at a cost of nine million gold marks. The palace, consisting of a long rectangular building of three stories surmounted by a dome, contains two hundred rooms including the great halls of state. Approaching by the road, you enter the grounds from the rear. On one side stands the palace; opposite are two buildings, the Communs, which look like Greek temples on elevated foundations and seem singularly out of place. These were the quarters of the royal retinue. Viewed from this point the palace, lavishly embellished with statuary, is devoid of allurements. The front of the palace is more pleasing. Facing its formal garden and the park beyond, it has beauty of setting, and its red brick façade with sandstone trimmings, while formal and monotonous, has an air of warmth and gaiety. It was strange taste that dictated on this palace the use of such an overwhelming mass of statuary and ornamentation. Spaced but a few feet apart, sculptured figures rise from the roofline, front, rear and at both ends. Even the cupola bears on its crest a group of figures — Frederick's little jest. Tradition has it that these three naked female figures represent the three women who caused him the greatest tribulation, Catherine the Great of Russia, Maria Theresa of Austria and Madame de Pompadour of France. In the Seven Years' War Frederick's forces were hard pressed by the allied armies of these women; but here they appear, shorn of their garments, supporting on their heads the Prussian crown.

The delicate restraint of *Sans Souci* is absent from the inte-

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rior of this palace, a glory of late baroque art. The furniture is, like the other, in the French style. Although magnificence is not lacking in the State apartments, the monotony of the rooms and their paucity of comfort furnish abundant evidence of the reason why kings leave home.

Frederick the Great seems to have preferred the greater intimacy of smaller apartments, for the room in the New Palace which he used as his dining-room is a tiny chamber on the ground floor. William II, on the contrary, had no such modest tastes. Upon coming to the throne in 1888 he thoroughly restored the building, added a large terrace, and it became one of his favorite places of residence. Its upkeep and that of the park adjoining, cost him, it is said, six hundred thousand gold marks a year.

When you have visited Potsdam you have by no means exhausted the environs of Berlin. Of rare interest is the Spreewald, a district of picturesque waterways occupied by the Wends, a people who, during many centuries, have maintained the integrity of their race and language. In the Tiergarten in Berlin we had often seen the Wendish nursemaids capped by their flaring white coifs tending the children of the rich, for nurses from the Spreewald have always been favorites with the well-to-do Berliners.

At Berlin the river Spree, content with its channel or two, is a stream of some commercial consequence. Sixty or seventy miles away, in the region of the Spreewald, the river is by no means so decorous. There, in a more youthful and hilarious mood, it bursts into more than two hundred channels, inundating and holding in its benevolent subjection an area of more than a hundred square miles. This prettily wooded region of silent waterways, forested glens, and lush meadows, somewhat less than forty miles long, and nearly five miles wide at its broadest part, is, in reality, a great marsh; yet it is the home of an alien race, one of the most picturesquely clad peoples in Germany.

At the early hour of seven one Sunday morning we set out by motor for the distant hamlet of Burg in the heart of the Spreewald to see the Wendish peasants attend church. Ar-

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rayed in their native costumes they come from the country districts of the parish on foot and bicycle, by skiff and carriage, presenting a spectacle of exotic interest such as is found nowhere else in the country. The Wends are of Slavic origin, the remnant of a people who in ancient times inhabited the Electorate of Brandenburg. Here, in the isolation of the



Spreewald, they took refuge from the Germanic tribes, and here they remained, clannish, inaccessible, protected by inhospitable swamps, strangely drawn to a terrain that offered them little but privacy and a struggle for existence. Yet today the country of this ancient race is a region of beauty, a great, natural park, providing recreation to the people of the capital and the surrounding country. On hundreds of is-

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lands in this vast network of waterways the Wendish peasants have built their homesteads. Here, circumscribed by the flowing waters, they live their placid lives and here they die.

Church service at Burg presents an unusual scene. As in a Quaker meeting house the men and women sit apart. The main section of the church is given over to the women who are resplendent in a dress that has descended without change through the ages. The men, arrayed for the most part in sober black, occupy the aisles and the two balconies, the upper one of which is within a few feet of the ceiling. It is a strange picture, the rows of women with their enormous head-dresses, as brilliant as the gorgeous plumage of tropical birds. These strange bonnets, aglow with color, white, black, blue, yellow, richly embroidered by hand, stiffened to flair out at the sides, frequently measure two and a half feet across. So broad is this headgear that the women are unable to sit shoulder to shoulder. Each takes the space ordinarily occupied by two. The rest of the costume is equally colorful. The colored skirt of embroidered cloth is a voluminous one and over it is worn an apron of lace. The bodice and waist, usually embroidered in color are of velvet, cloth and lacy materials, depending upon the age of the wearer, and over them is worn a jacket or shoulder scarf.

We found the church gaily decorated. Garlands and festoons of variegated paper and cheesecloth hung from the galleries, the facing of which was embellished with wreaths. A gateway of colored paper terminating the center aisle led to the chancel and decorated posts extending from it were capped by wreaths and festooned with ribbons. Candles burned on the table under the pulpit. At the close of the service, which, due to the volubility of the preacher, was none too short, the reason for the carnival spirit was evident. There was to be a christening! To preside at this important ceremony the minister descended from his pulpit. Around him assembled the christening cortège consisting of the child, its father and mother and several others, presumably the god-parents and relatives of the infant. The women seemed supremely comfortable compared to the men who were clad in

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long Prince Alberts and towering collars and carried silk hats. It soon developed that a christening among the Wends is a thing of no minor importance and is not to be taken lightly. The preacher opened the service by reading a Scripture passage suitable to the occasion; at the conclusion of this he offered prayer and followed it by a vehement homily directed at the helpless child and its parents. As the address slowly unfolded it was evident that the preacher was ordering the child's life to its minutest details. The infant, fortunately for the dignity of the service, slept peacefully in its mother's arms, giving no heed whatever to the minister's precepts. During the progress of the interminable discourse the parents and the sponsors of the child stood first on one foot and then on the other, respectful and attentive. After fully half an hour of this procedure the baby was finally christened to their satisfaction and that of the long-suffering audience. Impressive and well ordered as was the ceremony, considering its tedium following the regular service of substantial length, we felt that it was clearly to discourage the birth-rate.

After a final, solemn hymn the church disgorged its strangely clad worshipers who hurried out paying little attention to the battery of cameras leveled by the onlookers. Emerging into the road before the church they collected in eager groups and gossiped. Gradually detaching themselves they mounted their bicycles, entered their wagons or embarked on their flat-bottomed skiffs for the journey home.

On the walls of the church hang memorial tablets to the memory of the men from this parish who fell in the war and to many of them were suspended iron crosses awarded for valor. In the churchyard stand simple memorials to the fallen of 1871 and 1914-18. The cenotaph to the men of the World War is one of the most impressive war monuments in Germany because of the simplicity, reverence and enduring faith expressed in the sculpture and inscription. A soldier of heroic size stands, with helmet at his breast and rifle by his side, attentive in prayer. Below is the inscription, "The God of Old Still Lives!" This reverential faith in

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the certainty of God has not been dimmed even though one hundred and eighty names are inscribed on the monument, out of a population of less than three thousand.

The journey through the winding channels of the Spreewald is one of continuing enchantment. At the edge of the



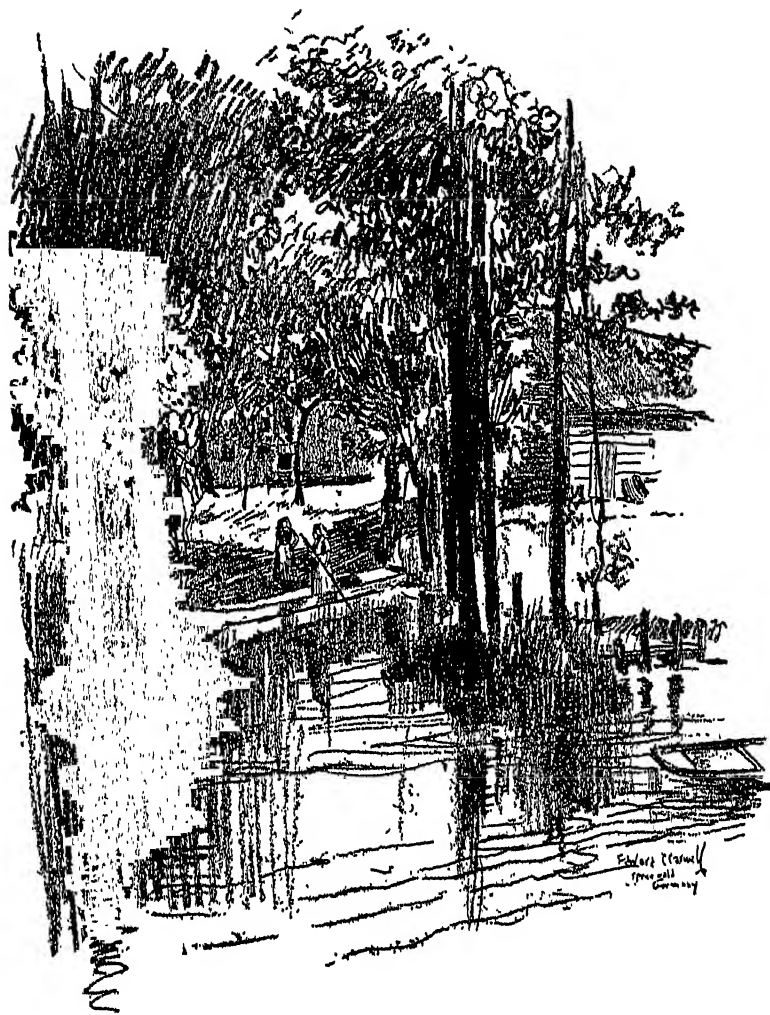
The Wendish peasants of the Spreewald dress in costumes which have altered little with the centuries

village we found our punt awaiting us. There were dozens of boats moored in the tiny "harbor," for in the Spreewald you hire a boat as you take a taxi elsewhere. The propelling power of the native craft is a paddle of seven or eight feet, shod at the end with an iron point which in the shallow water is used as a punting pole.

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Embarking on our aquatic taxi we were soon clear of Burg and gliding through the open country. The seats of the skiffs face forward and enable the passenger to view at ease the passing panorama. On our left a lane paralleled the stream and along it moved the meager traffic of the diminutive island. Meadows stretched away on either hand and here and there houses of the country folk appeared. The homes of the Wendish farmers are usually built around three sides of a square, in form like the letter U; on one side stands the house and on the others, barn and storehouses. Each domestic establishment is thus complete, on a fragment of land which has been slightly raised above the adjoining fields so that, except in seasons of flood, it remains dry. These houses all face the liquid highways and, almost without variation, are set within a bower of trees. Each one possesses its tiny harbor cut into the bank, in which repose the family punt or punts, ready for the transportation of men or merchandise. The buildings are constructed of plaster and rough-hewn logs with thatched roofs, the gable ends, especially of the barns, being adorned with conventionalized horseheads, carved or sawed from boards, as symbols of good luck.

Our route took us along the principal arm of the Spree on which, many miles away, stands Lübbenau, one of the chief towns of the region for which we were bound. The country through which we passed was wooded like a park and the banks were lined with poplars, willows and alders. Branching from the main channel, lesser arms penetrated the open country along which, in the distance, farmhouses could be discerned. Along these aqueous lanes the trees arched overhead and on the unruffled surface of the water were reflected the softened colors of the trees and flowers. The farm buildings, sometimes painted a lively red, contributed magnified splashes of crimson. Passing through lanes of tree-bordered water or rural landscapes of lush green meadows, we came upon tiny villages nestling on the edge of the stream, screened by their groves of trees. Hidden among the foliage on the banks of placid waters, away from the turmoil of the world about them, these picturesque groups of perhaps a half



Not far from Berlin the Wendish peasants live on scores of islands formed by the river Spree which, at this point, splits into more than two hundred channels

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dozen or more houses, scrupulously neat, made charming scenes. Some of the houses occupied tiny islands large enough to accommodate only the homestead and a fragment of meadow. Occasionally we passed silently moving skiffs like our own, conveying the farmers and their families, holiday makers enjoying a day in the solitude of the marshes or itinerant travelers, for regular "buses" ply between the principal towns. Farm "wagons," too, alias skiffs, make their appearance, piled high with produce from the farms. Mountainous loads of hay were steered by rustic skippers of both sexes, avoiding the punts in motion and at rest with skill born of long experience on the waterways of the Spree. Looking across the fields from one canal to another these immense loads of grass appear to be haystacks moving mysteriously across the landscape.

The sodden fields yield an abundance of wild grass, and meadows, dry enough for cultivation, produce cucumbers, horseradish and flax. The Spreewald is a veritable paradise for cucumbers, millions of which, transformed through the pickling vat into gherkins, supply the capital as well as the surrounding country with this much-favored article of diet. Cattle raising is also an important occupation of the Wends, the succulent grass of the moist farmlands furnishing excellent pasturage. Cattle, transferred across country from one grazing ground to another, are conveyed like people and produce in the ever-ready skiff. In winter when ice forms on the waterways of the Spree, skates and sleds are the only means of transportation. With the aid of a steel-pointed staff the Spreewalders, both men and women, glide speedily to their destination whether it be a neighbor's house, church on a Sunday or the distant village for supplies. Fishing is another occupation which has its domestic importance. Eels are caught in large numbers and these, stewed and smoked, are a favorite article of diet in the homes of the peasants and in the little restaurants of the Spree villages. Modern research has discovered, curiously enough, that the fresh water eels of Europe breed in the waters of the West Indies, four thousand miles away, and that more than three years elapse

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from the time they are hatched in the tropics until they make their appearance in the streams of the Continent.

It will be seen that the Spreewald has been made habitable by its indefatigable citizens and possesses anything but the dismal appearance of a swamp. Submerged fields give way to dry ground and nowhere is there any air of neglect. In



spite of its isolation and inhospitable nature the Wendish people love their chosen land and cling tenaciously to the soil, as countless generations of their ancestors have done before and generations of their descendants will do after them.

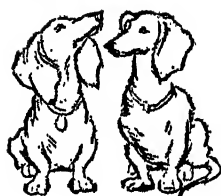
After threading our way for some hours over the flowing roads of the Spreewald, we came to Leipe, set on either side of the stream, a picture village of Wendish houses smothered by overhanging trees. Leipe, simple, unaffected, and primitive, is a hamlet of the crossroads, for it lies at the intersection of two important arms of the Spree. Gliding through the deep shade of the arching trees, we heard strains of music and reaching the intersecting

stream, we beheld on its farther shore an outdoor café, in which an immense crowd of people sat at tables regaling themselves with food and drink. Drawn up along the shore dozens of skiffs awaited the pleasure of their passengers. Disembarking, we threaded our way among the tables, with difficulty finding an unoccupied one. Here we joined our neighbors in suitable refreshment and amused ourselves

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watching the people about us, and the passing traffic on the current below. Within the restaurant an orchestra played and many of the people danced, although the majority of them clung to their tables and took their ease, content with observing the human kaleidoscope. The narrow tributary of the Spree, flowing at our feet, was a busy artery of traffic, for this rendezvous with its lure of beer and food and music drew excursionists from near and far. So along the liquid highway moved a succession of skiffs, some occupied by only a passenger or two while others were crowded to their capacity. There were few boats that did not harbor amateur musicians who played while their fellow voyagers sang, and some boatloads of merrymakers were veritable choral societies. Now and then between these boats of recreationists moved the more solemn barges of the farmers, propelling their cargoes of produce. As the late afternoon wore on the tables in the garden were evacuated one by one and with much chattering and laughter the people embarked on their respective craft for the journey home. Finally, with reluctance, we followed. An hour away at Lübbenau, one of the principal towns of the Spreewald, our car was waiting to carry us over the long flat plain to Berlin. We were leaving this simple, unaffected paradise of the Wends to dine in one of the finest hotels in Europe.

XI. TWIN CITIES OF SAXONY



HERE are striking differences in appearance and character between the principal cities of the old kingdom of Saxony, now the free state. Nearly equal in population, Dresden is almost entirely modern, an imposing town of galleries, museums and palaces, a center of ancient art and antiquities, and a seat of government; Leipsic, on the other hand, is a great industrial and commercial metropolis, and an old university seat, retaining in its streets many old buildings and a well-defined atmosphere of the past. Dresden glories in its love of the arts and its outward display of grandeur; Leipsic takes eminent pride in its air of old respectability, preferring the evidence of a former gentility to an ostentation which any upstart might affect. Towns of the same large community, they are almost without points of similarity.

In the gay eighties, when a European tour consisted in threading endless corridors of art galleries and museums, Dresden was a happy hunting ground for tourists. It is a city of exhibits; it has more miles of aisles than any other city of its size in Germany; indeed, in this respect Berlin is its only peer in the realm; it is the sort of place in which Baedeker takes the keenest delight, for it gives him an opportunity to list the endless minutiae so dear to his heart.

Dresden is relatively modern in more senses than one. It is first mentioned in 1206, far from being an early date as cities of Germany go, and it assumed no importance during the Middle Ages. Centuries before, its site was a Wendish village of herdsmen and fishermen, situated at a natural ford

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of the river in a country of swamp and forest. The name of Dresden indicates this, for it is derived from Old Slavic, *drezgajan* meaning "dwellers in the swamp-forest." It was not until the end of the fifteenth century that the city began to develop, but its real impetus came through the transference there of the Saxon court in 1530. But Dresden's true greatness, which is the eminence of peace rather than of war, did not begin until Augustus the Strong ascended the elector's throne in 1694 and gave a generous patronage to the arts. Elector of Saxony, King of Poland as successor to the great John Sobieski, a contemporary of Louis XIV and resembling him in appearance, Augustus planned the palace of the Zwinger in Dresden to invest his domestic and court life with the sort of pomp and splendor affected by the Grand Monarque of France.

During his reign and under his patronage the art of making real porcelain was discovered by a young chemist named Böttger. Dresden china, the term usually applied to it, is really a misnomer for, although the process of manufacture was discovered in Dresden in 1708 and china was first made there, the kilns were removed to Meissen in 1710, the Germans always having known it as "Meissen china." The term Dresden probably came to be used because Dresden was the seat of the Saxon court and the enterprise was conducted at the expense of the Electors of Saxony. At first Böttger succeeded in making red stoneware resembling the ruddy tea pots of China but before long this led to the production of white porcelain. Well do I remember in the parlor of my childhood days the collection of Dresden ware, ensconced in a "what-not" of carved ebony, the most valuable and fragile pieces safely housed behind glass doors, and how I was cautioned against touching these valuable ornaments.

The story of Böttger's discovery is a romantic one. After some experimentation, he succeeded at the age of twenty-one in producing real porcelain like the Chinese product after other chemists for generations had failed. The importance of the discovery led Elector Augustus to remove Böttger and his workmen to the fortress of Albrechtsburg at Meissen six-

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teen miles away, in order that the process might be kept secure from prying eyes. Here the operatives became practically State prisoners. So closely were the secrets of this factory guarded that when Napoleon sent his emissary to Meissen in 1812 to inquire into the process in use, the director was obliged to obtain from the Saxon Elector a release from his oath of secrecy before he would divulge the secrets. This royal porcelain factory is the oldest in Europe, having been in operation now for nearly a century and a quarter.

In 1711 Augustus started a magnificent palace in the rococo style, its pavilions, colonnades, grottoes, courts, gardens, and fountains intended to form a dramatic entry to the main château, which was to stand on the river bank. The palace itself was never erected but its introductory buildings known as the Zwinger, planned with all the extravagance that an art-loving king could devise, justify their existence, like so many other royal structures today, by serving the people. The great outer court consists of seven pavilions connected by a gallery, surrounding an immense quadrangle planted with gardens, a setting admirably adapted to the plays and festivities which marked the court life of the period and in which the people of the royal circle took part. This group of spectacular, well-planned and proportioned buildings is graced by a profusion of garlands, cherubs, Greek deities, fauns, vases, and escutcheons, which mark it as the most brilliant expression of baroque art in Germany. Indeed, baroque is the keynote of the galleries and other public buildings of Dresden. When I think of all the superb Gothic and Romanesque buildings in Germany which have been disfigured, if not ruined, by a generous application of rococo I feel justified in my prejudice against this style. Artistically, there may be much to recommend it but its restless and meretricious character is too patent to win my admiration. The many crimes in mid-Victorian art which have been committed in its name are responsible, in part at least, for the alienation of my interest.

Under such vigorous patronage it is little wonder that Dresden grew famous for its artistic, scientific and literary

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collections and that it has been called "The German Florence." Elector Augustus III, son of Augustus the Strong, carried on the development of the art gallery which his father had started. Through their shrewd and enterprising agents in France, Italy and the Netherlands, they were successful in securing many great canvases. Through the purchase of a part of the Modena gallery in 1745, Augustus III raised the museum to the very first rank and at the end of his reign it had attained, practically, the importance it possesses today. This gallery, which now forms part of the Zwinger and, with it, contains the chief collections of Dresden, ranks with the Louvre, Pitti and Uffizi as one of the greatest in the world. In it there are more than twenty-five hundred pictures, of which all but two hundred are works by early masters. The gem of the collection is, of course, Raphael's magnificent "Sistine Madonna" purchased from the Benedictine monks of Piacenza in 1754. Painted about the year 1515 for the high altar of the Benedictine abbey church of San Sisto, it hung in its appointed place for more than two centuries. The price offered by the covetous Saxon monarch, 24,000 Roman *scudi*, the equivalent of \$25,000 and a mere fraction of its worth today, was too tempting for the monks to resist. In order to smuggle this immortal canvas safely across the border the agents of the King painted it over with an undistinguished landscape. Upon its arrival in Dresden the King ordered it hung in the throne room but when he found that the best light fell upon the dais, he impatiently pushed the throne aside exclaiming "Room for the great Raphael!"

As has been said in the foregoing, Dresden is a vast museum and you will find, within the walls of its galleries, historic and artistic treasures of every sort housed in an imposing array of buildings: the Royal Palace, Green Vault Museum, Zwinger, Picture Gallery, Zoological and Ethnographical Museum, Minerological and Prehistoric Museum, Municipal Museum, Museum Johanneum, Albertinum, School and Museum of Industrial Art, and the Saxon State Library. There are stuffed birds from Polynesia and fossils

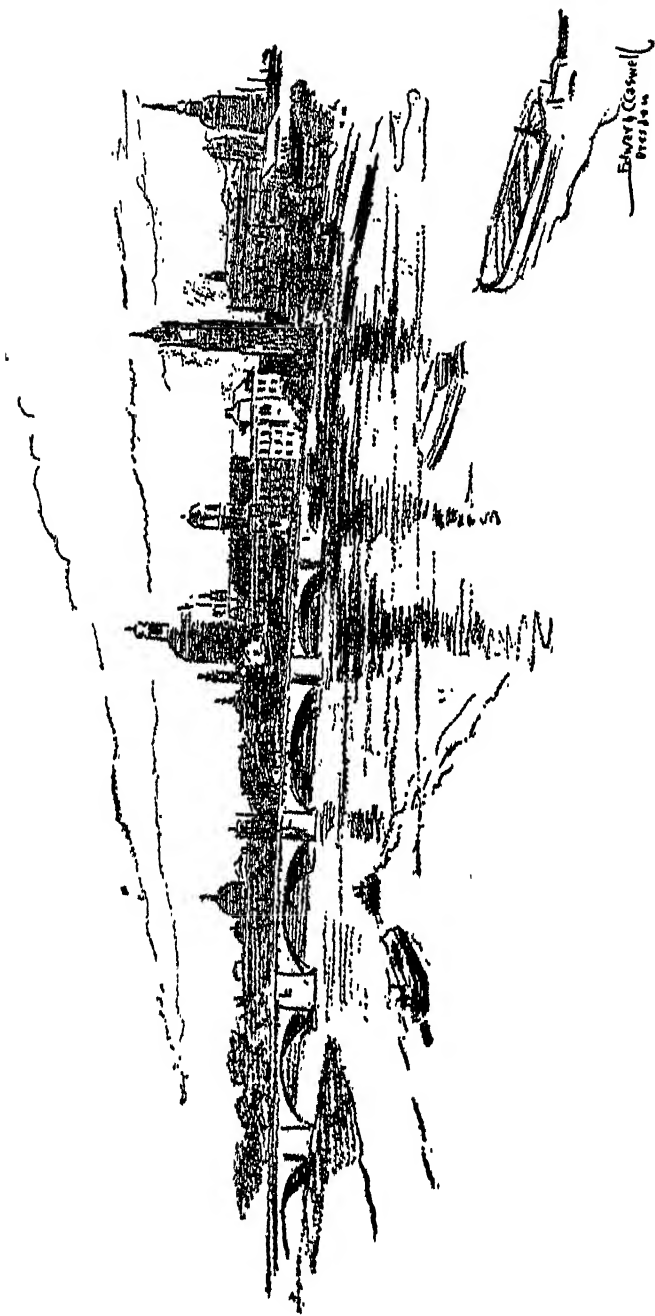
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from Eichstätt, medieval armor of kings and Oriental weapons of Persian commanders, rare porcelains from old Cathay and early china of Europe, sculptures of ancient Egypt and statues from Herculaneum, Maya manuscripts from Yucatan and Greek papyrus of the Ptolemaic. In the library, there are 400,000 engravings and drawings, 600,000 volumes, 7000 manuscripts and 30,000 maps. The mind fairly reels at the immensity of these exhibits and the erudition that would be acquired if time were given to a studious survey of them.

Most of these public buildings, augmented by palace, church and opera house, are clustered by the river in the old quarter of the city and in their colossal ensemble make an impressive picture. Save for the stately mass of public buildings surrounding the great square in Berlin, nowhere in Germany is there such a dramatic pile of magnificent buildings. Viewed from the Brühl Terrace at the bend of the river, this medley of architectural splendor with its cupolas, towers, spires and roofs of green copper on the one hand, with the broad Elbe and its five graceful bridges on the other, is one of the finest in the Republic.

The Brühl Terrace is a great asset for Dresden, providing as it does a delightful promenade by the river and high above it, away from the turmoil of the streets, with a lordly prospect of the city, the Elbe and the heights beyond. Frederick the Great dubbed it "the balcony of Europe." It was, without doubt, the balcony of Saxony and Poland when Count Brühl, the powerful minister of Augustus II, in 1738 converted it from its estate as a part of the old fortifications into a segment of his private gardens. Fortunately, the public in turn fell heir to it in 1814. Mounted by a broad staircase this stone paved terrace, embowered with trees and stretching along the river for a quarter of a mile, is a delightful place in which to walk and view the passing show.

Dresden's era of construction demanded by its rapid growth in modern times has, except for its historic and monumental structures, swept away most of its old landmarks. In the forty years after 1871 the city grew from a population



*The most picturesque view of Dresden's skyline is seen from the bridges
that cross the Elbe*

Twin Cities of Saxony

of 177,000 to 550,000. Only here and there, as for example in the old market-square, is there even a suggestion of more colorful times. For the most part Dresden is a modern city with busy streets, and offers its art collections as the chief attraction to the visitor.

Our last impression of Dresden was on a summer's afternoon, a city drenched by a downpour of rain. The artist had taken up his place in the center of the lower bridge over the Elbe and was busy sketching Dresden's imposing skyline, along which a leisurely traffic made its way. I was taking a final stroll through the town. The clouds had rolled in heavily from the western horizon and, after ample warning, the storm broke with tumultuous wind, flashes of lightning and gusts of rain. I found myself almost at the door of a barber shop and entering, yielded to the ministrations of the craftsman within while the storm spent its force. The artist had pursued his sketching until the last minute, long after the distant towers and spires of the city had been blotted out by the gathering dusk. As the rain commenced to fall a timely street car made its appearance and carried him safely to the station. There we met and caught our train for Leipsic, seventy-one miles to the northwest.

Leipsic's great railway terminal is your first introduction to the city and it gives you an unmistakable key to its character. It occupies a site of nearly four thousand acres and is the largest and one of the most magnificent in Europe, a building of much architectural beauty, with a façade fronting on a spacious square, more than one-sixth of a mile long. This colossal station is the Leipsigers' challenge to the commerce of the future. The city, which has been for centuries an important commercial center, increased its population nearly fifteen times in the past century, growing from a city of less than 32,000 to one of nearly a half million, and now has almost 700,000 inhabitants. Today it is the largest city in Saxony, which is one of the most densely populated regions in Europe, the fifth city of Germany and rivals Berlin and Hamburg in commercial importance. An old university town, it is the seat of the supreme court of Germany, the capital of

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the German book trade and a famous musical center. This, in a sentence, is the cultural background of this important business town.

Leipsic was a Slavic settlement long before it became a German community, its name being derived from the Slavic word *lipa*, a lime tree. A Slavonic castle named Libzi stood on its site in 1015 and in that year it first appeared in history. In the twelfth century Otto the Rich, Margrave of Meissen, laid the foundations of the German town, Lipzk, corrupted three centuries later into Leypezik and, granting it a monopoly of fairs, prohibited the holding of any others within a radius of five miles. Situated in the middle of a plain at the principal crossroads of Central Europe and fostered by its rulers, it soon grew to a high place among the commercial cities of the day. Here centered the trade routes between Poland and Thuringia, Bohemia and North Germany. Its enterprising citizens constructed bridges and improved the roads so that both trader and traveler might be aided in their journeys. At this period of its expanding commerce it was used as a depot by the Nuremberg merchants who carried on a thriving trade with Poland. The commercial fairs of Leipsic grew rapidly in importance. In 1268 the margrave of Meissen granted a safe conduct to all frequenters of the fairs, and two hundred years later Emperor Maximilian I so extended the privileges that annual markets, other than these held here, were forbidden at any town within a wide radius. In this way, Leipsic in time became the greatest trading mart in Europe. Today these fairs, held twice a year, as they have been held without interruption for seven centuries, attract buyers from all over the world, merchants from the East as well as the West. During the Spring Fair, which begins the first week in March, and the Autumn Fair, the last Sunday in August, both lasting about a week, the whole city is agog; flags, streamers and posters are hung from the windows of the business houses where displays are shown, and banners are stretched over the thoroughfares. A hundred exhibition halls and space available in office buildings are used to display the multitudinous samples of goods offered for

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sale in the fields of ceramics, textiles, paper, leather, furs, toys, books and other products. These expositions of Leipsic are really world's fairs on a small scale, for in them fifty to sixty thousand merchants exhibit their products.

As in other German cities Leipsic's business center occupies its *altstadt* which, true to form, is circumscribed by green-clad promenades recovered from the maw of old defenses. And like many another centenarian, its streets are narrow and bear the flavor of an earlier epoch. Here, trade has not, as it has at Dresden, laid a ruthless hand on the old houses and the faded gentility that clings to them. Business and modern requirements, to be sure, have left little undisturbed but tall, slim buildings, Renaissance gables and diminutive courts opening off the thoroughfares unmistakably give the city a personality and an air of fine gentility quite lacking in a place that has disregarded its ancestry and clothed itself in modern attire. The new encircling city, however, with its imposing public buildings and fine residential quarter fulfils every requirement of a thoroughly modern metropolis. The *altstadt* is given over to trade, and the old buildings, fitted with new store fronts, display such wares as are in demand by a prosperous people. It is a singular thing that Leipsic, trained in the display of goods through its centuries of fairs, should be so inept in the window decoration of its shops. Even more pronounced here than in the other cities of Germany, the articles displayed in the windows and their lack of artistic arrangement detract from the pleasure one finds in "window shopping" and certainly they create little desire to buy.

The number of shops devoted to the sale of books and furs is extraordinary. Indeed, such shops seem to occupy a large share of the streets. For more than a century and a half, Leipsic has been the literary capital of the nation and the center of the German book trade, and no city of its size in the world can approach it in the volume of its literary output. In Leipsic there are more than eleven hundred publishers and booksellers, two hundred and fifty printing offices and upwards of five hundred newspapers and periodicals. Also,

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publishers in other parts of Germany maintain depots of their books here and it is said that, in the Book Exchange and elsewhere in the town, more than eleven thousand firms in other parts of Europe are represented. For a century and a half Leipzig has been the great Continental exchange for the fur-dressing industry and, with St. Louis, Missouri, and London, it is the principal fur-trading center of the world.

In its even balance of trade on the one hand and art, education and literature on the other, Leipzig's record is noteworthy. Its university, founded in 1409 as a result of the



secession of four hundred German students from the university of Prague, has had an illustrious career and is one of the most influential seats of learning in Europe today. As a musical center Leipzig is well in the forefront of the German cities. Its opera ranks with the best in Germany, its Conservatorium, founded by Mendelssohn in 1843, has a world-wide reputation and its concerts, first held in the old Gewandhaus, or Hall of the Foreign Cloth Merchants, are of wide note. Modern Leipzig has a great musical heritage, for Wagner was born there in 1813, Bach served as organist in the old Thomas Church and Mendelssohn conducted the Gewandhaus concerts over a period of eight years.



*The tiny river Pleisse which flows through the heart of
Leipzig affords many charming vistas*

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So the Leipsiger is a man of culture as well as of business, he dislikes ostentation as a man of good breeding does, his simplicity is tempered with the elegance of learning. Intellectual attainments have occupied as lofty a place in the life of the city as its commercial achievements. As Karl von Holtei once said: "There is only one city in Germany that represents German; only a single city where one can forget that he is a Hessian, a Bavarian, a Swabian, a Prussian or a Saxon; only one city where, amid the opulence of the commercial world with which science is so gloriously allied, even the man who possesses nothing but his personality is honored



ECC
Königssee

and esteemed; only one city in which, despite a few narrownesses, all the advantages of a great, I may say a world metropolis, are conspicuous? This city is, in my opinion, and in my experience, "Leipsic."

In spite of Leipsic's simplicity, it has not been niggardly in erecting suitable temples to its modern needs and achievements. The new Rathaus in the German Renaissance style and the Supreme Court in the Italian High Renaissance show the Leipsiger's pride in the glory of the city. Whether set along the tiny river Pleisse, which picks its well-ordered way through the city, or smothered in trees and shrubbery, these monuments to modern affluence have the advantage of location. Such natural features as these have been scrupulously

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utilized, and the citizens' love of flowers, seen in their display on the balconies of public buildings and in the windows of their dwellings, contributes still more to the visible attractions of the city.

Leipsic's single spectacular edifice is its imposing memorial to the Battle of the Nations, commemorating the liberation of Germany in 1813 from the bondage of Napoleon. Outside of the city, rising from a high knoll of earth on the site of the famous Battle of Leipsic, stands a massive tower, surmounting a great domed hall, three hundred feet high. On this field Napoleon's army was confronted by the forces of Prussia, Russia, Austria and Sweden, and in the four days' battle which ensued Napoleon's army was shattered and compelled to retreat in confusion. Considering the forces engaged, this battle was one of the most sanguinary ever fought and was an engagement of great moment, marking as it did the setting of Napoleon's star. The great Corsican never recovered from this defeat and not long afterwards was a prisoner in Elba.

It is a singular thing that a city as prosperous and important as Leipsic should countenance the sale of lotteries. We did not understand the object of the lottery which was being sold when we were there, but tickets were being widely vended by the shopkeepers and itinerant merchants in the streets. Much as we were surprised at this violation of civic morality, we were equally amused at the antics of Leipsic's chief police officer engaged in traffic control. Evidently the direction of vehicular movement from a raised point of observation was something new. At this busy street intersection the officer, clad in a uniform of military cut and helmet, stood on a raised platform in the middle of the plaza. Instead of giving the signal for the change of movement and in stately dignity observing that the regulations were obeyed, he vigorously waived each of the vehicles on its course. With great energy he would lean over the railing of his platform to denote the direction they were to take; then, changing his signal, he beckoned in frenzy to oncoming traffic in the other direction.

XII. FAR-FLUNG TOWNS OF THE HANSEATIC LEAGUE



It is a distance of nearly three hundred miles from Berlin to Danzig and in order to avoid the tedium of a long railway journey across the flat expanse of West Prussia we decided to make the journey by air. Two passenger planes depart for Danzig daily, one at noon and the other at two o'clock in the morning. It had been our intention to leave Berlin on the midday plane which reaches Danzig about three in the afternoon, but being prevented from doing so, and since we were due there the following day, we essayed the night flight.

Tempelhofer Field, Berlin's airport and its former parade grounds, is not far from the center of the city and is therefore convenient of access. Leaving our hotel at half past one in the morning we reached the field in ample time to weigh in and take our seats in the comfortable cabin before the hour of departure. The moon shone from a clear sky, bathing the field in silvery radiance and the planes, assembled in front of the hangars, glinted in the light of a powerful beacon overhead. Berlin is the hub of Europe's air lines, and its station an important and busy one. In 1926 nearly 13,000 aeroplanes, carrying a total of more than 37,000 passengers and 500 tons of freight and mail, arrived or departed from this port. In consequence the field at night is well illuminated not only for the benefit of arriving and departing passengers but for the guidance of planes in flight. At this, the largest aerodrome in Europe, have been erected a large administrative building for the offices, the freight and

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express departments of the air lines, and a large restaurant for the convenience of passengers. Some of the cabins of the new, long-distance planes are divided into three compartments, one of which contains two sleeping berths similar in size and design to those in Pullman cars, but our monoplane, plying a relatively short course, had accommodations merely for seating eight passengers. Night service between long-distance points is gradually being inaugurated, although the charting of courses, equipping them with beacons and providing landing fields makes the enterprise a slow process. The day service to Moscow from Königsberg, the present eastern terminus, is soon to be established and when night flying to such distant points is scheduled sleeping berths should be in demand.

Promptly at two o'clock we got under way and as we rose from the field we saw the red flares of the airport flashing their signals to the mariners of the ether. As we mounted upward, the moon cast our shadow on the ground below and this traveled eerily across the earth like a gigantic bird. The streets of the slumbering city were clearly outlined in the subdued glow of the street lamps. Long avenues of brilliant lights appeared, marking the boulevards, then masses of radiance like the glow from groups of public buildings. As we soared still higher the city resolved itself into a myriad of twinkling lights which, as we sped on our way, grew fainter and fainter until, finally, they disappeared. After that we flew into the darkness, over a mottled brown carpet pierced now and then by a glimmering light. We were northeastward bound, flying at a speed of 108 miles an hour. Flares along the way and revolving lights on building tops, like lighthouses at sea, told us we were on our course. We passed over sleeping towns, deserted except for a gridiron of street lamps; flying low we saw their minutest detail. The moon, shining out of deep azure, poured its radiance on the wings of our plane, transmuting them into great wands of silver. High wisps of tenuous clouds flitted by. Rivers became narrow bands of lifeless brown except where, in the distance, they shimmered in the moonlight. Our fellow passengers,

Far-Flung Towns of the Hanseatic League

greatly intrigued at first by the novelty of the flight, were gradually lulled to sleep by the darkness and the soporific hum of the propellor. Gradually, almost imperceptibly, after an hour or more, the gloom began to lighten, the indistinct carpet beneath was transformed into trees and fields, and then the full dawn appeared. Over a flat country we winged our way, great stretches of farmland and forest reaching out to infinity. Finally, in the distant haze, we descried a lighthouse and beyond it a band of water that looked



like a field of lead in the sodden, gray dawn. We had reached the Baltic! Here the clouds hung low and through them we flew, encountering mere fragments of gray mist. Far off we had caught a glimpse of Danzig sprawling over its scattered, river-intersected area. As we circled its outmost fringe we caught a glimpse of the airport below and, descending in a short spiral we came to earth, our wheels bumping over the rutted fields as we taxied to the hangar. We had been in the air exactly three hours. The journey by rail would have taken us ten.

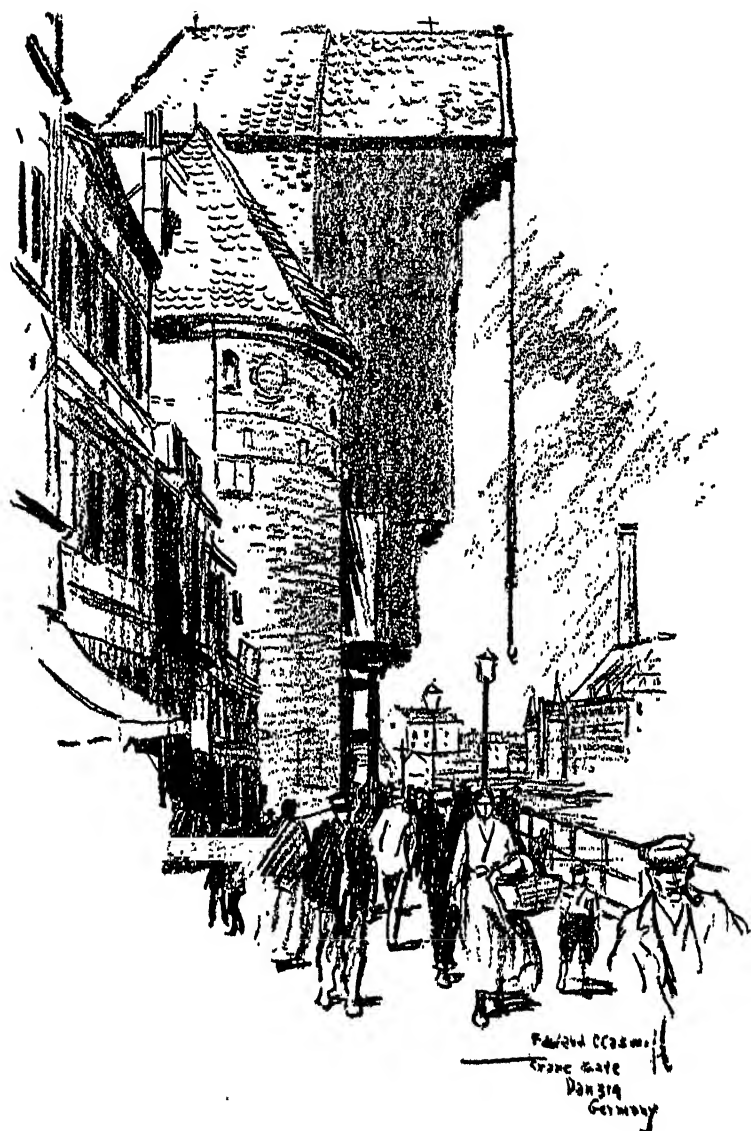
None of Germany's many colorful towns possesses greater

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individuality than Danzig. It is a city of immense churches, of highly decorative towers and pinnacles, of houses with low stone porches and ornamented balustrades, of a simple and unaffected manner. Situated so far to the east that tourists rarely pay it a visit, it is free from all self-consciousness. These characteristics are the heritage of a vigorous life in the affairs of men and of nations. For in medieval times Danzig was one of the great commercial centers of the north, reaching the apex of its glory as a free imperial city under the protection of the kings of Poland and as a member of the powerful Hanseatic League. In these latter days, history, after centuries of time, has repeated itself and Danzig, once more, is a free city within the Polish customs area and the chief seaport for Poland.

The city itself is the heart of a miniature Free State comprising nearly eight hundred square miles, created by the Treaty of Versailles and constituted under the protection of the League of Nations. Situated on the Baltic, at the mouth of the Vistula, it lies at the top of the Polish "corridor," insuring the newly created Poland a gateway to the sea. Formerly the capital of the province of West Prussia and German in population, but now independent of the German Republic, it is governed by its own Legislative Assembly, elected by the people, and issues its own currency and postage stamps.

In spite of this reincarnation and its growing importance in the economic life of Europe, Danzig is never again likely to reach the summit of power and prosperity attained in Hanseatic times. Those were halcyon days when the maritime cities of the Baltic, situated on the great trade routes of the north, challenged the supremacy of kings and controlled the commercial destinies of nations, when the ships of Danzig sailed the Seven Seas and her merchants traded from Novgorod to Biscay! What times of glory were those when every day three hundred sail passed in and out of Danzig harbor, ships built high of bow and stern, and broad of beam, like the famous *Peter of Danzig* which, in 1474, carried a crew of four hundred men!



Along the quay of the Mottlau in Danzig are shops and ship chandlers and lodging houses. Midway on the walk is seen the Crane Tower, a gigantic old gabled warehouse which overhangs the footway

Far-Flung Towns of the Hanseatic League

Even before the days of the Hanseatic League, Danzig and her sister cities on the Baltic were prosperous ports linking up the trade of eastern and western Europe. As their commercial relations extended and their trade beckoned the way to remote cities and foreign countries it was found necessary to form mutual associations for protection against sea rovers and pirates, to secure fair treatment in the payments of tolls, to negotiate treaties with foreign countries and to obtain other needful privileges which an unorganized commercial system did not provide. The word *Hansa* was the common term of the period for such commercial unions. Hamburg and Lübeck formed an alliance of this kind in 1241. Another was formed by the German traders of Wisby, a city of maritime people on the island of Gothland in the Baltic Sea. Situated at the crossroads of the Baltic the merchants of Wisby controlled much of the northern trade with the Orient through Novgorod and Riga, and the union they formed for their protection was the first recorded association of German traders abroad, a union which subsequently was destined to unite the merchants of thirty cities from Cologne in the west to Reval in the east.

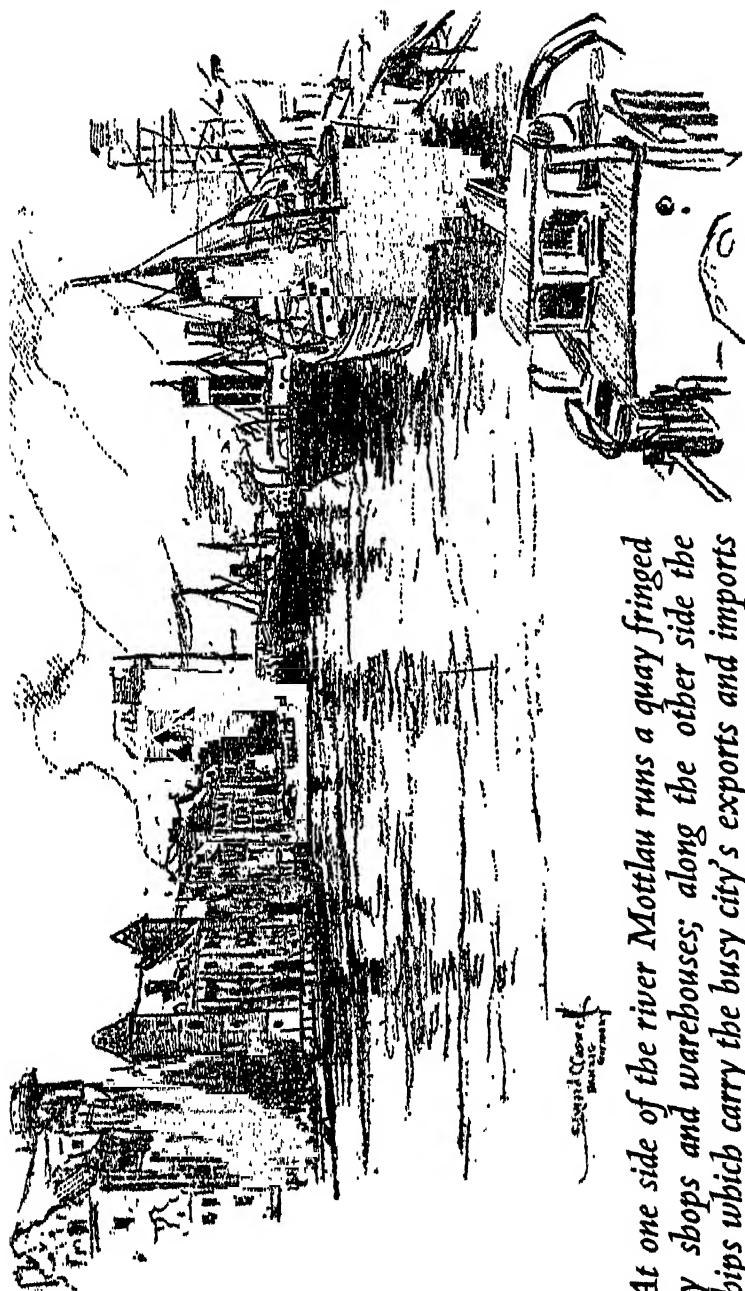
Among the several confederations of the sort none was so important as the league of cities headed by Lübeck, known as the German *Hansa*, which included Hamburg, Lüneburg, Wismar, Rostock and Stralsund. In time the merchants of Wisby were brought into this federation and later it was augmented by local groups of cities throughout Germany until its membership rose to more than seventy. Finally, these cities were grouped in geographical divisions, known as "quarters," having as their capitals Lübeck, Brunswick, Cologne and Danzig. Lübeck became the chief seat of the League and in it, at regular intervals, the Diets were held. It was not long before the Hanseatic League gained for itself a practical monopoly of the commerce of the Baltic and the North Sea and became the greatest commercial power of northern waters. Its vessels traded through the length and breadth of the northern seas and sailed frequently in fleets two score strong accompanied by men of war.

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Composed of the important trading cities of the north, the League presented a united front to foreign traders and secured from them the most advantageous commercial relations, policed the highways as a safeguard against robbery, opened a new avenue of traffic by land and water, established common regulations for coinage, weights and measures, and arranged for the arbitration of disputes.

Trading settlements known as "courts" or "factories" were established by the League. These settlements were in full control of the organization and enjoyed extraterritorial rights. They consisted of extensive groups of buildings set apart, including warehouses, salesrooms, lodgings for the merchants and employees, hospitals, breweries and churches. To some of these settlements the League sent only bachelors so as to increase its chances for retaining permanent control. During the period of their service the bachelor representatives were not permitted to marry, women were not allowed within the confines of the "court," and at one period the League's agents were even denied all social intercourse with the people of the country. In Norway the "factory" occupied an entire quarter of the city of Bergen many of the warehouses of which are standing today. Here the German merchants and their staffs, always bachelors, lived in affluence. They imported grain, beer, linen, woolen cloth and the products of the South and, in exchange, exported meats, salted fish, skins and ship timber. The herring fisheries on the coast of Schönen, the southernmost shore of Sweden, were almost exclusively in their control and they supplied fish to half of Europe. The powerful city of Novgorod was the staple market of Russia in which they traded cloth from the Netherlands for leather, honey and wax. In London the Hansa merchants had their own strongly fortified quarters, the Steelyard, where their chief purchases were wool and fine cloth. Through the medium of the Netherlands they carried on their trade with France, Spain, Portugal and Italy. Other "courts" were established in Wisby, Bruges, Antwerp and Novgorod.

The kings of Denmark, the most powerful monarchs in



SEYMOUR CHASE
MARINE
NEW YORK

At one side of the river Mottlau runs a quay fringed by shops and warehouses; along the other side the ships which carry the busy city's exports and imports are moored

Far-Flung Towns of the Hanseatic League

the Scandinavian north, strove in vain to destroy the ascendancy of the Hansa. In 1361 Waldemar III gathered a mighty fleet and with his army laid siege to Wisby, one of the wealthiest of the members of the League, so rich, indeed, that hogs were reputed to have eaten out of silver troughs. Defeating the army of Gothland before the gates of the city, which was ringed about with two miles of ramparts strengthened by forty-eight towers which still guard the city, Waldemar entered Wisby and sacked it, carrying away great cargoes of booty. Their trade supremacy of the Baltic threatened, the northern members of the League, with Lübeck at their head, quickly recruited an army and besieged Copenhagen, but suffered defeat.

A great Diet was thereupon called in 1367 to meet in the Rathaus at Cologne, the hall known to this day as the Hansa Hall in honor of this occasion. At this gathering of the League, one of the most momentous ever held, the alarming situation on the Baltic was considered and a decision reached to undertake a strong offensive effort against the Danes. Fifty-seven towns from Cracow to the Zuider Zee and from Wisby to Cologne joined in this campaign, and the greatest fleet ever seen in German waters moved against Denmark. So mighty were the forces arrayed against him that Waldemar fled upon the approach of the armada. Copenhagen was taken, plundered and razed to the ground, its harbor made impassable by the sinking of ships in the channel. In the absence of the King a treaty of peace was entered into with the Danish States-General which ratified the rights of the League and gave its members undisputed control of the trade of the north. The humiliating provision was made that no successor to the Danish throne might be chosen without the approval of the League. This commercial and political dominance of the north marked the culminating point in the high fortunes of the League.

The Thirty Years' War with its long and devastating conflicts brought an end to the waning power of the Hanseatic League and the prosperity of the towns composing it. Many of the German cities were in economic ruin at its close and

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their man-power so depleted that one of them went to the extremity of passing an ordinance requiring bachelors to pay a substantial tax, permitting every man to have two wives, and prohibiting men under sixty from becoming monks. After the war, in 1651, ten cities made an attempt to reconstitute the League but their efforts met with failure and



Fish constitute the reigning commodity in the Danzig market

Danzig, subject to the general depression, shared the common fate, so that whereas it exported 100,000 tons of grain in 1619 it sent out but little more than 500 in 1659. At the last assembly of the League in 1669, Lübeck, Hamburg and Bremen alone remained to preserve its heritage and under their protection the three German "counters" lingered on until their buildings in Bergen were sold in 1775, those at

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London in 1852 and the remnant at Antwerp in 1863. The London property brought the handsome sum of £72,500.

The Mottlau flows in two branches through the heart of Danzig and if, today, you stand on any one of the several bridges which span this double waterway, you may easily visualize the ancient commercial glory of the city. Lining these busy arteries of water-borne traffic are huge, gabled warehouses, grain elevators and other structures that serve the carrying trade of the port, all of them patriarchs of their calling. Paralleling one side of the stream runs a stone quay entirely given over to goods and pedestrians. On one hand lies the river like a narrow arm of the sea, on the other a solid row of buildings which leap the intersecting streets on archways, so that every thoroughfare terminating at the river ends picturesquely at a vaulted opening through which the stream is visible. Along this footway are shops and ship's chandlers and lodging houses where the seafaring folk are served. An occasional defense tower of masonry asserts itself. Most conspicuous of all, midway on the walk, is the Crane Tower, a gigantic old gabled warehouse which projects over the walk in such a way that its crane can be dropped into boats moored alongside the quay. At the end of this waterside street is held the daily market which, in the morning hours, is thronged with buyers. The boats of the market folk are moored at the quayside and on them, and on the pavement adjoining, stalls are erected and men and women, behind baskets of provender, cater to the needs of the purchasers. Everything of an edible nature is sold. Fish, naturally, constitute the reigning commodity and you can buy them any way you like, fresh, salted, or on the hoof, so to speak, for in tanks of water there are live fish, squirming eels, and tiny crustaceans which are offered by the handful. Meat, vegetables, fruit, live chickens, are spread over the narrow street, allowing none too much room for the townspeople, encumbered with their market baskets, who saunter along jostling and being jostled, buying, chattering and bargaining, always apparently getting their money's worth. The placid Mottlau is an active shipping thoroughfare. Steamers are tied up un-

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der the warehouses, moored in the stream or swung alongside the quay. Among the boats are tramp steamers, merchantmen, sailing vessels and passenger boats in from the Baltic by way of the broad Vistula and the narrow Mottlau. With its deep-water basin in the heart of the city, convenient of access to the sea, yet sheltered from storms and preying enemies and endowed with enterprising merchants, it is small wonder that, in earlier days, Danzig was an important link in the chain of coastal metropoli.

Leaving the river through the archways, you enter the residential streets of former centuries in which the merchant-princes and patrician families had their homes. The soaring, gabled houses lining these quiet ways are unlike the houses of any other city. Their characteristic features are the *beischläge*, richly fashioned stone steps and landings or "stoops" where the occupants enjoyed the open air in the cool of the summer evenings. These stone porches, which thrust themselves irregularly into the cobble paved streets devoid of sidewalks, possess wrought-iron balustrades terminating in huge spheres of granite, carved stone pediments and sometimes gargoyles. Only a few streets of these houses remain but they are redolent of the golden days of the city and are sufficient to carry you back in imagination to Hanseatic times. There is little color, however, except the pigment of rich gabled façade and decorative landing.

The great, gaunt churches of mellow old brick and the secular buildings bearing the patina of age are equally a part of Danzig's engaging personality. Soaring above the surrounding rooftops, their towers and pinnacles fuse into a medley of blending harmony. Of these edifices the most dominating is St. Mary's Church which raises its massive shoulders to such incredible heights that it is visible from the distant parts of the town. Standing under its walls and looking up at its immense cathedral-like vaulting you marvel at the magnificent conception of the ancient builders. Founded in 1343 and enlarged in the following century, during which Danzig reached the peak of its prosperity, it is a striking example of the Gothic Hallenkirche, the most eminent, indeed,



Many of the old streets of Danzig are paved with cobble stones and lack sidewalks. The archway seen at the end of this characteristic thoroughfare leads to the river

Far-Flung Towns of the Hanseatic League

in the Baltic provinces. Its exterior of brick is simple, unadorned and almost brutal in its severity, but its massive tower, rising nearly two hundred and fifty feet in the air, and its ten slender turrets surmounting the gables, transform it into a thing of beauty. The interior of St. Mary's contains many treasures from early times but none so notable as Memling's "Last Judgment." A large altarpiece with wings, this magnificent painting came to Danzig unexpectedly as a spoil of war; it was intercepted on its way from Sluys to England in 1473 during the Wars of the Roses. Sent on a Florentine galley as a gift to the Medici in Italy by Angelo Tanti, their agent at Bruges, it was captured by the *Peter of Danzig*, which went out with letters of marque, and carried by it to the northern metropolis. This was not to be the last adventure of Memling's masterpiece for, when Danzig was taken by the French during the Napoleonic Wars, it was seized and sent off to Paris in 1807, only to be returned in 1815. If you have the energy to mount the tower of this church, which has as many steps as there are days in the year, you will be rewarded by a view of the town and the broad plain of the Vistula otherwise possible only from an aeroplane.

The historic Rathaus, begun in 1379, is another building which contributes generously to the richness of Danzig's skyline. Situated on what is still the principal thoroughfare of the city, its slender tower, graced by corner turrets and a delicate spire soaring nearly three hundred feet above its surroundings, can be seen throughout the length of the street. The flaunting splendor of its height was in keeping with the ascending power of the city and it was with a great sense of pride that the ambitious burghers of the day erected it as a symbol of their commercial supremacy.

Across the Langer Markt from the Rathaus we discovered a dealer in old maps. Attracted by a venerable specimen in the window of the art shop, we found within a splendid collection of early maps torn from old monastic volumes and drawn from the archives of geographical libraries — maps of Europe, Asia and America. It seemed strange to find

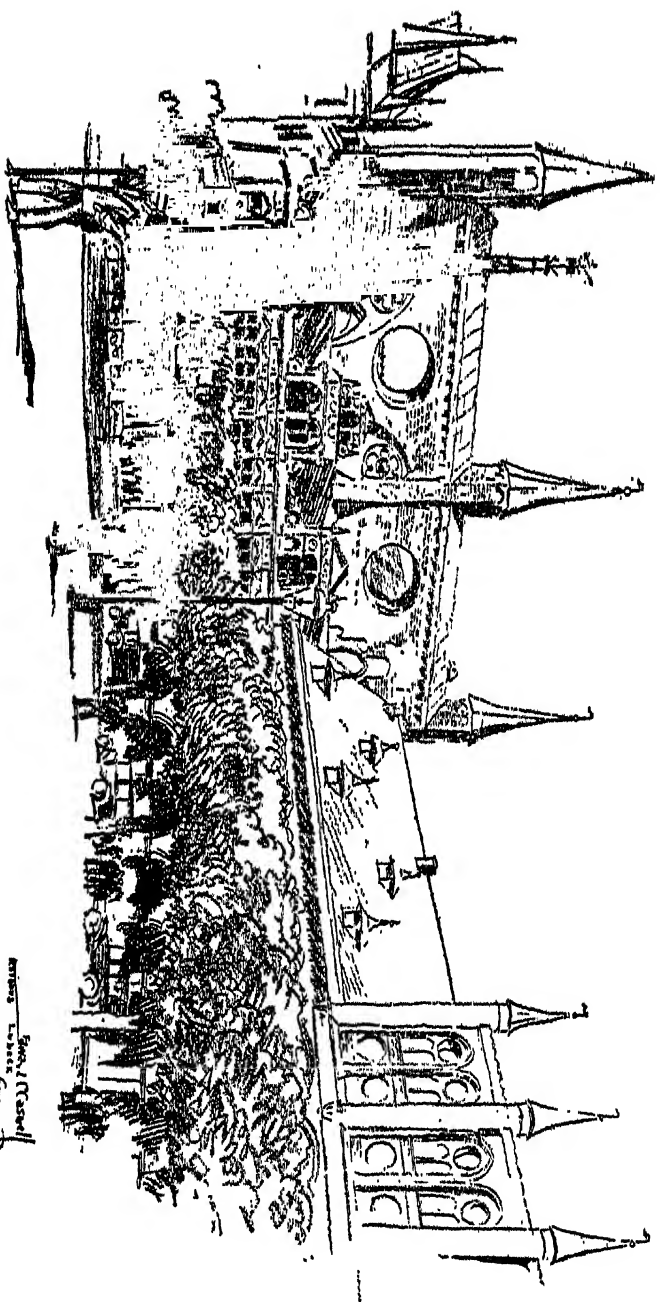
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rare maps of the new world in this remote municipality, yet there was a singular appropriateness in finding them in such an ancient trading center — maps with strange imaginative portrayals of the far American and Canadian wests, the boundaries of which, being at the time of publication undiscovered lands, trailed away into *terra incognita*; maps of the early American colonies and territories in the central and far west out of all proportion to their now known size; sixteenth-century maps of Europe embellished with decorative cartouches; maps of cities as they might appear if photographed from an aeroplane. These cost us but a fraction of their price at home and with a round baker's dozen of them under our arms, we departed in a happy state of mind with such enduring mementoes of our visit to this city of the centuries.

Other churches and public buildings of the same period, of equal severity of line, of a like mellowness of ruddy brick and touch of liveliness of tower, carry out the delightful sense of sprightly age and spirit of the north with which Danzig is invested. Every street does not charm the eye as do some of the more richly quaint thoroughfares of the southern cities but all of them are redolent of the spirit of a city that once was great. Two of these streets attained fame through illustrious men who were born there, for Danzig in 1686 witnessed the nativity of Gabriel Fahrenheit, whose thermometer is used in the English-speaking countries, but, strangely enough, not in Germany or elsewhere; and of Schopenhauer, the distinguished philosopher, almost exactly a century later.

We left Danzig in the late afternoon by the swift air route to Berlin, bound for another old town of the far-flung Hanseatic League, and reached the capital in time for dinner, refreshed rather than fatigued by the swift flight through space.

The following afternoon, before the fresh impressions of Danzig had begun to dim, we were on our way once more, bound for Lübeck, the ancient capital of the Hanseatic League. In this sturdy town we found much the same at-



THE OLD RATHAUS AT LÜBECK.
From a woodcut by
G. H. P. & Co.

The old Rathaus at Lübeck, flanking two sides of the market square, is a low, gabled brick building whose arched facade and slender pinnacles distinguish it from its contemporaries

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mosphere that characterizes Danzig. It is distinctly a northern city, with immense brick churches and avenues of tall houses. Lübeck, in spite of its proximity to Hamburg, is far from being a tourist city and you see it, if not as it was in the Middle Ages, certainly as its true self today. It lacks the color and engaging interest of Danzig, but possesses a personality of rugged honesty and an undying luster, reflecting the transcendent greatness of a robust age.

Like its sister city of Danzig, Lübeck is of the Baltic yet not directly on its shores. Fourteen miles distant from the sea, it is situated at the confluence of the Trave and Wakenitz, navigable rivers both, so that vessels of nearly thirty feet draught can steam up to the city's quays. Snugly nestling away from the sea, invulnerable to direct attack by marauders yet accessible to deep sea shipping, its location was one ideal for the period of its greatness. In the piping days of the Hanseatic League these inland harbors encircling the town must have teemed with shipping. Today Lübeck is still of considerable commercial and industrial importance and ships are constantly entering and leaving its quays carrying on an extensive trade with the Scandinavian countries and the Baltic States.

Lübeck is a glowing city of brick buildings, of tall, ruddy churches and of houses softened by time. In medieval days it seems to have established brick as the fashion in ecclesiastical design for, throughout the German provinces of the north, this form of church architecture has been widely adopted. The use of brick, which was unsuitable for rich plastic decoration, restricted the architects to a simple form, and the buildings were thus entirely lacking in carved ornamentation. As a substitute for this, especially in interior embellishment, stone mouldings were used and colored brick was introduced. Because of this absence of sculptured decoration and of the sparing use or entire disregard of flying buttresses the exteriors are severely plain, presenting a gaunt and almost clumsy appearance. Because it was the first large ecclesiastical edifice erected on the Baltic, the cathedral has always been a great source of pride to Lübeck. Founded by

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Henry the Lion in 1173, it was completed during the following century and later converted into a Gothic Hallenkirche. Some years after the completion of the cathedral the burghers were seized with the ambition to build a new church that in size and magnificence would outrival the cathedral, a creation of the princes and bishops. They followed the generic plan of the French cathedral and between 1251 and 1310 erected St. Mary's Church, which is regarded as one of the finest examples of Low German brick architecture in the land. The citizens fully realized their ambition to outbuild the cathedral, for their church is not only larger but its towers overtop those of its rival by sixteen feet. The great vaulted interior of St. Mary's, with its old stained glass, its decorated iron clock of 1561, its religious paintings and other treasures, makes a church that is worthy of the great, free, imperial city Lübeck was.

All the ancient municipalities of Germany possessed imposing town halls representing the majesty of the people and the dignity of the governing councils. Lübeck also has its fine Rathaus which was built on two sides of the market square in the form of the letter L at the beginning of the city's great ascendancy to power. It is a low, gabled brick building whose arcaded façade and slender pinnacles, rising from the rooflines with symphonic grade, distinguish it from those of its contemporaries. A Ratskeller occupies the vaulted cellar, for it was a custom, lasting even to this generation, to maintain a place of refreshment convenient for the city fathers and the townsfolk at large. Its Hansasaal contains the vaulting from the first Rathaus, erected about 1220, and in the *brautgemach* the chimney-piece bears this informative inscription of 1575 which seems to indicate that domestic discord is not altogether a product of our own neurotic age:

*Many a man will loudly sing,
When to him his bride they bring;
If he but knew what lay ahead,
He'd be inclined to weep instead.*



Wismar, once a proud city of the Hanseatic League, has little to recall its former glory. It has no important buildings and its churches are gaunt and austere

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Here and there, throughout the town, are other brick churches, public buildings and imposing dwellings from the climactic period of its medieval prosperity; the houses fringing the streets are generally without marked distinction and bear but meager earmarks of a more picturesque epoch. The House of the *Schiffersgesellschaft*, situated on the principal thoroughfare, deserves special mention because it is one of the most perfect things of its kind in Germany. This guild house of 1535, gabled and time-worn, is now doing duty as a beer restaurant. It contains long wooden tables, benches worn



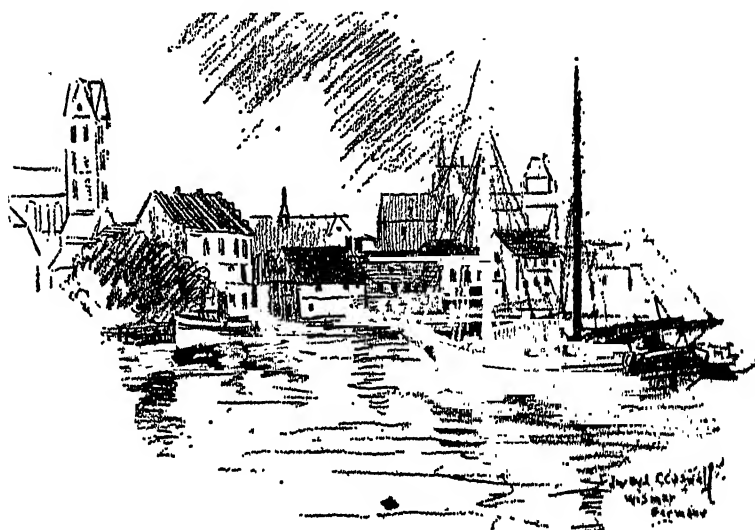
smooth with the years, and high partitions. Its walls are adorned with paintings and strange curios and from its ceiling hang ship models, lanterns and brass chandeliers, dark with the patina of age. This hall, where once the guild of shipmasters assembled and ordered the ways of its members, is full of dull color and fulfils every preconceived notion of what a building of the sort should be like.

A few old defense towers and fortified gateways remaining from ancient ramparts round out this picture of a city illustrious in the annals of trade.

Wismar, Rostock and Stralsund, fringing the edge of the same gulf of the Baltic, were closely associated with Lübeck

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in Hansa affairs. When in Lübeck we paid a brief visit to Wismar, lying not far distant. We found it to be a city deserted of its prosperity, a town that has sunk from its high estate. Ringed about with a tree-planted drive where the city walls once protected its liberties, Wismar stands on an inlet of the Baltic, a lusterless counterpart of Lübeck and Danzig in its secular buildings of ruddy brick and its lean and towering churches. Beyond its austere churches it has no public edi-



Wismar, near Lübeck on the Baltic, was once a flourishing town of the Hanseatic League, but its ancient glory has departed

fices of consequence, its houses are small and without distinction, and the interior of the town, unsoftened by trees, gardens or greenery, bears an air of neglect. Obviously Wismar, once a proud city of the northern confederacy, has lost caste and its glory has departed.

That Hamburg is but thirty-nine miles from Lübeck doubtless accounts, in part, for the close association of these cities during Hanseatic times. Of all the towns of the League none has maintained its commercial leadership and increased

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its population like the city of the Elbe. Whereas the discovery of America and the opening of a sea route to India dealt a serious blow to the trade of the Baltic, and the Thirty Years' War devastated the northern cities beyond recovery, the opening of the new world increased the shipping out of Hamburg, stimulating its trade and enhancing its commercial prestige. The cautious and far-seeing burghers, having constructed impregnable fortifications at the beginning of the war of the three decades, were protected from its ravages. Hamburg's geographical position, of course, had much to do with this resurgence of trade, aided by its excellent harbor works, offering convenient facilities for shipping. Looking ahead, Hamburg is likely to maintain its position as one of the greatest ports of Europe; in volume of trade before the Great War it was second only to London. Today it is, after Berlin, the largest city of Germany, with a population of more than a million people. Hamburg, while a seaport, is sixty-four miles from the North Sea. The broad Elbe, on which it lies, is navigable for vessels of thirty feet draught and its harbor within the city, split into a multitude of divisions, offers abundant space for the handling of its carrying trade. For a distance of six miles this enormous harbor stretches along the river which flows through the city, its slips and docks thronged with vessels from all quarters of the globe. It seems almost incredible that, within a river district like this, space should be available for almost five hundred ocean-going ships, three times as many river craft from the upper Elbe, and five thousand miscellaneous coast and river boats of smaller dimensions. Much of this interior port is given over to the Free Harbor, or bonded warehouse zone, where goods are received for storage and transshipment, exempt from the payment of customs, adding enormously to the city's commercial importance and growth.

Civic beauty is rarely associated with great seaports, for industrial and maritime activities are usually destructive to esthetic development. Hamburg is a distinct exception to this rule. Fringed with offices, hotels, residences, gardens, esplanades and tree-studded shores, twin lakes nestle in the heart

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of the city, making it almost unique in the world. The smaller of these lakes, the Binnen-Alster, is a mile in circumference; the larger, a magnificent sheet of water, covers more than four hundred acres. The waters of these lakes are enlivened with motor boats, yachts, racing shells, swans and seagulls as though the city's busy thoroughfares were miles away. When darkness falls this brilliant setting of throbbing movement becomes a fairy scene. Twinkling lights encircle the shore and the energetic little ferries, great clusters of incandescence, move back and forth, trailing splashes of brilliance in the dancing waters. Groups of lights here and there mark the presence of restaurants and pavilions. Midway down the Aussen-Alster an imposing pavilion restaurant and concert garden has become a favorite rendezvous on summer evenings. There throngs of people dine and sip their wines to the strains of an orchestra, and, in the waters below, great numbers of canoes assemble, their occupants made comfortable with blankets and pillows, to enjoy the music, with no other cost than the effort of getting there. The older portion of the city lies against the Elbe and forms an almost perfect semicircle, now described by promenades where the fortifications once stood. Here was the city of Hanseatic times and here today most of the business is carried on.

Of old buildings and churches there remains a mere remnant, for a devastating fire in 1842 destroyed not a few and the enterprising landlords of recent years have replaced most of the survivors with modern buildings suited to the needs of today.

Hamburg has grown like a city of the new world, and space in the business district is at a premium. The canals connecting the lakes and the Elbe form the most picturesque feature of the city. Lined by old, gabled warehouses and other buildings which rise sheer from the side of the water, so that goods can be loaded and unloaded from barges moored below, they are full of mellow beauty and fascinating activity. There are wide canals which give their traffic abundant elbow room and narrow channels worming their way between rows of tall buildings through which but a single barge can

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pass. Along these flowing lanes are vistas of slender spires and mounting turrets, of stalwart bridges spanning the



Some of Hamburg's canals are so narrow that only a single barge can move through them at a time

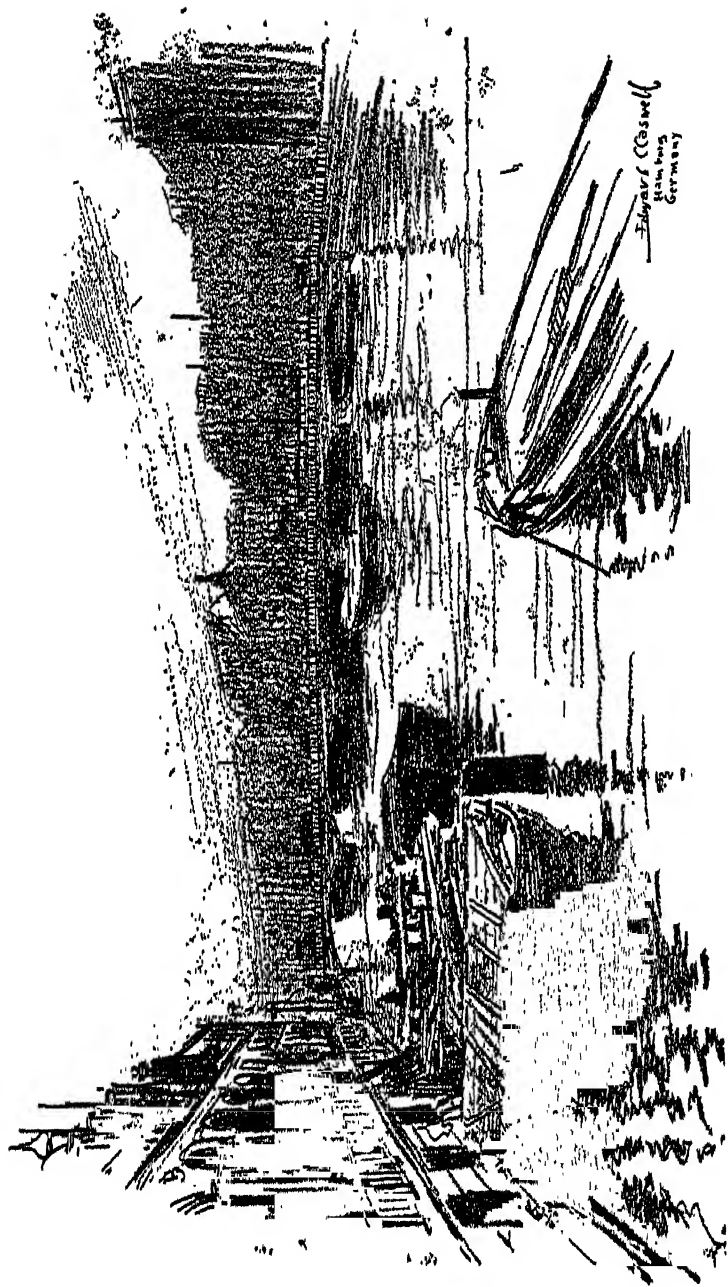
chasms, of boats and buildings and a thousand shapes reflected in the placid waters. If the activities of the waterside intrigue your fancy you will find it hard to leave these en-

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gaging waterways. Puffing tugs and clumsy barges move with infinite leisure, boats at rest beneath cavernous stores discharge their cargoes into warehouses whose appetites seem insatiable. And near at hand are the docks and quays of the Elbe. Hamburg will not be dull to the visitor who likes to loiter about and see things move.

Hamburg has, of course, its museums, galleries, parks and other features which go to make up a city of magnificence, so that, to the intrinsic interest of its maritime life, there is added beauty and grandeur. As a novelty it offers in one of its suburban towns a menagerie, the animals of which are kept in large enclosures which approximate as nearly as possible their natural habitats. Here is the famous wild animal collection of Karl Hagenbeck who, for many years, furnished beasts of the plain and jungle to the menageries of the world. Hagenbeck's Tierpark, reconstructing the natural habitat of its animals, contains miniature mountains, plains and lakes, the barriers of the huge enclosures being invisible to the spectator so that the illusion of a natural game preserve is perfect. Ibexes, mountain sheep and other creatures of the hills clamber over the peaks. Camels, ostriches, zebras, hartbeest, and other game of the African veldt browse on grassy plains, and caves in the background provide them shelter; lions bask on fallen logs in a jungle of luxuriant vegetation; and the polar bears, in a well-contrived den, disport themselves in a lake, set before an imitation iceberg in which pseudo-ice cakes float. And as if the owners were not content to exhibit the fauna of modern times, they must show replicas of the strange animals of prehistoric days. Grouped around a small lake, one is startled to come upon, life size and lifelike, the gigantic diplodocus, the largest animal that ever roamed the earth, iguanodon feeding from the tree-tops, triceratops protecting its young, stegosaurus, plesiosaurus, pterodactyls and other reptilians out of the misty past.

Bremen is Hamburg's sister port on the North Sea. Lying on the river Weser nearly forty miles from its seaport, Bremerhaven, where the transatlantic vessels have their docks.



Edwards Caswell
Hamburg
Germany

The canals of Hamburg form one of the most striking features of the city

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it also handles the bulk of its shipping in the basins of its river harbor within the city.

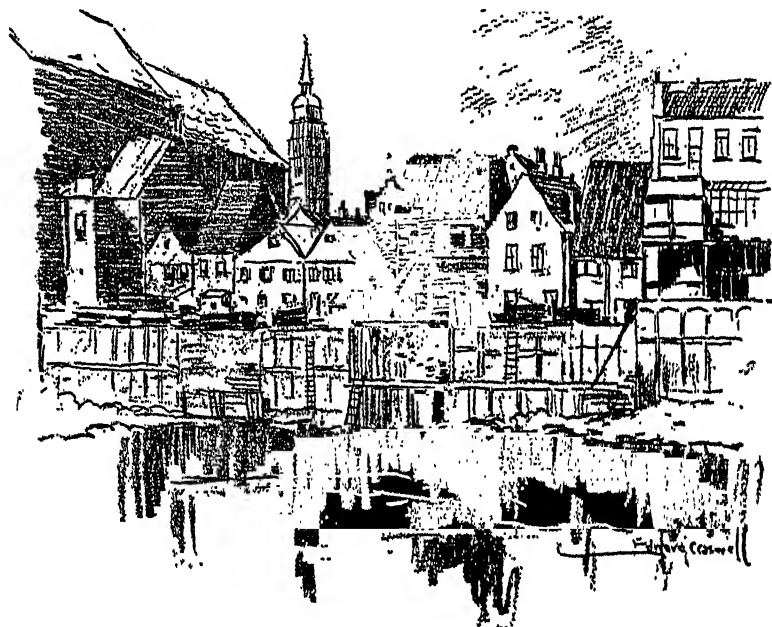
Bremen, while second in size, has the distinction of being the oldest seaport in Germany, its bishopric having been founded by Charlemagne in the eighth century. By the thirteenth century it had become a place of considerable importance, and in 1276 joined the Hanseatic League of which it became but an inactive member. Continuing to grow in importance, Bremen maintained its preëminent position in maritime affairs until, in the sixteenth century, the rising strength of Hamburg eclipsed it and usurped its place as the first seaport of the kingdom. Bremen is still a free city forming, with Hamburg and Lübeck, a remaining triumvirate of free Hanseatic communities.

Due to its isolation from its port Bremen is one of the cleanest and trimmest seaports in the world. The ancient town is the heart of the present city and it is still surrounded by its ancient moat, no longer a dark and forbidding barrier, but a body of water graced by ornamental fowl, flowing through a grassy, tree-lined promenade usurping the place of the old ramparts. The city long since pushed beyond these confining intrenchments.

The center of interest in this *altstadt* is the market-place, from which diverge the most important thoroughfares. Fringing one side of the square stands the old Gothic Rathaus erected in 1405 to which, in the seventeenth century, was added a magnificent Renaissance façade. Along the façade of this building with its broad gable and richly decorated oriel window, stand medieval statues of saints, philosophers, the Emperor and Electors, forming in its ensemble a superb picture of the splendor of the Middle Ages. Ascending a timber staircase of 1536 you come to the Great Hall embellished with paintings, frescoes, reliefs, sculptured wood and ship models, one of the finest apartments of its kind in Germany. In the great vaulted Ratskeller below, the men of the council and the people of the city still gather as they have done for more than five hundred years. At all hours you will find the tables well patronized by people who drop

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in for a quiet glass and a little contemplation or for a generous lunch or dinner. In the evening the place is filled with groups of men and women who spend an hour or two, or a whole evening maybe, over a few bottles of wine and much conversation. The habits of Continental life allow such frequent and leisurely pauses; to the German they are among

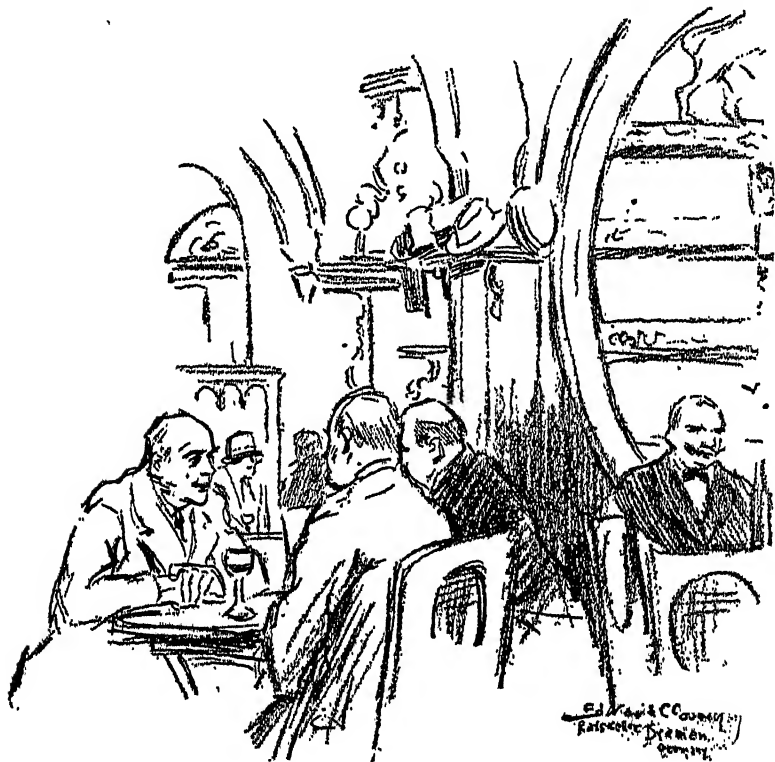


Along the river Weser which flows through Bremen are many gabled houses from earlier centuries

the delightful amenities of life. Adjoining the main cellar, which has its own gigantic cask of wine reaching from floor to ceiling, are a series of vaults harboring assorted casks of old wine. One of these rooms contains the famous "Apostle Wine" of 1726; for one and three-quarter marks you may enjoy a glass of this ancient vintage. That this wine, consumed at will, could have lasted for two centuries, is elo-

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quent testimony to the size of its cask. For sheer value it probably represents one of the supreme bargains in the beverage world. Invoking the aid of mathematics you can readily figure out that if the original cost were compounded quarterly over a period of two hundred years, allowing in



Two centuries of drinkers have failed to exhaust some of the wines contained in the great casks in Bremen's famous ratskeller

addition the usual percentage for leakage, the wine you purchase for less than two marks is really worth many millions. Another vaulted chamber contains the casks of the "Twelve Apostles," each bearing the name of one apostle. And in the adjoining Rose Cellar is the famous cask of Rüdesheimer of 1653, the most mature wine in the cellars. Painted on the

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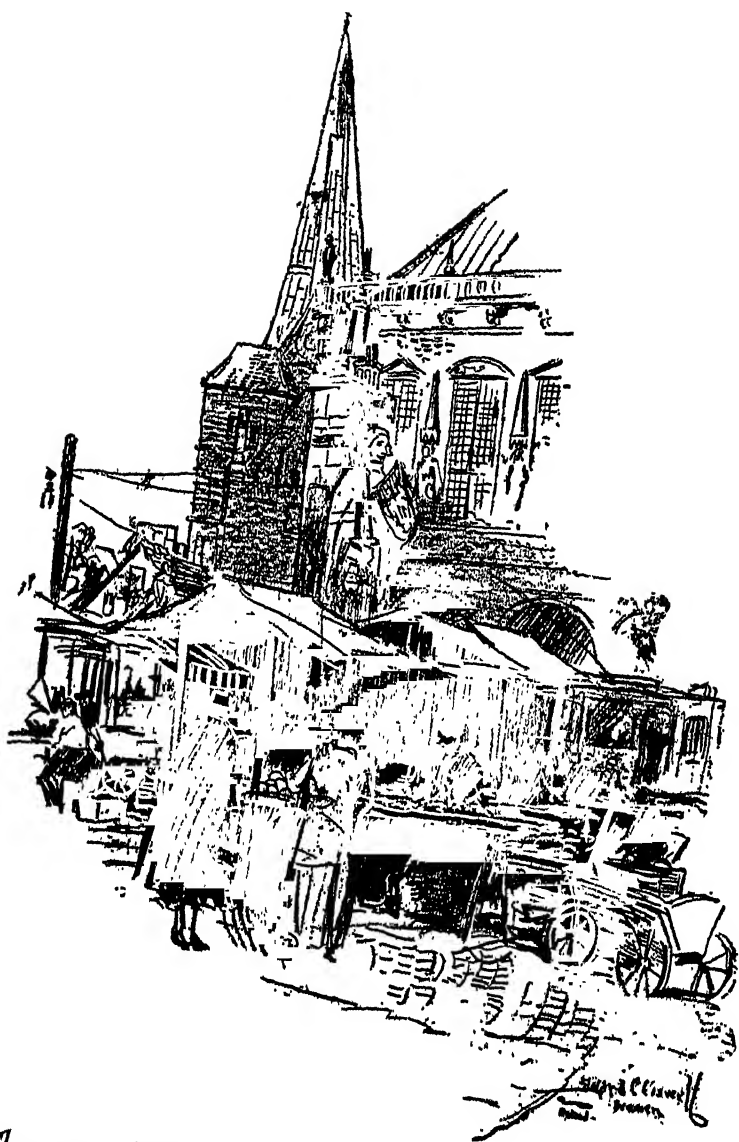
ceiling of this vault is an immense rose, untouched since 1622, and encircling it is a Latin inscription which might be rendered:

*In Bacchus' cave this painted effigy
Of Venus' flower, the rose, is a sure charm
To keep the purple wine for ever cool.*

The councilors were in the habit of meeting in these vaulted chambers to be safe from long-eared bystanders. The Rose chamber, at the end vault, had thick walls and but a single entrance. Thus their deliberations were conducted under the rose, which has given color to the claim that here the expression "sub rosa" had its origin.

Someone has computed the value of the Rosekeller Rüdesheimer vintage of 1653 by taking the value of the cask at 300 thaler, its cost in that year, compounding this sum at ten percent interest and allowing for the usual leakage, at five percent. In the year 1700 the value of the cask had grown to 10,075 gold thaler which, two centuries later, had increased to 19,272,550,000, and in 1922 its worth had attained the staggering sum of 94,608,091,337, which would be equal to 314,234,017,652 gold marks, 28 gold thalers being the equivalent of 93 gold marks. So that today a glass of wine of three centuries ago would, under this computation, have a value of more than 27,000,000 gold marks! The thaler, it may not be amiss to mention in passing, is the progenitor of the modern dollar. The term dollar is a corruption and abbreviation of the Joachimthaler which was first coined in the valley (*thal*) of St. Joachim in Bohemia in 1518.

In the square in front of the Rathaus where, in the morning hours, the market-folk erect their stalls and dispose of their provender, stands an immense stone figure of Roland, one of the largest of its kind in Germany. This statue, which has a counterpart in many cities throughout the land, represents Roland, the nephew of Charlemagne, and was adopted by the North German municipalities as a symbol of municipal jurisdiction and the palladium of civic liberty. Roland in the Bremen market-place is a curious, painted stone represen-

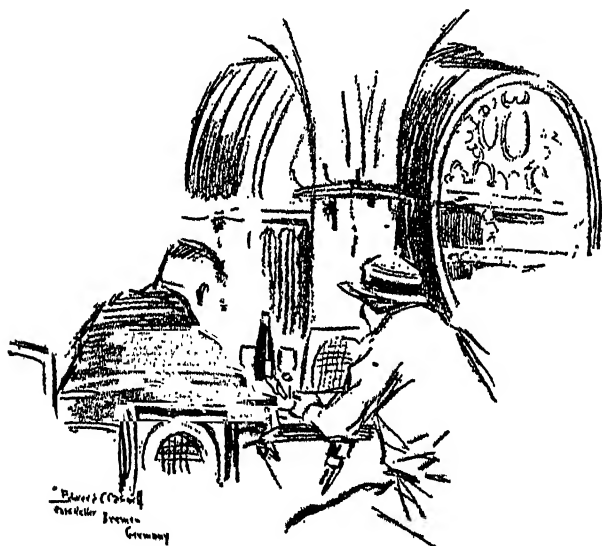


The center of interest in old Bremen is the market-place, on one side of which stands the old Gothic Rathaus, erected in 1405. In front of it is an immense stone statue of Roland, set up the year before the Rathaus was begun

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tation nearly eighteen feet high. It was erected in 1404, the year before the Rathaus was begun. Nearby, also in the market square, stands the old brick cathedral, the style of old German architecture carrying out the medieval spirit.

The streets of the city have, here and there, a few ancient houses and early brick churches which attest to their venerable age but they are, for the most part, lined with modern business structures. In many of their modern cities the Germans are making use of the ultra-modern note



characterized by vertical lines, austerity and almost brutal strength. If the buildings of the *art nouveau* are without grace and charm, at least they have the effectiveness of simplicity, elemental power and distinction.

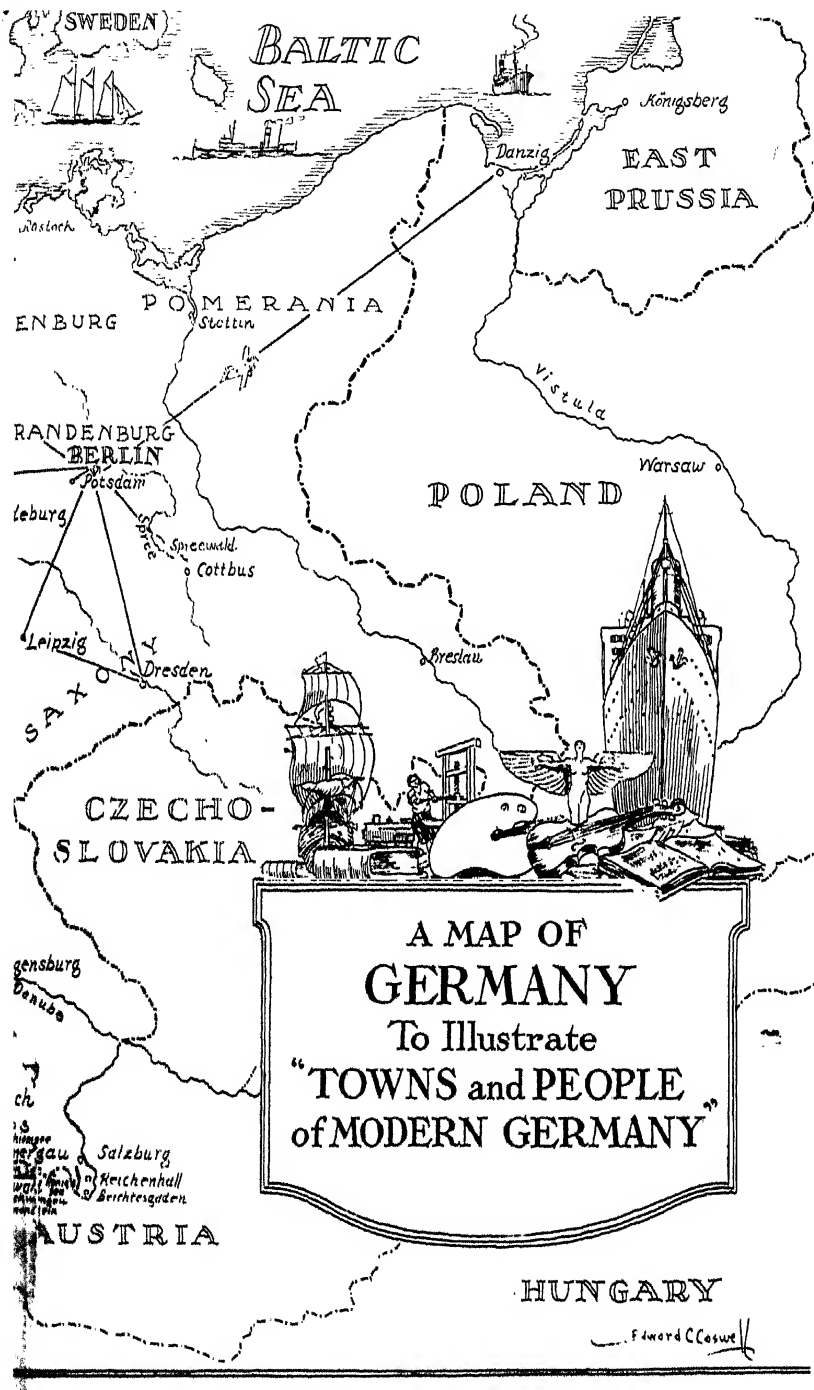
Our farewell to Germany was really made from Bremen, for it was the last city over which we passed as we winged our way from the Hamburg airport, bound for Amsterdam and London. We were traveling fast and at a fair altitude when Bremen was reached but we could easily distinguish the broad Weser, the moated *altstadt* and the gridiron of streets stretching away from it, the free port on the river with its

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ramifying waterways and the ships like toy vessels lying at its docks.

As we flew toward the frontier over wide farmlands, the people in the fields, dropping their implements, waved to us, as if in friendly farewell. The country became as flat as a table, broad fields of purple heather and immense peat bogs appeared and then long stretches of sandy soil. After that we entered the canal country and knew that we had crossed the invisible frontier and were over Holland. More land, level and illimitable, without towns or elevation, opened up and, finally, a broad stretch of sea passing underneath indicated the Zuider Zee and that Amsterdam was near at hand.





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